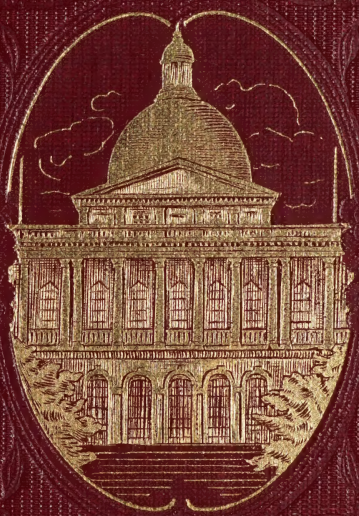

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By Corra Harris

'ONE day early in the spring of 1925 I hopped off in the high air of my own mind and started on my travels' — so Mrs. Harris describes the beginning of her 'happy pilgrimage.' 'I was in much the same mood Christopher Columbus was in,' she continues, 'when he set sail to discover a new world, in high feather. The only difference was that I financed my own expedition, and was the only mutineer on board. And I was as much astonished as Columbus at the new world discovered.'

Mrs. Harris's physical pilgrimage took her only as far as Santa Barbara, but her mental pilgrimage embraced the whole world of life and literature, men, women, and events. How delightfully she describes it, with what vivid phrases and odd, incisive turns of speech, readers of her previous books 'As a Woman Thinks' and 'My Book and Heart' can easily imagine.

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DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON

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HENRY DEXTER'S BUST OF DICKENS

Modelled at the Tremont House, Boston, on Dickens's first visit, in 1842. Said to be a perfect likeness

DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON

A Record of Daily Events

BY

EDWARD F. PAYNE
PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON BRANCH OF
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

With Illustrations

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1927

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TO MY FRIENDS OF

THE BOSTON BRANCH OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

WITHOUT WHOSE HELP THIS BOOK COULD

NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

PREFACE

The accidental discovery of some unreported incidents in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens to Boston, in 1842, led to a thorough search through old newspapers, diaries, letters, reports, magazines, etc., and the attempt to compile a diary of each day and night that Charles Dickens spent in Boston: a diary that is really true because it is mostly written by people who were present and who saw and heard what they set down.

To make the records more connected, the writer has dared to imagine what occurred during short intervals between certain well-attested incidents and to bridge brief gaps where real historical evidence was unobtainable, always with the idea that the events described are those that would have logically happened under the circumstances.

As may have been expected, the records of some days are more complete than of others. For instance, in the 1842 visit there are probably several large dinner parties, etc., that are not described; Kate and Boz were continually on the go — from one affair to another — and it has been impossible to trace their steps completely.

The records of the second visit in 1867 are in some respects more complete. Twenty-five years had changed the news sense of the daily press and more was printed about him than on his first appearance. Then his dearest friends in Boston were accomplished diarists, his own

letters home were informative, and his manager had put his own personal recollections into a now nearly forgotten book.

To collect and arrange this material has, of course, been a great joy, somewhat dimmed by the fact that one seems never able to say it is finished. Inviting clues are continually appearing, and even after this book is published, it is quite possible that, in spite of months of search, a long-forgotten letter, or something of the sort, will emerge from the dust of its hiding-place, to point an accusing finger at some inaccuracy or to prove a key that will unlock a treasure chest of priceless records.

But it is hoped that this sketch of old Boston of the forties, with these glimpses of the celebrated young author, his pretty little wife, and his hosts, and the picture of those later, lonelier days, set in their golden frame of famous friendships, may prove as interesting to the reader as they have been to the compiler.

To all those kindly persons, many of them immediate descendants of famous contemporaries of Dickens, who have so willingly contributed the use of treasured letters, pictures, diaries, etc., the writer can only give his heartfelt thanks and gratitude that so many powerful friends have lent their aid to so humble an effort. Without them, these fast-fading memories could never have been found and pressed between the covers of a book.

EDWARD F. PAYNE

BOSTON, *May* 30, 1927

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE following sources have been drawn upon in compiling this work, and the writer hereby acknowledges his indebtedness to them.

The First Visit

LETTERS AND DIARIES

Charles Sumner's Letter Books. Harvard Library
Letters of Charles Dickens
(Permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)
Diary of Thomas Wentworth Higginson
(Kindness of Mrs. J. Dellinger Barney)
Diary of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.
(Kindness of Richard Henry Dana, 3rd)
Letter of Charles Parsons
Letters of Henry W. Longfellow
(Kindness of Miss Alice Longfellow)
Letters of Cornelius Conway Felton
Letters of Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, and Dr. Channing.
Letter of Catherine Dickens

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

The Worcester Egis
The National Magazine
Lippincott's Magazine
Boston Daily Mail
Boston Evening Transcript
Boston Journal
Boston Morning Post
New Bedford Bulletin
Atlantic Monthly
Boston Globe
New York Journal of Commerce

Lowell Courier
Lowell Offering

Histories and Biographies

Life of Charles Dickens. John Forster
History of the Boston Stage. Henry A. Clapp
Yesterdays with Authors. James T. Fields
Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher. Gilbert Haven
Reports of Massachusetts Historical Society
Memoirs of Charles Dickens. Percy Fitzgerald
Account of Dinner to Charles Dickens
Directory of Boston 1842
American Notes. Charles Dickens
Civilized America. T. Colley Grattan
Henry Dexter, Sculptor. John Albee

Collections and Libraries

The Shaw Theatre Collection
Kate Field Collection
Boston Public Library
Library of Harvard University
Bibliophile Society of Boston
W. K. Bixby Collection
Bostonian Society
Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston
(Francesca Alexander's Scrapbooks)

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The Second Visit

DIARIES

Mrs. James T. Fields
Henry W. Longfellow
James Edward Root

NEWSPAPERS

The Boston Post
The Boston Transcript
The Boston Journal
The New York Tribune
The Boston Herald

BOOKS

Charles Dickens as I Knew Him. George Dolby. J. B. Lippincott Company
Crowding Memories. Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton Mifflin Company
My Garden of Memories. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Company
Memories of a Hostess. Mrs. James T. Fields. Little, Brown & Co.
Pen Photographs of Dickens Readings. Kate Field
Mark Twain's Autobiography. Harper & Brothers

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Reproduced by special permission of the owners, the Misses Douglass, of Cambridge, Mass.

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DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON

The First Visit

DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON

The First Visit

Saturday, January 22, 1842

ALTHOUGH Charles Dickens visited many other American cities, Boston always held a warm place in his heart. It was the home of many famous people, it had much historical interest, and the welcome he received, the people he met, and the friends he made, caused him to say, 'Boston is what I would like the whole United States to be.'

The fact that he is to-day more universally read than any other writer, that not only he, but scores of his characters seem to live and move among us, has indicated a desire on the part of the public to read as much as possible about him and has prompted the search through old newspapers, diaries, letters, etc., for information regarding his visits to Boston: a search that has revealed much new material, from which the following narrative of these memorable days has been written.

During the months of November and December, 1841, some of the prominent people in Boston received letters from other prominent people in London introducing the most famous young writer of his day, who at twenty-nine years of age had captivated the reading world with 'Sketches by Boz,' 'Pickwick Papers,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Old Curiosity Shop,' and 'Barnaby Rudge,' books that were then and are to-day prized in nearly every American home. And when it became

fully understood that 'Boz' was really coming to America and that he would land in Boston, there was great excitement in this center of culture and erudition and a great many people at once began making important plans regarding his visit.

The 'Young Men of Boston' formed a group and sent a cordial communication inviting him to 'a public dinner or more private entertainment to take place in honor of your arrival, at such a time and in such a manner as may be most agreeable to yourself.' This document was signed by George Minns, Charles H. Mills, Henry Gardner, Samuel Parkman, Jr., and James Russell Lowell, the latter then twenty-two years of age.

The fashionable portrait painter of the city, Mr. Francis Alexander, wrote, asking for the privilege of painting his portrait and in due course received the following cordial reply:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK
LONDON
Friday, second December, 1841

DEAR SIR,

I answer your letter immediately that it may be conveyed to you by the next packet, and briefly because I hope to see you very soon. My stay in Boston will be but a short one, as I am going on into the South. I shall be most happy to sit to you, however, and hold myself engaged to do so directly on my arrival.

I leave Liverpool on the Fourth of next month by the Britannia Steam Packet. Your welcome communication and all the letters I have received from America fill me with glad and cheerful anticipation. Trust me that my heart warms towards the land and that for every hearty greeting I have as hearty a response.

There is no such clock! If there were I should be its

owner. You and I and Mrs. Alexander have the same silent sorrow in not being able to possess it.

I thank you cordially for your frank and genial favor and am

My Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

FRANCIS ALEXANDER ESQUIRE

J. S. Jones, the resident playwright of the National Theatre, at once began a dramatization of 'Barnaby Rudge' for early production, at that home of the Drama in the old North End. J. M. Field, the comedian of the Tremont Theatre Stock Company, also a playwright, immediately dramatized 'Nicholas Nickleby,' wrote an original play entitled 'Boz,' and composed a comic topical song on the same celebrity.

The local musicians, including Mr. J. G. Maeder, turned out several new musical pieces such as 'The Boz Waltzes,' and other compositions bearing the names of Dickens characters. The book publishers and bookshops printed large editions of his books, which was easy, as no royalty was necessary. Newspaper editors prepared special articles and made woodcuts of his portrait for use on his arrival; in short, every tradesman throughout the town began thinking very hard on how he could capitalize on the great event.

What was Boston like at that time?

It was a small city, of about 125,000 inhabitants, small in population and small in size. The beautiful Back Bay district was open water or a swamp. Tremont, Boylston, Temple Place, Summer, Winter, and Franklin were residence streets. The shopping district consisted of Washington Street, Scollay Square, Tre-

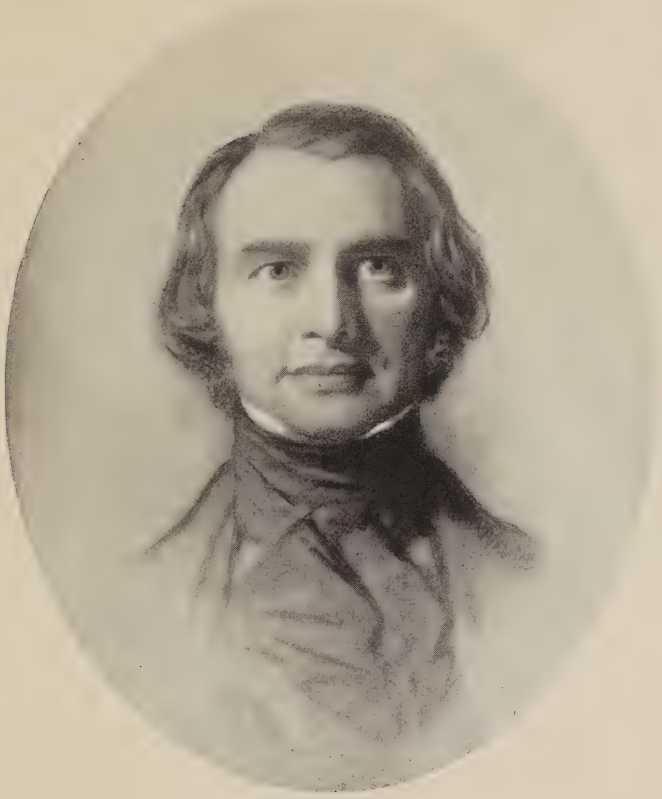
mont Row, Hanover, Court, and State Streets, to which should be added the water-front where so much of Boston's commerce with the world was carried on. There were twenty-eight banks and six newspapers as follows, 'The Boston Courier,' 'Daily Advertiser,' 'Daily Mail,' 'Daily Times,' 'Morning Post,' and 'Daily Evening Transcript.'

There were two principal theatres, the Tremont where the Tremont Temple now stands, and the National on Portland Street at the corner of Traverse. Good stock companies were playing in both of these. Other places of amusement were the Amphitheatre on Haverhill Street, devoted to circuses, the Boston Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, and Harrington's Museum at 76 Court Street.

Interest in art and literature was general in all classes. The citizens were proud of their city, its artists, poets, orators, and statesmen and encouraged them with patronage and honors.

Beacon and Tremont Streets held the beautiful homes of Boston's first citizens. Daniel Webster was in his prime, Longfellow was a young Professor at Harvard, Oliver Wendell Holmes was a young physician, and Charles Sumner a brilliant young lawyer.

The transportation through the streets was by omnibus and carriages; there were no horse cars. There were eight different railroad stations. Stage lines connected Boston with its suburban towns, and, as Josiah Quincy later wrote, 'There were distinctions in Boston society which were the inheritance of old colonial and provincial relations. The population was chiefly of English descent. A type of manhood ruddy and robust was to be



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
1842
By Eastman Johnson

seen in the streets. A few men were accepted as the leaders of the community and lived under a wholesome conviction of responsibility for its good behavior.'

Boston's social and literary circles were stirred to their very depths by letters that arrived introducing the coming guest. Mr. Charles Sumner, then about Dickens's age, just home from an extended visit in Europe, where he had been entertained by the most notable people, received this communication from John Kenyon, of London:

> You would, I am sure, be vexed if I let my friends Mr. and Mrs. Dickens come to Boston without a letter to you, and I feel on my part that I could do them no greater pleasure, no greater service than to make them known to you. You will have a hundred sympathies with him, and Mrs. Dickens's mild, unexacting character and manners will only make you the more disposed to be kindly and useful to her. They are going Southward. I wish as they go on their way, or she in particular, may have an opportunity of knowing quiet friends — not to ask them to large parties, but to afford those little kindnesses and petty services which are so pleasing and so soothing to a female in a strange land. . . .
>
> Dickens with his wife and others breakfasted here, as you used to gratify me, this Thursday morning and I have promised Mrs. Dickens that you will prove no laggard cavalier during the few days they will remain in Boston. If you wish to avoid these services, my dear Sumner, you must get married, perhaps to undertake a heavier.
>
> Dickens called on Everett the other day and was struck with his shy coldness of manner. Everett has since called on Dickens and quite won him by his kindly sensible conversation.

That brilliant Bostonian, Edward Everett, then forty-seven years of age, was Minister of the United States to

Great Britain at this time. It will be seen that Dickens's call on him was just another step in the careful preparation for his American visit, and if Everett appeared cold upon Dickens's first call, it was no doubt because that far-seeing statesman knew only too well what manner of books on America English literary travellers were writing; books that did little to bring about a better feeling between the two countries, which it was his mission to create.

In the Ticknor mansion at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, a house still standing but now given over to offices and stores, lived a young girl, Miss Elizabeth Wormely, in the family of Mr. George Ticknor, himself one of the most prominent of Boston Intellectuals. In later years she wrote her memories of the event in 'Lippincott's Magazine':

> By the steamer that left England in November, 1841, I received letters informing me that my father and mother had been invited by Mr. John Kenyon to meet Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens at breakfast at his house in London and had been requested to give them letters of introduction to Boston friends. My letter was accompanied by one to Mr. Ticknor apologizing for having acceded to Mr. Kenyon's request and for having given the desired introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Mr. Ticknor laughed much over this apology saying my father little understood the situation, that he should be the object of envy to half Boston, everybody being anxious to have the honor of receiving so distinguished a stranger.

Thus from all sorts and conditions of Bostonians flamed this desire to see the creator of Pickwick and his friends, Oliver Twist, Fagin, Bill Sikes, Nancy, Nicholas Nickleby, Smike, Squeers, the Crummles family,

Little Nell, Barnaby Rudge, and many other characters that seemed as real as one's nextdoor neighbors.

And what manner of man was the young genius who so stirred this placid town? John Forster says that the best portrait of him at this time was the famous pencil sketch with the two Hogarth sisters made by Daniel Maclise, and he goes on to say:

> The likenesses of all are excellent and I here preserve the drawing because nothing ever done of Dickens himself has conveyed more vividly his look and bearing at this yet youthful time. He is in his most pleasing aspect: flattered, if you will, but nothing that is known to me gives a general expression so life like and true of the then frank, eager, handsome face.

Maclise also painted that other portrait that was engraved as a frontispiece to 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and which was the accepted likeness of Boz at this time. It is a dashing theatrical pose, the typical 'leading man' of the forties and Thackeray praised it to the skies as a perfect likeness.

There are in existence sketches by Hablot K. Browne, by George Cruikshank, Count D'Orsay, and many others, but the most detailed written description of his appearance on this 1842 journey was by the reporter of the 'Worcester Egis' when Boz was in that city just after his Boston visit. He wrote:

> We found a middle-sized person in a brown frock coat, a red figured vest, somewhat on the flash order, and a fancy cravat that concealed the collar and was fastened to the bosom in rather voluptuous folds with a double pin and chain. His proportions were well rounded and he filled the dress suit he wore. His hair which was long and dark, grew low upon the brow, had a wavy kink where it started from the head and was naturally, or artificially

corkscrewed, as it fell on either side of his face. His features taken together, were well proportioned, of glowing and cordial aspect; with more animation than grace and more intelligence than beauty. He wears a gold watch guard over his vest and a shaggy great coat of bear or buffalo skin that would excite the admiration of a Kentucky huntsman.

In short, you frequently meet similar-looking young men at the theatres and other public places and you would infer that he found his enjoyments in the scenes of actual life, rather than in the retirement of a study, and that he would be likely to be about town, and witness those scenes which he describes with such unrivalled precision and power.

It seems that, as we contemplate all the known sketches, the drawings, the paintings, and the written descriptions of the illustrious visitor, we find that he *is* the young 'man about town of 1842,' and although many famous pens and pencils will portray him in the following pages, such he remains — dashing — 'dandyfied' — fascinating: Boz, the gay personification of youthful genius on a glorious holiday.

And Mrs. Dickens? She has been somewhat neglected in the many books on Dickens, but she was at this time, as many will testify also in the following pages, a sweetheart worthy of any genius. Charming, gracious, and extremely good to look at, quite worthy of all the compliments that Bostonians paid her in those courtly old days.

With the two young visitors came Anne, Mrs. Dickens's little English maid, and a most extensive wardrobe of the smartest of smart clothes, hats, etc., in a variety of trunks, bags, and boxes. And so with plenty of English gold to pay his royal way, and pay it he al-

CHARLES DICKENS WITH HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER
GEORGINA HOGARTH
By Daniel Maclise

ways did, Boz arrived in Boston on the Royal Mail Steam Packet Britannia, one of the most colorful and picturesque characters that ever crossed the broad Atlantic.

On the 'passage out' he made friends with a young English officer, Lord Mulgrave, who was returning to his regiment in Montreal after a leave of absence and, as will be seen, Mulgrave stayed over a few days with the Dickenses in Boston.

The voyage was rough; in fact they were nearly shipwrecked, but good seamanship saved them and immortalized the name of Captain Hewitt. The 'Boston Evening Transcript' of January 25, 1842, published this account of an important occurrence in which Boz figured before he reached Boston.

> COMPLIMENT TO CAPT. HEWITT. A meeting of the passengers was held in the saloon of the Britannia on the 21st inst. The Earl of Mulgrave was appointed Chairman and Charles Dickens Secretary and Treasurer, a series of Resolutions were offered complimentary to Captain Hewitt for the high estimation in which he is held as a nautical man and navigator. A subscription was opened for a service of plate and $300 instantly subscribed. The following is the superscription furnished by Mr. Dickens: 'This piece of plate was presented to Captain John Hewitt, of the Britannia Steamship, by the passengers on board that vessel, in a voyage from Liverpool to Boston in the month of January, 1842, as a slight acknowledgement of his great ability and skill under circumstances of much difficulty and danger and as a public token of their lasting gratitude.'

For some years the framed original of these 'resolutions' signed by 'Boz' has hung in the rooms of the Bostonian Society in the Old State House at Boston.

It was 5 P.M. on January 22d that the Britannia reached Boston, and Boz was watching the operation of bringing the big steamer to her berth at Long Wharf when a dozen ship reporters leaped aboard, after the latest English and Continental news bringing their own newspapers for the belated passengers' benefit. These were the men whose duty it was to cover the water-front, to meet the incoming foreign shipping, get the English and Continental papers, and rush back to their respective offices to clip and edit the foreign news for Boston morning dailies. They did not do it, as Boz says one told him, for 'the excitement of it,' but because that was their job, in all sorts of weather, and it was far from being an easy one.

A descendant of one of these reporters says that in those days not only did the English papers come on these ships, but also the monthly parts of Dickens's novels, and after the long wait in rain and snow for the arrival of the ship, and after the long hours of rewriting the news, this particular reporter asked no better reward than to go to bed with perhaps the last number of 'Pickwick' to be read by his oil lamp in the early morning hours.

Of course these enterprising chaps were not long in reaching Boz, and as they crowded around him, and wrung his hand and introduced each other to him, he was a trifle annoyed at so much familiarity. In fact, it disturbed him, and he wrote his friend John Forster in London, at some length regarding it:

> I was standing in full fig on the paddle-box beside the Captain, staring about me, when suddenly, long before we were moored to the wharf, a dozen men came leaping

aboard at the peril of their lives, with great bundles of newspapers under their arms; worsted comforters (very much the worse for wear) round their necks; and so forth. 'Aha,' says I, 'this is like our London Bridge,' believing of course that these visitors were newsboys. But what do you think of their being EDITORS? And what do you think of their tearing violently up to me and beginning to shake hands like madmen? Oh, if you could have seen how I wrung their wrists! And if you could but know how I hated one man in very dirty gaiters and with very protruding upper teeth, who said to all comers after him, 'So you've been introduced to our friend Dickens — eh?'

But one of the fraternity, Dr. Palmer, of the 'Boston Transcript,' thought to ask him if he had engaged rooms at any hotel. Finding that he had not, but that through the actor Macready's recommendation they were going to stay at the Tremont House, this reporter jumped off the boat onto the dock and securing a cab raced up to the hotel and arranged for one of the best suites for Boz and Mrs. Dickens and a room for Anne.

As soon as the Britannia was moored and the gangplank put out, Francis Alexander, the painter, went aboard looking for Boz, and finding him with very little difficulty, he introduced himself and took charge of the party. He had provided a carriage and soon the Dickens party, with as much of the hand baggage as had been passed, disembarked through an enthusiastic crowd, and drove up State Street to Court, and thence on through Tremont Row to the Tremont House.

Here at the entrance another crowd was waiting through which they made their way out of the cold winter night into the warm, hospitable lobby of this famous hotel. 'Here we are!' shouted Boz as he burst into the room, and here Dr. Palmer, the 'Transcript' reporter,

was waiting to introduce John L. Tucker, the genial landlord of the Tremont House, Jonas Whitcomb his assistant, and the handsome chief clerk 'Deacon' Olmstead, and to tell him about the rooms he had engaged. And to these rooms the Dickens party immediately retired, after Boz had shaken hands with T. Colley Grattan, the British Consul, and a few other gentlemen.

Francis Alexander, the painter, sent a beautiful bouquet up to the Dickens suite and then took his leave and Boz ordered dinner served in their sitting-room.

And so in this manner did he come to the Tremont House, a most fitting domicile for so distinguished a guest.

What of the Tremont House? Built in 1828 through the efforts and with the money of Boston's foremost citizens, it was the pioneer first-class hotel in America. It was completed in October, 1829, and opened to the public on the 16th of that month with a very elaborate dinner attended by many prominent men. Mayor Josiah Quincy presided and many notable speeches were made. Edward Everett, then a member of Congress, and the speaker of the evening, ended his brilliant oration thus:

> In the erection of this Hotel, the Bostonians have certainly shown that they think the worshipful company of travellers ought to be as well bestowed as circumstances admit. This ought the rather to be done, if, as has been said, we are peculiarly a travelling people; and we derive a warrant for this habit or propensity from the very circumstances under which the country was discovered and settled. But, not sir, to engage in the discussion of this point and without further preface, I will with your leave, propose a toast. 'The memory of Columbus, the Father of American Travellers, who thought the world too narrow

for him, even before he was sure there was no other! Who crossed the unknown Atlantic for a trip of pleasure and discovered a new continent for his watering place.'

We can imagine the cheers that greeted this sonorous sentiment on that memorable evening in the heavy-eating, hard-drinking days of 1829.

A writer upon the completion of the building said:

> The general effect of the exterior of the Tremont House is imposing from its magnitude and its just proportions; and the selection and execution of the decorated parts of the façade exhibit the classical taste of the architect, and his judicious adherence to the established principles of Grecian architecture

The interior was equally beautiful, the dining-room was said to be one of the finest in the world, and the bar became famous.

Boz himself wrote in his 'American Notes':

> The hotel (a very excellent one) is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas and passages than I can remember, or a reader would believe, and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.
>
> In our private room the cloth could not, for any earthly consideration have been laid for dinner without a huge glass of cranberries in the middle of the table; and breakfast would have been no breakfast unless the principal dish were a deformed beef steak with a great flat bone in the center, swimming in hot butter and sprinkled with the very blackest of all possible pepper. Our bedroom was spacious and airy but (like every bedroom on this side of the Atlantic) very bare of furniture, having no curtains to the French bedstead or to the window.

Possibly this condition of the chamber windows at the Tremont House may account for the parade of Boston beaux up and down Tremont Street in front of the hotel,

when in 1841, the sensationally beautiful Fanny Elssler was a guest there, and when she thrilled all Boston with her marvelous dancing and gave a benefit, the proceeds of which bought the final stones for the unfinished Bunker Hill Monument.

This famous young lady was only one of hundreds of celebrities who made the Tremont their home. Edwin Forrest, the first great American tragedian, always stayed here when he played Boston. Mademoiselle Fortunata Tedesco, one of the loveliest women and most charming singers of her day, lived here while appearing as the prima donna of the Havana Opera Company at the Howard Athenæum, the leading theatre in Boston, in 1847. Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, King of the French, was a guest here when in 1841 a grand ball was given him in historic Faneuil Hall. President Tyler and members of his Cabinet were all at the Tremont in June, 1843, on the occasion of Daniel Webster's oration at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. Macready, the famous English actor, and Dickens's great friend, lived here when he played in Boston in 1844.

And upon this cold and wintry evening, the great Boz, destined to be remembered long after most of these other celebrities are all forgotten, was dining with his pretty wife and his military friend under the same roof that had sheltered so many famous folk.

Although the dinner was laid in a private dining-room, there was everything but privacy. To begin with, the waiters were continually bringing in invitations to attend Divine service at the many churches in Boston on the following day. The committee of 'The Young Men of Boston,' headed by James Russell Lowell, called

to see if their invitation to a public dinner was accepted. They found that the genial guest accepted with pleasure and Tuesday night, February 1st, was decided upon for the date.

But despite these and many other interruptions, the meal was greatly enjoyed and as Boz and Mulgrave did full justice to the strange American drinks that were offered for their consideration, their spirits rose perceptibly. Upon Mrs. Dickens's departure for bed the two young men decided on a midnight ramble to get a first view of the city they had just entered.

This episode has been described by an eye-witness, James T. Fields, who with some young men of his own age was waiting in the hotel lobby hoping to catch another glimpse of the famous author. Their patience was rewarded and as Boz and Mulgrave came downstairs and went out the main entrance, they followed after and Fields thus tells the story in 'Yesterdays with Authors':

> It was a stinging night and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out sharp and glittering, and 'Boz' muffled up in a shaggy fur coat ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Of course the two gentlemen soon lost their way on emerging into Washington from Tremont Street. [No doubt turning down School Street or Temple Place.] Dickens kept up one continual shout of uproarious laughter as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops and observing the architecture of the new country into which he had dropped as from the clouds.

Here are some of the signs he read, taken from the Boston Directory of 1842 and located on those streets:

'Darwin Chaffee, Cravats.' 'John J. Adams, Brush Manufacturer and Brewer.' 'Stevens and Cushing, Fancy and Medicated Lozenges also Fine Black Writing and Copying Ink.' Once in Washington Street they turned left again and ran down past the Old South Church, and as they paused here Boz gave a great shout of approval at the sight of that beautiful spire in the bright moonlight, and then taking the left again they turned back up School Street to the corner of Tremont and School Streets and so into the cheery glow of the hotel lobby. Here Fields and his friends left them and went home full of the wonderful experience. Boz and the Earl lingered a bit downstairs perhaps for an 'American nightcap' in the famous Tremont House Bar, where he wrote, 'The stranger is initiated into the mysteries of Gin Sling, Cocktail, Sangaree, Mint Julep, Sherry Cobbler, Timber Doodle, and other rare drinks.'

And after partaking of some of these curiosities they said good-night and Boz went up to bed to lie awake a little, wondering what new experience awaited him in Boston. He had been in the New World eight hours.

Sunday, January 23d

This was a day of adjustment for the Dickens party. No doubt they had breakfast together in their rooms and afterwards Boz, in company with Earl Mulgrave, walked down to the custom house to attend to getting their baggage passed and moved to the Tremont. It was imperative that the Dickens elaborate wardrobe be secured as soon as possible. Already the lack of suitable apparel had prevented them from accepting any one of the many invitations they had received to attend

church this morning. The walk was not without interest, as we read in the following description from 'American Notes':

> When I got out into the streets upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear, the houses so bright and gay; the signboards were painted in such gaudy colors; the gilded letters were so very golden; the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railing were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvelously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance — that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman where everybody is a merchant, resides above his store; so that so many occupations are often carried on in one house, and the whole front is covered with boards and inscriptions.
>
> As I walked along, I kept glancing at these boards, confidently expecting to see a few of them change into something else, and I never turned a corner suddenly without looking out for the clown and pantaloon, who, I had no doubt, were hiding in a doorway or behind some pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and Columbine, I discovered immediately that they lodged (they are always looking after lodgings in a pantomime) at a very small clock-maker's one story high, near the hotel; which, in addition to various symbols and devices, almost covering the whole front, had a great dial hanging out, to be jumped through of course.

They found the custom house open and a great bustle of work under way, disposing of the baggage of the many passengers who, like themselves, could not get it examined and passed the night before. Whatever may have been the treatment accorded the other passengers, it is very evident that Mr. Dickens was waited upon immediately. No doubt that particular custom house

officer had read every line he had written and 'Pickwick' a dozen times. Anyhow, only pleasant memories were carried away and the custom house was praised in no uncertain tones, as will be seen by the following:

> In all the public establishments in America the utmost courtesy prevails. Most of our Departments are susceptible of considerable improvement in this respect, but the Custom House above all others would do well to take example from the United States and render itself somewhat less odious and offensive to foreigners. The servile rapacity of the French officials is sufficiently contemptible, but there is a surly, boorish incivility about our men, alike disgusting to all persons who fall into their hands, and discreditable to the nation that keeps such ill-conditioned curs snarling about its gates.
>
> When I landed in America I could not help being strongly impressed with the contrast their Custom House presented, and the attention, politeness, and good humor with which its officers discharged their duty.

When Boz and Mulgrave returned to the hotel, it was time for the midday meal. One of the Tremont House famous Sunday repasts was served in the Dickens suite, and to this of course Lord Mulgrave was invited.

Early Sunday afternoon the Tremont House bus moved the Dickens trunks, boxes, and bags to the hotel and they were soon unpacked, and one of the first objects to be taken out, very carefully, was the beautiful pencil drawing by Maclise of the four Dickens babies. This picture was always placed in a conspicuous position in the rooms occupied by the Dickenses on their whole American trip.

A little later Boz appeared in the hotel parlor, where Pierre Morand, an artist of that period, made a pencil

sketch of him, which is now in the collection of W. K. Bixby. The artist wrote this about his drawing:

> This bust profile sketch was taken and nearly finished on Sunday afternoon, 23rd January, 1842, while the original was standing at a window looking into the street. It being on a larger scale than the others, the likeness is greatly more perfect and when I showed it to Mr. Dickens next morning, he was exceedingly pleased with it, though he pronounced it somewhat flattering. I do not remember any likeness of him published before the perfection of photography that expresses his character as faithfully as this.

A modest opinion surely.

In the hotel parlor, Boz was joined by T. Colley Grattan, the British Consul, and Earl Mulgrave, and they set out for a walk.

The 'Boston Daily Mail' of Monday, January 24th, had this paragraph: 'We understand that Mr. Dickens visited different parts of the city yesterday in company with Mr. Grattan, the British Consul, and the Earl of Mulgrave, and was pleased with the appearance of the town.'

On their return to the hotel, they found Dr. Palmer, acting editor of the 'Boston Evening Transcript,' waiting to see Boz. It is quite likely that there were more newspaper men there, but Dr. Palmer is the only one who was granted an interview, and this was due, in good part, to his thoughtful act of the night before, when he rushed back from the Britannia and secured the best rooms in the Tremont House for Boz and his party.

But posterity has a serious criticism to make of Editor Palmer's news sense. What a story he might have gotten that Sunday night, and so immortalized his paper

and himself, but this is all he printed in the 'Boston Transcript' the next day.

> We had an hour's conversation with Mr. Dickens last evening and found him one of the most frank, sociable, noble-hearted gentlemen we ever met with, perfectly free from haughtiness or apparent self-importance. In fact he is just such a person as we had supposed him to be, judging from his writings which have acquired a popularity almost unprecedented in this country. His lady, too, is most beautiful and accomplished and appears worthy to be the partner and companion of her distinguished husband.

Not very much to get from an hour's interview with the greatest celebrity Boston had entertained since Lafayette. If he had only recorded what they talked about in that 'hour's conversation,' the record of this Dickens day in Boston might have told us much more about this marvellous guest.

Another person who figured in this day's proceedings was T. Colley Grattan, British Consul at Boston from 1839 to 1853, and it will be interesting to know more about this gentleman. He was born in Dublin in 1796 and died in London in 1864. After taking up the study of law, he turned to writing in 1819 and achieved considerable success as an author. Besides novels, plays, histories, books of travels, etc., he wrote 'Civilized America' in 1859, and a quotation from this work of his, published seventeen years after Dickens's visit, furnishes a thought on Dickens's 'American Notes' as showing the kind of books on America that were being written and the only kind that were popular with the English public at that time. He said:

> America knows well that for seventy years (or since 1789) England has viewed her commercial progress with mixed feelings of astonishment and jealousy, her political institutions with dislike, her social organization with disdain. A shrug, a frown or a sneer were the outward and visible signs of what England thought and felt. Did she conceal her thoughts and feelings? No. On the contrary, no opportunity was lost in giving them utterance and that in no measured phrase. The style of all the travellers, tourists, and essayists, whether in books, reviews, or newspapers of any influence, was in unison. Blame and ridicule formed the staple of all three; and the few who accorded faint praise or larded overstrained encomium, utterly failed to produce any countervailing effect.
>
> This plain truth, evident and undeniable. It was perfectly natural, why not avow or why attempt to excuse it? These were the true sentiments of England in reference to America.

How complete and how thoroughly rooted was this attitude of our English cousins is seen in a passage in 'Pickwick,' written twenty-two years before Mr. Grattan wrote 'Civilized America.' When Boz was in Worcester, the guest of Governor Davis, just after leaving Boston on February 5, 1842, he wrote this selection from 'Pickwick' for his hostess, Mrs. Davis. It is Mr. Weller, senior, who speaks regarding the troubled Samuel Pickwick. 'Have a passage ready taken for 'Merrica. The 'Merrikin gov'ment will never give him up ven vunce they find as he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov'ner stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead or Mr. Dodson and Fogg's hung vich last ewent I think is most likely to happen first, Sammy. And then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough.' So it is quite evident that Boz also knew what the

English public wanted to read in 1842 and also what would help the sales of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' in 1843, when they fell off so badly. And if he studied and supplied the demands of his audience, he did no more nor less than successful writers have always done.

While Grattan was welcomed and entertained most hospitably in America, he seems to have thoroughly disliked everything American, and on his return to England he contributed several more abusive books on America to the already existing collection. He was at Dickens's elbow during his two weeks in Boston and did a great deal to make his stay interesting and pleasant.

After Dr. Palmer took his departure, tea was in order and then a conference in the Dickens suite as to the plans for the visit. Boz told of the number of letters of introduction that had been sent to prominent Bostonians, and Grattan knew that these people would probably call early in the week. It was decided to hold a daily reception in the Dickens rooms with Mr. Grattan on hand to introduce the guests. And with these and other plans perfected, Messrs. Grattan and Mulgrave took their leave and the Dickenses went to bed, little dreaming of the tremendous reception that awaited them in the days to come.

Monday, January 24th

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and Earl Mulgrave had scarcely finished breakfast in the Dickens suite when the first callers began to arrive. The very first to come was Dexter, the sculptor to whom Dickens had promised to sit for a bust, providing it could be made at the Tremont House. He brought his modelling-stand and

set it up in one corner of the parlor prepared to work whenever the model was quiet long enough to observe.

Another arrival was Pierre Morand to show Boz the pencil sketch he had made of him the preceding afternoon, and it is believed that the artist Alexander made some preliminary sketches for his portrait during this forenoon.

Next in order was the reading of the accounts of his arrival in the Boston morning papers. No Sunday papers were in existence, so the Boston public had to wait until forty-two hours had elapsed before it was fully informed that the great visitor was in their midst.

In the files of the 'Boston Daily Mail' for Monday, January 24, 1842, is found the story that the editor with the 'very protruding upper teeth' may have written when he got back to the office Saturday night. Under a particularly atrocious woodcut of Dickens, a news pictorial feature, quite sensational in the days when newspapers were almost entirely illustrated with pictures of tiny railroad trains advertising time-tables, one type of miniature house doing service as real estate announcements and sets of false teeth inviting attention to the dentists of the period, is found this effusion:

ARRIVAL OF BOZ

The most interesting event connected with the Britannia is the arrival of CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., the unrivalled delineator of human life, the author of mirth-provoking 'Pickwick,' the kind-hearted friend of poor 'Oliver' and 'Nicholas' and sweet little 'Nelly.' The solace of the lonely, the companion of the gay, the beloved and admired of all ages and classes, wherever the English Language is read or spoken.

We had the honor of an introduction to the distin-

guished visitor and exchanged with him the cordial grasp of hands before he stepped foot upon our shores. He appears to be in excellent health, although greatly fatigued by the voyage which was unusually severe. His lady, who accompanies him, was also affected by the voyage to a serious degree.

The portrait of Mr. Dickens given above is acknowledged by all who have seen him to be an admirable likeness. It is copied from an English edition of his works published under the sanction of the author. The engraving was executed by Messrs. Devereux & Brown, of this City, artists of superior merit in this peculiar and difficult branch of the profession.

Mr. Dickens was waited upon by several gentlemen immediately upon his arrival and conducted to the Tremont House where apartments had been prepared for his reception. It is understood that a public festival will be offered him in the course of the present week.

And having got this out of his system the editor penned the following flourish, in his story of the Britannia's arrival, in the next column:

Among the passengers of the Britannia we are glad to perceive the name of CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., perhaps the most popular of all the living authors. We trust that Mr. Dickens will be received by our countrymen, and especially by the Literati, in a manner becoming the high station he holds in the 'Republic of Belles Lettres.' He has been expected for some time and we doubt not measures are already in train to make his stay an agreeable one.

The 'Boston Daily Mail' was the 'yellow journal' in Boston of 1842. It presented the news in a sensational fashion and the editorial pen could be extremely sarcastic, as can be seen in this instance: The 'Mail' had evidently 'lifted' some material from a smaller contemporary and the injured one, the 'New Bedford Bulletin,' had printed this:

> We would thank the Editors of the Boston Daily Mail and the Boston Morning Post, when they copy any more letters of Charles Dickens from our paper to give us, at least, one word of credit. You ought to be ashamed both of you.

To which the 'Mail' replied:

> Pretty smart for the little 'n, please consider yourself credited for *all* the letters Dickens ever wrote, for the letters of Junius, Mother Goose's Melodies, the Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves and the Declaration of Independence. Are you satisfied?

Oh, there was no getting away from those protruding teeth.

He also opened his news columns to the enterprising advertisers and so this paragraph followed the other Dickens items in the edition of Monday, January 24th:

> Arrival of Dickens. The distinguished author of Pickwick Papers, &c., &c., arrived in this city by the Britannia on Saturday and we learn that the Dinner Committee waited upon him in the evening, to pay their respects and announce the arrangements that had been made for his reception and entertainment in the Literary Emporium. The first printed document that greeted the eyes of Mr. Dickens on his entering the Tremont House was the Tremont Theatre play bill announcing the play of 'Boz' and on the table of the room where he was ushered in, was a box of Sherman's Cough Lozenges, the indispensable ornament of every drawing room in these days of Coughs and Colds. These Lozenges never fail to cure a cold and have done more good than all the other cough medicines ever used. Mr. Redding, No. 8 State Street, is the agent.

The first mail brought hundreds of requests for Dickens's autograph, which he immediately set to work to write, and so it happened that when Mr. George Tick-

nor, of Park Street, called promptly at the Tremont House to pay his respects, he found, according to the journal of Miss Wormely, 'a sculptor in one corner of their sitting-room taking Dickens's bust and a painter who was making a sketch of him, while the great Boz himself was rapidly throwing off autographs and writing letters.'

So much public activity on the part of a literary man came as a sort of shock to more than one profound Athenian from the intellectual heights of Beacon Hill. But Boz was, at this time of his life, quite willing to pose for his picture, write autographs, or do anything else along that line that would please the public.

Other callers besides Mr. Ticknor came, and many prominent men brought their wives and families along to meet the distinguished visitor. The calls were brief because the callers were of Boston's elect in society and not mere curiosity-seekers.

At twelve o'clock, Captain Hewitt, of the Britannia, arrived, and with the Dickenses and Earl Mulgrave sat down to dinner, in that joyful companionship that only those who have passed safely through grave dangers can know; and what a jolly party it must have been!

All the experiences of that turbulent trip were recounted by Boz in his inimitable way. How he tried to serve solace and refreshment to the ladies who rolled from one end of the long sofa to the other. His adventure with the cork soles. The substitute seasick cook who was propped up and forced to roll piecrust, and the other incidents chronicled so hilariously in the 'Passage Out' chapter of 'American Notes.'

How the weather-beaten little Captain enjoyed that

repast and how he chuckled at the witty sallies of his young friend!

The meal must have been quite short, for soon Charles Sumner and T. Colley Grattan called to escort Boz to the State Capitol on Beacon Hill. Mulgrave and Captain Hewitt went along, and the party created no end of attention both on its way up Beacon Street and at the State House as well. The 'Boston Journal' of the 24th printed this account in its evening edition:

> A visit from Boz: At half past 1 o'clock, Charles Dickens paid a visit to the legislature in company with T. C. Grattan, Esq., the Earl of Mulgrave and two others. Mr. Dickens was introduced to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Mr. Bigelow, who accompanied him through the different parts of the Capitol. His appearance in the Senate Chamber created quite a sensation among the members. He was introduced there to Josiah Quincy, the President of the Senate, and expressed himself much pleased with the visit.

So it was here that Boz first met the brilliant Bostonian who was to preside with so much distinction at the great Boz dinner at Papanti's Hall the following week.

Rushing back to the Tremont House, Boz and Mulgrave said good-bye to their companions, Messrs. Sumner and Hewitt, and were soon seated at dinner with Mrs. Dickens in the Dickens suite. And this was, of necessity, another hurried repast as they had to dress and be at the Tremont Theatre at '½ past 6,' for at that hour the 'special performance in honor of Charles Dickens, Esq.,' was to commence. The reproduction of the rare old play-bill from the Shaw Theatre Collection at Harvard gives the programme in full.

The Tremont Theatre was directly across the street

from the main entrance of the Tremont House, and was a large and well-appointed play-house built by the subscriptions of many prominent Bostonians who as long ago as 1827 felt the need of a suitable theatre in Boston. But after many ups and downs, it was, in January, 1842, in sore straits and in a few short weeks was to be sold and closed forever as a theatre. A good stock company was playing to wretched business and the prices had been reduced one half in a vain endeavor to attract larger audiences.

When the Dickenses, Lord Mulgrave, and Grattan walked across to the theatre from the hotel, it was in a space made by the police through a surging mob, every member of which was keenly curious to see the great writer. At the entrance to the theatre they were met by the managers, Messrs. Andrews and Preston, and escorted to a private box reserved and properly decorated in honor of the noted guest. As the party entered, the audience, which filled the big theatre from pit to gallery, rose and gave nine rousing cheers, which tribute Dickens, stepping forward to the front of the box, acknowledged with a smile and a bow.

This ceremony being over, the guests and audience settled down to consider the performance. We know that Boz always found something to enjoy in any sort of a theatrical entertainment and so he doubtless liked every bit of 'Charles O'Malley' from the Club House in Dublin through all the fourteen scenes until, in the grand finale, 'Lucy Dashwood' as Captain of Dragoons entered with '*twelve ladies* dressed in the uniform of Dragoons' who executed several 'Military Evolutions' and 'a Grand March.'

But it was the second piece, 'The Masque Phrenologic, Boz,' that was supposed to be the high spot of the programme. This was written by J. M. Field, the comedian of the Tremont Stock Company, and Mr. Field deserves a glance in passing.

'Joe' Field was not only a very good actor, but also a successful contributor to the Boston press under the pen name of 'Straws.' He was born in London in 1810 of Irish parentage and brought to this country when very young. In the 'Notes and Queries' page of the 'Boston Transcript' years later, A. L. S. has this interesting paragraph:

> About the year 1842 I boarded in a Pearl street boarding house which was the Boston home of several noted members of the theatrical profession. Among them John G. Gilbert and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Field, and their daughter Kate Field, who was then a bright little girl. Mrs. Field was an actress of ability and attracted much attention at the old Tremont Theatre by her impersonation of 'Smike' in the play of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' a dramatic production arranged from Dickens's famous novel by J. M. Field, on the occasion of Dickens's first visit to Boston.

It will be seen that the first act of 'Nickleby' was given that night probably so that Boz might see Mrs. Field as 'Smike' as well as the dramatist himself as 'Mantalini.' The playlet 'Boz' was very evidently a pageant of the famous characters that Dickens at the age of thirty had given to the world.

After the performance, Grattan, no doubt, was asked by Boz to present him to the dramatist and in all probability he went 'back' (as he was so fond of doing in London) and met the whole company.

Imagine the excitement in the greenroom when the famous young author extends his compliments to the actresses and actors as they crowd about him, representing in costume and make-up the characters he had created and made famous. Consider the joy of the young actor-playwright and his talented wife as they accept the congratulations of the great Boz himself. Perhaps he told Mrs. Field that she was as good as Mrs. Keeley, who had played the part in London three years before. One is struck by the way these talented actresses appeared under their married names and cheerfully accepted the title of 'Mrs.' It is but one slight instance of the importance of husbands and fathers in those 'fabulous forties.' To-day Mrs. Field would have been 'Miss Riddle' and Field, probably, 'Miss Riddle's husband.'

So the special 'Boz night' ends at the Tremont, and Boz and his friends say good-night and go back across the street through the surging crowd of theatre-goers, private carriages, and box-like busses, to their hotel, and Mrs. Dickens goes upstairs to Anne, and to bed. Boz, quite likely, to the famous Tremont House Bar with Grattan, Mulgrave, and others for a toast to every one's health, and then the Earl and author say good-night again and go up to the Dickens parlor, when, just as Mulgrave is going, there comes a knock at the door and a 'bellboy' hands in a package, the original manuscript of the 'Masque Phrenologic' which Field had sent over from the theatre with his compliments.

There is perhaps a smile at this, and the friends part for the night. The young writer strolls over to the window and stands looking down into the snow-covered

streets. Across the way the gaslights flicker in front of the darkened theatre; a few belated pedestrians go hurrying by looking up at the Tremont House as if discussing the famous guest within. If he turned and caught sight of himself in one of the great mirrors, he may have smiled back at the reflection to think that, in all the world, there was not one young man so clever with his pen, so admired and so loved by his myriad readers in all walks of life, as Boz.

Tuesday, January 25th

One of his first acts on this morning was the writing of a gracious little note of thanks to 'Joe' Field for his manuscript: a note that Field handed down to his talented daughter Kate, and which is now to be found in the Kate Field Collection at the Boston Public Library. One wishes that the actor's manuscript had been preserved as carefully.

> Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Field and is extremely obliged to him for the MS. he had the goodness to send last night. Though Mr. Dickens had not received any such mark of Mr. Field's courtesy and attention, he still would have felt it a pleasure and a duty to thank him for his most ingenious compliment, which afforded him very high satisfaction and entertainment.
>
> Tremont House, January Twenty-fifth

One author to another, in the fine old manner of the forties — no wonder it was treasured by the young comedian.

This day also marked the first sitting for the Alexander portrait that is said to be such a perfect likeness. The picture now hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

and is notable as being the only painting made of Dickens during his first visit to America.

G. W. Putnam, who was afterwards engaged as personal secretary to Boz, was a pupil of Francis Alexander's and has told the details of the painting of this portrait. Alexander had put off preparing a canvas, although the day of Dickens's arrival approached. At last it was Putnam himself, on the Saturday previous to this day, who was compelled to take a canvas, already bearing a half-finished picture of fairy nymphs dancing in a field, scrape the surface smooth, and repaint it with a neutral gray that was barely dry on this eventful morning.

Mr. Putnam published in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' January, 1870, his recollections, and concerning the beginning of the portrait has this to say:

> Mr. Dickens had appointed ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning succeeding his arrival, for his first sitting to Alexander. The artist's rooms were at No. 41 Tremont Row, not far from the Tremont House. The newspapers had announced the fact, and long before the appointed hour a crowd of people were around the hotel and arranged along the side walk to see him pass. The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, eagerly awaiting his appearance, and as he passed, they were to the last degree silent and respectful. It was no vulgar curiosity to see a great and famous man, but an earnest and commendable desire to look upon the author whose writings, already enlisted in the great cause of humanity, had won their deep respect and endeared him to their hearts.
>
> On arriving at the anteroom of the studio, Mr. Dickens found a large number of the personal friends of the artist awaiting the honor of an introduction, and he passed from group to group in a most kind and pleasant way. It was here that I received my own introduction and I re-

CHARLES DICKENS
1842
By Francis Alexander

member that after Mr. Dickens had passed around the room, he came again to me and exchanged some pleasant words about my name, slightly referring to the American hero of the Revolution who had borne it.

The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back to the Tremont: and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture.

The engravings in his books which had then been issued either in England or America were very little like him. Alexander chose an attitude highly original but very characteristic. Dickens is represented at his table writing. His left hand rests upon the paper. The pen in his right hand seems to have been stopped for a moment while he looks up at you as if you had just addressed him. His long brown hair, slightly curling, sweeps his shoulder, the bright eyes glance, and that inexpressible look of kindly mirth plays around his mouth and shows itself in the arched brow. Alexander caught much of that singular *lighting up of the face* which Dickens had beyond anyone I ever saw, and the picture is very like the original and will convey to those who wish to know how 'Boz' looked at thirty years of age, an excellent idea of the man.

One of the elderly attachés at the Museum of Fine Arts has the story that when Alexander was describing the position he wished Boz to assume, the author replied, 'Oh, yes, I see, *all of a twist.*' Whether the great humorist was actually guilty of this, there is at this day no way of proving.

Concerning the people who tried to get a glimpse of him, Boz wrote Forster: 'How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theatre' — and so on.

That eminent Bostonian, the late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was a youth of eighteen when

Boz visited Boston, and in a letter written to him by Charles Parsons, a nephew of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, is found quite another description of the Dickens furor. Speaking of a walk in Cambridge, Parsons says:

> The mud clung to me like the women to Boz — what devilish fools — I must speak my opinion — folks are making of themselves about Boz. The poor man has from 150 to 200 applications for autographs per diem, has to keep a private secretary to do all but the signature; shouldn't wonder if that — on an emergency.
>
> Alexander got the privilege of taking Dickens's portrait. The ladies pressed in to stare at him so that he at last couldn't bear it, swore a big oath that he wouldn't sit there to be gazed at and bolted for the door. He was soon obliged to bolt the door, for his fair bewitched and bewitching tormentors rushed after the persecuted wretch to see him come out.
>
> Whether Alexander had any crackers and cheese I know not, but, at any rate, he was not prepared to stand a blockade, and Boz had in time to leave his fortress and attempt to paddle. The fairy sprites were instantly at him, one seized his hand to 'claim the privilege, etc.' 'You do me too much honor,' exclaimed the distracted author, and made a straight coat-tail for the Tremont House. . . . Really, it is too bad that he should get such an idea of the ill breeding of our people.

While there were some people who felt that Boston was overdoing her welcome to Boz, there is very little evidence that he was at all displeased.

It is believed that the Dickenses spent the afternoon at the Tremont House receiving callers. The Earl of Mulgrave, their fellow voyager, took leave of them on this day and went on to his military post in Canada. Cornelius Conway Felton, 'that noble fellow,' Professor of Greek at Harvard University, was one of the

many visitors and here that wonderful friendship between the two men began.

Also at this early date in their Boston visit, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens became acquainted with Mrs. Francis Alexander, the wife of the portrait painter. She may have called with her little daughter Francesca this afternoon. Mrs. Alexander had a gift for cultivating notable people, and when the painting of the Boz portrait drew that celebrity close to the Alexander family, the whole affair took on a social aspect and the Alexanders became close friends of the Dickenses. And it is more than likely that Mrs. Alexander managed the whole affair from the beginning.

In the evening the Dickenses attended another elaborate dinner at one of the great mansions in town, and tradition states that at this dinner he did a most inexplicable thing. People who have handed down the story offer no comment on his unusual behavior, beyond the axiom that 'the king can do no wrong.'

Great mirrors were everywhere in the forties, and Boz, catching sight of his reflection across the dinner table and not being entirely satisfied with the arrangement of his long and poetic locks, calmly took a pocket comb from his pocket and 'combed his hair at the table,' an act which has been described by one generation to another ever since this evening, and received with many expressions of amused astonishment.

At midnight they were back at the Tremont House. The day and the evening had been strenuous. As the two tired young people finally retired to their sleeping-room, with its 'curtainless windows and bed,' Boz, admitted by all to be the greatest humorist of his day, un-

folded the 'Boston Evening Transcript' and, scanning its pages for mention of himself, saw a choice bit of humor which any reader may find in the files of that paper.

Little dialogues between 'Jonas and the Deacon' appeared quite frequently in the columns of the stately old 'Transcript,' the series forming a sort of 1842 'Mutt and Jeff' in prose. While their crossfire 'wit' may have been the work of a paragraphist on the 'Transcript,' the characters themselves were 'Jonas' Whitcomb, assistant manager, and 'Deacon' Olmstead, chief clerk of the Tremont House.

Here is the gem as it appeared in the edition of Tuesday, January 25, 1842:

AWFUL COLLISION

When Jonas and the Deacon get 'runnin' a saw,' there is no knowing what will be the end on't. That was the case last night, the Deacon as usual setting the saw again.

'Jonas,' said he, 'why is Mr. Dickens like a mighty river?'

Jonas took a cogitating stroll through the corridor and ejaculated, 'Give it up.'

'Because,' said the Deacon, 'he's the *Boz for us*.' (Bosphorus.)

'Pooh,' said Jonas with a contemptuous curl of the lip, 'that's enough to make *Boz sick*.'

'Perhaps so,' replied the incorrigible, 'but *Boz well* never said so good a thing in his life.'

This was altogether too much for Jonas, it touched him on the raw. Mustering all his energies —

'Deacon,' said he, 'why is the Tremont Theatre like Scotland?'

'I don't know and I don't care,' answered the Deacon.

'Because,' said Jonas, 'there is a *Boz worth Field* there. (Bosworth Field.)

The Deacon laid his hand on the bronze card vase and looked daggers. Jonas took the hint and sloped.

Perhaps it is not too great a stretch of the imagination to believe that Boz read this bit of Boston persiflage aloud, with possibly a Pickwickian observation or two, before he turned out the gas and turned in for the night.

Dickens in 'American Notes' criticised many American institutions, thereby wounding the sensibilities of the American public to an alarming extent. He attacked American newspapers and called them some pretty hard names, but through some quality of mercy as yet unexplained, he refrained from mentioning the work of the 1842 newspaper humorists.

And now, having put Boz safely to bed for the day, let us sit up ourselves a little longer to consider a romance of the old Tremont House in which the handsome 'Deacon' Olmstead played an important part.

At the Tremont Theatre, during the time of Dickens's visit to Boston, there was appearing a beautiful young dancer named Fanny Jones. This charming young lady was literally the toast of the town in the early forties. Her lovely dancing was grace itself and a feature of the performances at the Tremont Theatre, it being the custom in those days to introduce a dance specialty after the long play and before the farce that ended the evening.

The marvellous Fanny Elssler had recently completed her successful engagements in Boston and Miss Jones appeared in some of the 'Divine Fanny's' own numbers, to the delight of all Boston theatre-goers. Her father, Robert Jones, was a capable scene painter, but, being

most improvident, when he died his family was left destitute. Fanny being forced to work, decided to take up dancing. In this she was assisted by a gentleman of high ideals and charitable principles, Mr. Jarvis Eaton, who was for many years a resident of the Tremont House.

Mr. Eaton was a rich man and in a position to carry out his ideas, and the interest he took in the beautiful little dancer was the direct cause of her becoming famous. Whether this interest ever ripened into love, history does not state, but it is quite possible that it may have done so. However, though her success led to many offers of marriage, the lovely Fanny looked with favor only on the handsome and popular 'Deacon' Olmstead. Perhaps 'Jarvie' Eaton, as he was known to his friends, thoroughly approved of her choice, for Olmstead was a great favorite with all the permanent residents of the hotel. At any rate, they were married and Fanny retired from the stage to the regret of her many admirers. It is declared that Boston never had a greater theatrical favorite. Dickens saw her, for in the piece 'Boz' she appeared as 'Little Nell.'

Wednesday, January 26th

On the morning of this eventful day, the Dickenses, as they came in to breakfast in their parlor, found the sculptor Dexter beside his unfinished bust ready to begin work as soon as his subject was seated. They started the meal, Boz opening and trying to read his morning's mail; scores of invitations to dinners, parties and balls, and requests for his autograph, a tremendous volume of correspondence that was fast becoming a serious menace to his peace of mind.

So on this morning, after vainly endeavoring to pose for the sculptor, read and answer letters, write autographs, and enjoy his breakfast all at the same time, he suddenly decided that what he needed most of all was a secretary.

It was characteristic that, once he had an idea, action must immediately follow, and so early in the forenoon, accompanied by Mrs. Dickens and the usual crowd that gathered whenever he appeared on the street, he called on his friend the painter Alexander at his home opposite Number 12 West Cedar Street. What happened is told by G. W. Putnam in his reminiscences:

> Mr. Alexander told me that Mr. Dickens and his wife had been at his house that forenoon, and Mr. Dickens said —
>
> 'Mr. Alexander, I have been in the country but a few days, and my table is already heaped high with unanswered letters. I have a great number of engagements already, I did not expect a correspondence like this and I must have a secretary. Can you find me one?'

Alexander suggested his young friend Putnam and Dickens expressed a wish to meet him, which the painter promised should be made possible at once, and the Dickenses hurried back to the hotel, for this was a day to be devoted to callers and some very distinguished ones were expected.

Now Boz had a very good idea before he arrived in Boston just who its prominent men were and he expected to see them. Many had received letters of introduction; these and many others called, but if they did not, T. Colley Grattan sent them invitations to do so.

Thus it happened that the picturesque young Bos-

tonian, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., called on this date at Grattan's request.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was born in Cambridge, August 1, 1815, and was therefore three years younger than Boz. His father was one of the best known of early American poets. Dana, Jr., graduated from Harvard in 1837, but in 1834, when but nineteen years old, he had made a voyage on a sailing vessel and written an account of it, entitled 'Two Years Before the Mast,' which gave in detail the ship and shore life of a common sailor, and which has been called the greatest sea-book ever written. This work he sold for a small sum, but when published in book form it created a great deal of comment and was especially popular in England. Dickens was familiar with it and was anxious to meet the author.

It is interesting to note an entry in young Dana's diary on Monday of this week:

> Jan. 24. Nothing talked of but Dickens's arrival. The town is mad, all calling on him. I shan't go unless sent for. I can't submit to sink the equality of a gentleman by crowding after a man of note.

Fortunately he was 'sent for' and the following entry in his diary describes his visit:

> Jan. 26. Letter from T. Colley Grattan, saying that Dickens wishes to see me and is surprised that I have not called before and fixing 2 P.M. for a call. At 2 P.M. call at the Tremont House and am told that he is engaged. Send up my name and am shown up. He kept disengaged on purpose to see Longfellow and myself. Talk a few minutes when Longfellow comes in with Sumner. Disappointed in Dickens's appearance. (We have heard him called 'the handsomest man in London, etc.') He is of

middle height (under if anything) with a large expressive eye, regular nose, matted, curling, wet-looking black hair, a dissipated looking mouth with a vulgar draw to it, a muddy, olive complexion, stubby fingers and a hand by no means patrician. A hearty off hand manner, far from well bred and a rapid, dashing way of talking. He looks wide awake, 'up to everything,' full of cleverness, with quick feelings and great ardor. You admire him and there is a fascination about him which keeps your eye on him, yet you cannot get over the impression that he is a low bred man.

Tom Appleton says, 'Take the genius out of his face and there are a thousand London shop keepers about the theatres and eating houses who look exactly like him.' He has what I suppose to be the true Cockney cut. He inquires for father and wonders he has not been to see him. Offers to call upon him if he is unwell.

Frank criticism, perhaps, but a real opinion and interesting.

'Tom' Appleton, who said what the visitor would look like if you 'took the genius out of his face,' was a well-known Bostonian of 1842 and later. He was born in 1812, so was Dickens's age, and he was the brother of Miss Frances Appleton who married the poet Longfellow in 1843. His opinion and Dana's were shared by many of the socially elect and many eyebrows were elevated in the classic confines of Beacon and Park Streets at the breeziness of Boz.

Of course Dana, Longfellow, and Sumner had a pleasant visit, and Sumner, remembering no doubt Kenyon's letter, offered to escort Mr. and Mrs. Dickens to the ball to be given that night at Papanti's Hall, and arranged to call for them early in the evening. The three distinguished young men, in leaving, met Mr. and Mrs. Francis Alexander coming up the stairs, in fact the

Alexanders had a way of dropping in on the Dickenses at any time. Their visit was so very interesting that it put out of Dickens's head completely the very important matter that he had up with Alexander and so, after they had departed, he penned this note and sent it hurrying after them by a messenger. It was found treasured for over eighty years in Francesca Alexander's scrapbook.

TREMONT HOUSE
Wednesday night

MY DEAR SIR:

Will you (I forgot to ask you just now) speak to Mr. Putnam for me and bespeak his assistance *during the time I am in Boston?* If I find him useful, then I can propose to him to travel with me, in such a manner as will not displease him.

I need hardly say that if he can call upon me early tomorrow he will relieve me very much.

Yours and Mrs. Alexander's
Affectionately
Boz

The note overtook the Alexanders at the studio just as they met young Mr. Putnam, for in his reminiscences we find this item concerning it:

> While we were talking a note came from Mr. Dickens requesting that Mr. Alexander would bring me to the Tremont House. So I went with him and was received with great cordiality and kindness by Mr. Dickens and his wife and made an appointment to commence my duties on the following morning.

Mr. Alexander doubtless thought that, as Putnam was so near at hand, it would settle matters if there was a little personal interview and so hurried back with his protégé and completed the arrangements.

No sooner had they gone than the Dickenses ordered

dinner and, when that was over, hurriedly dressed for the ball and awaited the arrival of Charles Sumner.

This ball was held in order that a large number of the socially important might meet the visiting celebrity, and when he arrived the hall was packed. 'Papanti's' was only a few steps down Tremont Street toward what is now Scollay Square and the trio must have walked the short distance. One wonders if Dickens ever realized in what a restricted area he lived and spent his time in Boston. Almost all the places, the homes, theatres, studios, and halls he visited were in easy walking distance of the Tremont House.

The famous dancing academy, presided over by Lorenzo Papanti, where the socially elect of several generations learned to dance was, in 1842, the most spacious and best appointed ballroom in Boston and many brilliant affairs were given there.

Concerning this famous hall, William S. Dexter, of Boston, has kindly given us this paragraph:

> The history of Papanti's Hall is that when Tremont Row as it was then called, was built, Mr. William Appleton, the father of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Mrs. Augustus Lowell's father, owned three of the new buildings and they arranged a hall running through the third stories of these buildings and let it to Papanti who was then at 221 Washington Street, and was teaching some of their older children, Mrs. Amos Lawrence and Mrs. Benjamin Roach among others. Papanti went there in 1838 and he and his son kept it for more than sixty years. My sisters and I were taught there and everybody else that I ever knew.

Lorenzo Papanti, the founder of this establishment, first came to Boston an unknown musician in 1823,

bringing from his home in France the first French horn to be seen and heard in America. He soon found a position in the Federal Street Theatre Orchestra and continued in this rather humble rôle for some time until his ability as a dancing teacher became known.

It so happened that Boston society had recently been victimized by a French count, and foreigners were looked on with suspicion; but Lorenzo had an honest air and in a very short time became the accepted dancing master of Boston's elect, and no less a personage than Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis danced the first waltz ever seen in Boston with young Papanti at a ball at the Otis mansion on Somerset Street.

As he prospered, Papanti saved his money, and finally in 1838 became the lessee of the hall that bore his name; a beautiful spacious room with French mirrors fitted in between its twelve high windows, boasting the first 'spring floor' built in this country and illuminated with many lights and an ornate prismatic chandelier of crystals which was imported from Paris at a cost of $1200 and sold at auction for $20 when the hall was closed in 1899.

Four of the great mirrors, including the enormous one that faced the main entrance, are, in the year this is written, 1927, in the possession and in the home of Mrs. DeForest Danielson at 28 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

As soon as Papanti's was opened, a series of exclusive and aristocratic assemblies were inaugurated, at which that wit and social leader, 'Tom' Appleton, was a leading spirit. For some years admission to Papanti's Dancing Academy stamped one as a member of Boston's best

society, a situation not wholly unlike that existing in London at 'Almack's,' although the mere thought of comparing Papanti's to 'Almack's' nearly threw the British Consul, T. Colley Grattan, into convulsions.

Boston's brilliant young Mayor, Jonathan Chapman, who became very friendly with Boz and afterwards carried on quite a correspondence with him, was on hand to greet the distinguished guest and his companions and to conduct them about the crowded hall.

Among the many young people present was Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who fortunately kept a diary, and so we are able to give his graphic picture of this affair just as he wrote it that night after he returned home.

> Jan. 26, 1842. . . . Felt rather tired for a ball, but then the idea of seeing Boz! Dressed before and after evening school and getting to Waldo's room found to my surprise that he was not going to the ball, had left the key, etc., but no fire — tried to make one — dressed — and off to the ball. Had to rush up three pairs of stairs to array. [On this night at Papanti's the guests must have taken off their wraps on the upper floors, now the skylighted 'operating rooms' of photographers. The usual dressing-rooms were needed for the better accommodation of the throng.] Found myself in the entry, in a horrid jam with no lady near I knew; and had to stay there a long time making Charles Higginson [a cousin] introduce me to Kate Jackson, engaged her the next but one. . . . We were between the rooms in a great crowd. [This 'entry' is still between the two rooms at the head of the stairs on the second landing of the photograph gallery at 23 Tremont Street. 'The rooms' referred to were then anterooms, but now are the photographers' work room and reception room.] They were waltzing and we making vain attempts to get out, when on my asking if Dickens had arrived, she, Miss Jackson, said to my surprise that he was close to

> us and immediately made a move to get nearer, there being a little space by the music; Mr. Chapman, who with Mr. Sumner was by him, mistook her object, helped her forward before me and introduced her to Boz! It was unexpected, and I stood looking at Mr. Chapman very expressively, but didn't catch his eye and he didn't introduce me. Boz, after speaking to Sumner, leaned over to Miss Jackson and said benignantly, 'Not a very good corner for confidential conversation.' She assented timidly and then he and Charles Sumner pushed off through the crowd and we took our places in the cotillion. She became a lion at once — everybody asked about it, but she felt so badly about being carried up to be introduced that she couldn't think of anything else, which, with the jam prevented our having much talk. Afterwards went down to supper with Charles Higginson and feasted on the most delicious oysters, ice, Charlotte Russe and Champagne. Boz talking to gentlemen the other side of the table; he soon, however, went upstairs with Mrs. Skinner. I followed and rushed up to Sarah Hale, she, very excited at having been introduced to Dickens and talked to him some time.

The reader cannot fail to picture this gay party of 1842, with its crowd of eager young folks in the beautiful costumes of the period, dancing the cotillion with Boz under the crystal chandeliers, their charming reflections multiplied in the great mirrors that lined the walls of Papanti's Hall.

And that critical young patrician, Miss Elizabeth Wormely, got her first glimpse of Dickens at this ball, for she wrote:

> My own first view of Dickens was at an evening party, when he was standing in the midst of a circle of ladies, relieving himself in very energetic terms of his *impressions de voyage*. His hair was long and light and looked as if it had not recovered from the tangle incident to days of seasick misery. He had brought with him two velvet

waistcoats for full dress, one a vivid green, the other of brilliant crimson, these were further ornamented by a profusion of gold watch chain. In 1842 a black satin waistcoat was almost the national costume for gentlemen in America, so that Mr. Dickens's vivid tints were very conspicuous.

Boz was evidently wearing either the green or the crimson waistcoat on this occasion. It is also interesting at this point to note the different descriptions we have thus far had of Dickens's hair. First, Putnam, the young artist-secretary, tells us that it was 'long and brown'; Richard Henry Dana, Jr., states that it was 'matted, curling, wet-looking and black'; and Miss Wormely said it was 'long and light.' Various opinions and the portrait itself, which any one may see at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, certainly portrays his long locks as black — but of course some of the color may have faded from the painting since 1842.

At this ball Boz had opportunity for considerable conversation with Mayor Chapman, and to both Chapman and Sumner he stated his desire to visit the Institution for the Blind at South Boston. The fame of Laura Bridgman, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's famous pupil, had reached England and Boz was anxious to know more about her and also of Dr. Howe's work. So an appointment was made to visit South Boston on the following Saturday.

History has not recorded, either in newspaper columns, diaries, or letters, how this evening affair terminated, but no doubt the Dickenses slipped away as soon as possible and hurried home to the Tremont House in an earnest endeavor to secure a few hours of much-needed sleep.

Thursday, January 27th

George W. Putnam, in the 'Atlantic' article previously mentioned, tells with most interesting detail the events of this morning, which began his first day as secretary to Boz:

> Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had their meals in their own rooms and the table was spread for breakfast. Soon they came in and after a cheerful greeting, I took my place at a side table and wrote as he ate his breakfast and meanwhile conversed with Mrs. Dickens, opened his letters and dictated his answers to me.
>
> In one corner of the room, Dexter the sculptor was earnestly at work modelling a bust of Mr. Dickens. Several others of the most eminent artists of our country had urgently requested Mr. Dickens to sit to them for his picture and bust, but, having consented to do so to Alexander and Dexter, he was obliged to refuse all others for want of time.
>
> While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come to Dickens with a solemn business-like air, stoop down and look at him side ways, pass around and take a look at the other side of his face and then go back to his model and work away for a few minutes; then come again and take another look and go back to his model; soon he would come again with his calipers and measure Dickens's nose and go and try it on the nose of his model; then come again with the calipers and try the width of the temples or the distance from the nose to the chin and back again to his work eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it and repeatedly alluded to it during his stay as a very successful work of art.

Henry Dexter, the sculptor, was one of the outstand-

ing characters in Boston at the time. He was thirty-six years of age and had raised himself from poverty and obscurity by the greatest effort. Earlier in life he had been a blacksmith and famed for his work in that line, but had only one ambition — to be a painter.

When he was twenty-one he married Miss Kelley, a niece of Francis Alexander, the portrait painter, and Alexander did much to encourage and help Dexter in his work. The blacksmith finally gave up his trade and adopted the profession of painting portraits, but with indifferent success.

In 1835 he occupied a studio in Bromfield Hall, on Bromfield Street, and was in very straitened circumstances, when, accidentally, while handling some clay belonging to another artist, he discovered that he could model remarkable likenesses. In a very short time he became locally famous as a sculptor and the principal citizens of the city sat for him. In 1839 he completed in marble the famous memorial statue of little Emily Binney, the deceased daughter of a prominent family, and thousands journeyed to Mount Auburn Cemetery to see the 'Binney Child.'

When Dickens arrived in 1842, Dexter had a studio on Tremont Row near to Alexander's and was thoroughly established as a successful sculptor. There is no doubt but that Mr. and Mrs. Alexander induced Boz to sit for him: an achievement that was accomplished with little inconvenience to that busy young traveller, for Dexter was very rapid and was accustomed to modelling from his sitters in their own homes.

This bust of Boz seems to have impressed all who saw it as a remarkable likeness. Mrs. Dickens wrote the

following note to the sculptor after she had gone on to New York:

> My Dear Mr. Dexter, — I did not see you before I left Boston, and had not an opportunity of expressing to you how much I was delighted with your bust of my husband, which I think is a beautiful likeness. I should much like our English friends to see it and hope for an early cast.
>
> Catherine Dickens

Dickens's greatest American friend at this time, Professor Felton, of Harvard, was also most enthusiastic and thus expressed himself to the sculptor: 'Ever since I saw your admirable bust of Charles Dickens, the best and most characteristic likeness that has ever been made of him, I have considered you the best, or certainly one of the best portrait sculptors of our time.'

Through the kindness of the Misses Douglass, granddaughters of Mr. Dexter, who own the only cast now believed to be in existence, the bust has been photographed so that the reader may see just what manner of man young Dickens was at this time.

Putnam's record of the morning of this day certainly indicates that Boz was busy; but even with his new secretary, who was evidently a shorthand writer, for he took dictation, the pile of correspondence still remained and he made up his mind to devote the morning to it. Mrs. Dickens wrote the following note to Francis Alexander, who was at work on his portrait and who was expecting him this morning for a sitting. The sweet domestic touch in this note makes one see 'the mild, unexacting character and manners' of this unassuming little English lady:

MY DEAR SIR —

Charles is so much pressed this morning and so many letters which must be written and cannot be delayed any longer that he begs you will excuse him till to-morrow morning. Give my best love to Mrs. Alexander. When her note came this morning, I am ashamed to say I was not dressed, therefore was obliged to send a verbal message.

Believe me, My dear Sir
Yours most sincerely
CATHERINE DICKENS

Tremont House
Thursday Morning

So the morning passed with Boz and his new secretary attacking the mountain of mail and writing the many autographs that his Boston admirers were demanding. There remains but slight record of this varied correspondence, but that it was tremendously heavy there can be no doubt. The autographs he wrote on small cards to which the secretary added on the back the name of the recipient and wrote, 'With the compliments of Mr. Dickens.'

It must be remembered that the cards of callers were being continually sent up from the hotel office and that Boz kept open house and saw nearly every one who came. While Sumner, Felton, and Longfellow, all young men about Dickens's age, called very often, there seems to be no exact record of the days on which they appeared.

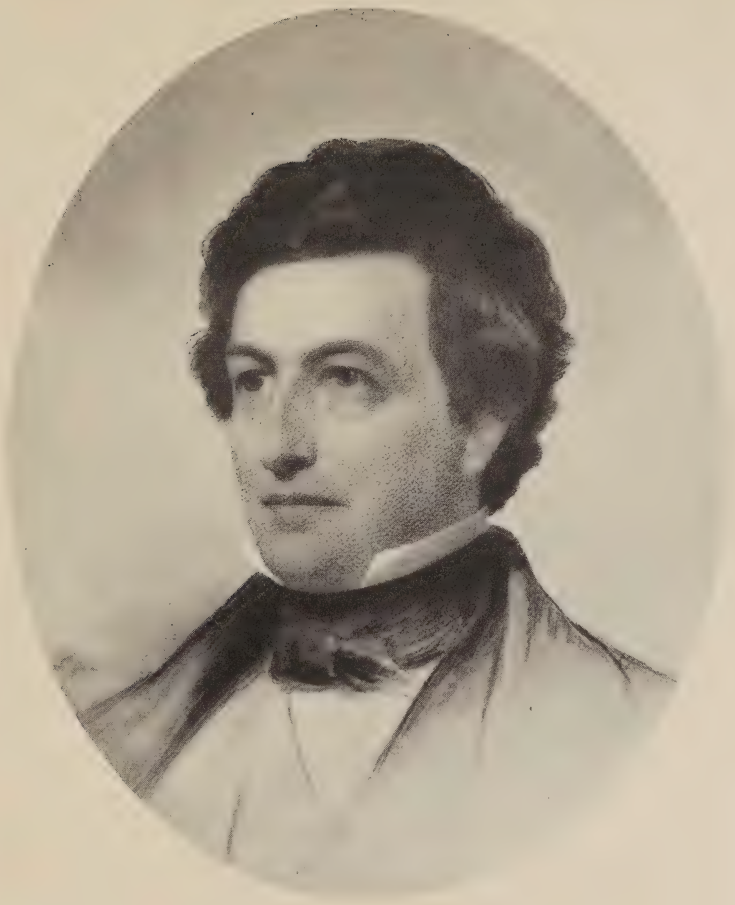
The poet Longfellow, although a careful diarist, destroyed his journal of 1842 because it is said to have held too many affectionate references to the beautiful and accomplished Frances Appleton. Charles Sumner's biographers seem to have paid little attention to his

friendship for Boz, and if that brilliant young lawyer kept a journal of those days it has disappeared. Even Cornelius C. Felton, the one of the three who was the most to Dickens's liking, left little or nothing that tells in detail of these eventful days when the great friendship, that was to last all his life, was forming. Felton called very often and he took Boz for many walks around Boston. That 'heartiest of Greek Professors' was just the type that appealed to Dickens, bluff, hearty, and human, with an agile wit and an unbounded admiration for the famous visitor.

As this winter afternoon drew to a close, young Mr. Putnam took his leave, carrying a load of letters, and the Dickenses proceeded to dress for another dinner. This time it was Francis C. Gray, of Beacon Street, who was entertaining the lion, and a word about this notable Bostonian will not be amiss.

F. C. Gray was one of the most intellectual of Boston's super-intellectuals at this time. Of independent means and a bachelor, the social side of his nature led him into close relation with the chief figures of the day. A dominating member of the famous 'Wednesday Evening Club' and other notable literary societies, it was quite natural that he of all others should entertain Boz on his visit to Boston. Quite certainly both Mr. Gray and his guests looked on the young visitor as a freak of nature. A genius who, with nothing of the erudition of which they were possessed, had by a trick of story-telling taken the world by storm. A person whom it would be most interesting to examine and analyze at close range to determine, if possible, how it all came about.

Therefore there were present at this dinner as many of



CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON
1842
By Eastman Johnson

Boston's elect in the field of letters as Mr. Gray could assemble, and among them came the young Bostonian, Richard Henry Dana, who, it will be remembered, had been somewhat disappointed in Dickens's appearance at the Tremont House. This entry in his diary is most interesting, as it tells in a few words the whole story of the evening:

> Jan. 27, 1842. Dine with Dickens at F. C. Gray's. Present, Prescott (Ferdinand and Isabella), Sparks (Life of Washington), Ticknor, Curtis, Alexander, etc. Like Dickens here very much. The gentlemen all talking their best, but Dickens perfectly natural and unpretending. He couldn't have behaved better. He did not say a single word for display. I should think he has resolved to talk as he would at home and let his reputation take care of itself.

Presumably Carlyle, Forster, and the others of the Dickens circle 'at home' in London would have ground their teeth in rage if they could have read this inference that their conversation was not up to that of Boston, but it is quite possible that Boz was too busy taking mental notes of these gentlemen, who were 'talking their best,' to be able to join in as he might have otherwise done. But one significant fact appears prominently in Mr. Dana's diary and that is, that this young mariner's opinion of the visitor was undergoing a rapid sea change.

What became of the 'mild and unexacting' Kate at this intellectual feast it is hard to imagine, but it is safe to say that if she talked at all, she, too, certainly talked as she did 'at home.'

And so the evening passed and, as Boz said in the 'Notes,' 'one gets home even from a rout by midnight,'

that hour probably found the Dickenses back safe and sound in their rooms at the Tremont House, and Boz, glancing again through the page of the 'Evening Transcript' of January 27th, read this item:

> JUST AS WE EXPECTED: Since the arrival of Mr. Dickens, the witlings of New York delight in calling our favored city 'Boz-town.'

Friday, January 28th

A notable event of this morning was the arrival of Mr. David Colden, special envoy from the New-Yorkers who were to entertain Boz, bearing letters of invitation which were read and quickly accepted, neither Colden nor Dickens dreaming that the great ball was destined to be a disgraceful rout that was to give the Dickenses far more pain than pleasure, in spite of the best intentions of their hosts.

Regarding David Colden, Forster says, 'Through Lord Jeffrey, with whom he was connected by marriage, and Macready, of whom he was a cordial friend, we already knew Mr. Colden'; and subsequent events showed most plainly that this fine New-Yorker did a great deal to make Dickens's American visit pleasant.

The secretary still pursued his arduous labors and it is a source of regret that the vast quantity of mail that came to the Tremont House was not preserved in some form, for it would have helped so much to give a clearer picture of this glorious visit.

But we have the young author's description in his letters. And as he continued his letter to Forster on this day, January 28th, it may well form a part of the day's record. He wrote:

There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston next Tuesday and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling each) of the tickets. There is to be a ball next Monday week at New York and 150 names appear on the list of the committee. There is to be a dinner in the same place to which I have just had an invitation with every known name in America appended to it. But what can I tell you about any of these things which will give you the slightest notion of the enthusiastic greeting they give me, or the cry that runs through the whole country!

I have had deputations from the far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles distant! from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, valleys and towns. Authorities from nearly all the states have written to me. I have heard from Universities, Congress, Senate and bodies public and private of every sort and kind.

And it is a good thing, is it not, to find those fancies it has given me, and you, the greatest satisfaction to think of, at the core of it all? It makes my heart quieter and me a more retiring, sober and tranquil man to watch the effect of those thoughts in all this noise and hurry, than even if I sat, pen in hand, to put them down for the first time. I feel in the best aspects of this welcome, something of the presence and influence of that spirit that directs my life, and through a heavy sorrow has pointed upward with unchanging finger for more than four years past. And if I know my heart, not twenty times this praise would move me to an act of folly.

This is an enthusiastic letter of a young man written to one for whom he had the deepest respect and affection, one whose position in the literary life of London made him seem far older than Boz, so that it becomes almost a letter from a son to a father, an eager effort to give an idea of the great experience through which he was passing, while the impulsive reference to Mary

Hogarth shows how deeply he had loved this sympathetic child.

It is quite probable that Professor Felton called this afternoon and took Boz out for another saunter about Boston, dropping in, no doubt, at some 'Oyster Cellars.'

Boz nicknamed Felton 'The American Dando,' and in the following extract from a letter tells what the term signifies:

> . . . But perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster-shops without a farthing of money and stand at the counter eating natives until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand and cried, 'You are Dando!!!' He had been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting and would have eaten forty if the truth had not flashed upon the shopkeeper.

Coming back to the Tremont House along the snow-covered streets, through a lane of admiring Bostonians, the genial Professor said good-night at the door and Boz ran up the marble stairs to his rooms, where Kate was awaiting him, dressed and ready for the dinner party at William H. Prescott's.

That gentleman, who was to be their host this evening, lived with his wife and father, in the latter's fine old mansion at 22 Bedford Street, a thoroughfare long since given over to business, but in 1842 a beautiful residential neighborhood with spacious houses set in broad lawns and gardens far back from the street, and occupied by Boston's 'best society.'

Four years before, Mr. Prescott had published his 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella' which had immediately placed him in the front rank of historians and,

as one biographer said, established him as a 'member of the most learned bodies of the old and the new world.'

He was in the highest degree a social, kindly, and generous man whose collected letters and notes show that he and Boz became good friends and that the latter did several favors for him in London. Mr. Prescott, with Professor Felton, openly defended Boz in the press of the day after his 'American Notes' had brought upon him the wrath of an offended public.

Elizabeth Wormely (afterward Mrs. Latimer) was present on this evening and thus describes the affair:

> Mr. William H. Prescott was one of the friends in Boston to whom my father and mother had given letters of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Mr. Prescott and his family then lived with Judge and Mrs. Prescott. A large dinner party to the distinguished guests was given in the long, low hospitable dining room, intended to bring together a number of the leading literary characters of Boston at that period. By reason of my father's and mother's letters of introduction, I was included in the list of guests. So far as I can remember after so many years, we were eighteen at table, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. George Ticknor, their daughter and myself, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dexter, Mr. F. C. Gray, Mr. George Hillard, Mr. Charles Sumner, some of the Curtis family and perhaps Mr. Choate. In the course of the entertainment a discussion arose among the gentlemen as to which was the more beautiful woman, the Duchess of Sutherland or Mrs. Caroline Norton. 'Well, I don't know,' said Dickens, expanding himself in his green velvet waistcoat, 'Mrs. Norton perhaps is the more beautiful, but the Duchess, to my mind, is the more kissable person.'
>
> Had a bombshell dropped upon Judge Prescott's dinner table it could hardly have startled the company more than this remark.

A shocking observation, indeed, and one wonders

which of that dignified company was the first to speak and with true Boston tact restore the atmosphere to its pristine Beacon Hill purity!

That the young author was all unconscious of the havoc he had created is evident, when one reads the following bit from Percy Fitzgerald's 'Memoirs of Dickens':

> Kissing, embracing, and hugging figure largely in Boz's writing. It was quite common and legitimate in those early Victorian days, particularly among the middle classes. The amount of kissing in 'Pickwick' is enormous, quite as much as the drinking. Boz, however, forgot, at times, that it was hardly so habitual in the upper classes.

Alas, how true, and this was one of the times. Miss Wormely also noticed Kate very carefully and described her as follows:

> Mrs. Dickens was a small woman of about thirty. Her position as the lion's mate seemed embarrassing to her. She was not accustomed to dwell in the 'Fierce light' that shone upon every deed and word of the popular idol and she evidently found satisfaction in quiet conversation with me concerning the best shops in Oxford Street and other such homely and familiar matters.
>
> There was no sign then of any disagreement or incompatibility between husband and wife. On the whole, I should have said that in those days Mrs. Dickens showed signs of having been born and bred her husband's social superior.

This account by one who was a young miss in 1842 shows, as nothing else can, the attitude of Beacon Hill Bostonians toward Boz, for she lived in the household of George Ticknor and listened daily to the comments of the circle in which she moved, regarding the celebrated visitor.

MRS. CHARLES DICKENS
(*Circa* 1846)
By Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Further detail regarding this dinner party is lacking. Boz afterward referred to a wonderful conversation which he had with Mr. and Mrs. George Hillard and it may well have occurred here. He, of course, had much to say to his host regarding the latter's books, which were most popular in England at that time, and presumably at eleven-thirty the Dickens carriage was announced and they took their leave.

Perhaps on the way home Kate may have told Boz of his enormous social error with its osculatory reference, and then again, knowing his nature very well and being a dutiful wife, perhaps she didn't.

Saturday, January 29th

This was a 'very fine winter morning.' Dickens says so himself and describes it fully in the 'American Notes': 'An Italian sky above, and the air so clear and bright, that even my eyes, which are none of the best, could follow the minute lines and scraps of tracery in distant buildings.'

On this morning, Charles Sumner and Mayor Jonathan Chapman called at the Tremont House to escort Kate and Boz to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, then located in South Boston. Sumner was on the board of trustees of this institution and therefore was an excellent guide. The account of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's marvellous achievement in the education of Laura Bridgman, the Helen Keller of 1842, had already been published in England as well as in America, and Dickens was anxious to see both the pupil and her famous teacher.

It was a dramatic moment when he met the little

girl, for Laura was a figure as appealing as the great champion of the unfortunate had ever depicted. And as her wonderful story was unfolded to him, and her rescue from blank despair to contact and communication with the outside world, he must have realized that truth could sometimes be stranger even than fiction.

It was Boz, the glorified newspaper reporter, who 'took down' Laura Bridgman's story and made it such an interesting part of the Boston chapter of his 'American Notes.' He realized that his readers already knew about this wonderful case and he felt they would like to read his own version of it.

He spent several hours at the Institution and then visited the Insane Asylum, House of Correction, and other institutions in that neighborhood and carefully wrote down his impressions — all embodied in his 'American Notes' in the chapter on Boston, which the reader will find of absorbing interest. It is easy to see that he was most interested in the little girl, blind, deaf and dumb, destitute of smell and nearly so of taste, whom he described as

> a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope and power of goodness and affection enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense — the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened.
>
> Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline, and its broad open

brow; her dress arranged by herself was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her, her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being.

Laura's teacher-companion wrote in her diary under the date of January 29, 1842:

To-day Laura had the honor of a call from Charles Dickens. His great interest in her caused him to remain for several hours. She was animated in conversation and I think he received a very correct impression.

Dr. Howe, who had worked such wonders with Laura and others, was away in the South on this day and so was not at hand to explain his method, but Boz and he afterwards met and became great friends and the writer never lost interest in the Doctor's great work.

Samuel Gridley Howe became famous for his work for the blind even before he married Miss Julia Ward in 1843, but what a help to him, in his future labors, must he have found in this wonderful wife who achieved undying fame herself when with inspired genius she wrote 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic'!

Boz probably spent about three hours in South Boston and then taking the carriage or sleigh, which had waited for the party, drove back to the Tremont House, where Sumner and Mayor Chapman said good-bye and the Dickenses went upstairs to their rooms to the bountiful meal that awaited them.

After dinner he gave a few minutes to Putnam, his secretary, who had been busy all the morning declining invitations, mailing autographs, and answering letters; but this time was short because he was due at one o'clock

across the street at the Tremont Theatre, to present the plate which the passengers of the Britannia were to give to Captain Hewitt.

So at about twelve-forty-five Boz and Kate descended into the office and, going out the main entrance of the Tremont House, crossed the street and entered the lobby of the theatre where the presentation was to take place.

The afternoon papers had carried a notice which was quite sufficient to pack the street and the theatre lobby with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the young celebrity:

COMPLIMENT TO CAPTAIN HEWITT

The Piece of Plate which the passengers of the Britannia voted to Captain Hewitt, the commander of the steamer, for his good conduct on her recent passage will be formally presented to him by Charles Dickens, in behalf of the passengers at the Tremont Theatre, on this day at one o'clock P.M.

When the Dickenses arrived, the gallant Captain, in full uniform, was present, together with members of his staff and many personal friends. The silver pitcher, one goblet, and a silver tray were on a table placed in the centre of the hall. Boz took his place at one side of this table amid a burst of applause, the Captain stood up on the other side, and the ceremonies began.

Here are the exact words copied from the 'Evening Transcript' of January 31st, and it is as graceful a little speech as this master of impromptu addresses delivered during his American visit:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am assured by your presence here that you have become acquainted with the nature of

the welcome duty which I have to discharge and which is most pleasantly commended to me in a double sense, firstly because it cannot fail to be gratifying to a worthy man who has established a strong claim upon my interest and esteem and secondly because it affords me an opportunity of meeting you, whom I have a thousand reasons for loving to see, here, or anywhere.

It may be known to you perhaps, that passengers on board the Britannia Steamship which bore me and some four score others to these happy shores, held a meeting the day before our arrival, the object of which was to do honor to Captain Hewitt, the able commander, under whose guidance we had crossed the wide Atlantic!

Two gentlemen and myself (one of these gentlemen stands near me and the other is prevented by business from attending here to-day) had the honor to be deputized by that meeting to carry its intention into effect. In the execution of that trust reposed in us, by our fellow passengers, we are most desirous to impress you with the fact that this is very far from being an ordinary matter of course proceeding. That it is not a matter of form but of good sound substance. That in presenting Captain Hewitt with these slight and frail memorials we are not following out a hollow system, but are imperfectly expressing the warmest and most earnest feelings, being well assured that with God's blessing we owe our safety and preservation under circumstances of unusual peril to his ability, courage and skill.

You will please to understand that these tokens on the table are an acknowledgment, not in themselves, but in the feeling which dictates their presentation, of many long and weary nights of watching and fatigue, of great exertion of body and much anxiety of mind: and of prompt and efficient discharge of arduous duties, such as do not often present themselves.

In a word, this is anything but an extraordinary return for extraordinary services; and we wish you to regard it in that light, that our present may have the value that it was intended to bear, and which is far enough removed, Heaven knows, from its intrinsic worth or beauty.

Captain Hewitt (continued Mr. Dickens, addressing that gentleman), I am very proud and happy to have been selected as the instrument of conveying to you the heartfelt thanks of my fellow passengers on board the ship entrusted to your charge, and of entreating your acceptance of this trifling present. These ingenious artists who work in silver, do not always, I find, keep their promises, even in Boston. I regret instead of two Goblets which should be here, there is at present, only one. This deficiency, however, will soon be supplied, and when it is, our little testimonial will be, so far, complete.

You are a sailor, Captain Hewitt, in the truest sense of the word, and the devoted admiration of the ladies, God bless them, is a sailor's first boast. I need not enlarge upon the honor they have done you, I am sure, by their presence here. Judging you, by myself, I am certain that the recollection of their beautiful faces will cheer your lonely vigils upon the ocean for a long time to come.

In all times to come, and in all your voyages upon the sea, I hope you will have a thought for those who wish to live in your memory by the help of these trifles. As they will often connect you with the pleasures of the homes and firesides from which they once wandered and which, but for you, they might never have regained, so they trust that you will sometime associate them with your hours of enjoyment and that when you drink from these cups, you will feel that the draught is commended to your lips by friends whose best wishes you have, and who earnestly and truly hope for your success, happiness and prosperity in all the undertakings of your life.

In reply the worthy Captain read the following from notes and then handed his notes to the 'Boston Transcript' editor, who published the speech the following Monday:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Your handsome present I accept with thanks and receive with gratitude. Regarding it as a memento of your good wishes, I shall never cease to prize it highly, and in after life it will be associated in

my memory with the recollection of the time we have spent together on the bosom of the broad Atlantic.

Gentlemen, however much I may regret, at present, being obliged to part with so many kind friends, the handsome piece of plate with which you have honored me, will hereafter awaken in my mind reminiscences of a highly gratifying nature. The greatest privilege of a commander is to contribute to the comfort, while he ensures the safety of his passengers, and that I have been fortunate enough to have done this, your liberal present is, I take it, tolerably good evidence.

Gentlemen, I am not possessed of that eloquence I could wish to be, to return you my thanks in a more able manner, sailors in general being more accustomed to act than talk. Such being my case, I therefore can do no more than thank you for your kindness and good wishes. Trusting you will accept my best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity.

After the Captain's remarks the meeting adjourned. There was much handshaking, and Kate and Boz, wishing the officers of the Britannia a successful voyage back home, said good-bye and rushed across the street, through a cheering crowd of enthusiastic admirers, to their rooms in the hotel.

Supposing it to be now about three o'clock, there were more letters to acknowledge and answer and Boz must have put in some hours with young Putnam at this task.

For this evening the young couple were engaged to a dinner party at Mrs. George Hillard's, but they were both dead tired, and Boz had a letter to finish to his friend Forster in London, so they decided to break the engagement. A note was written, and dispatched by Putnam, stating that they were both too ill to come and begging to be excused. A reference to Mrs. Hillard's intense disappointment at this turn of affairs will be

found later in a letter written by Cornelius C. Felton to Charles Sumner, Hillard's law partner.

A quiet dinner in the Dickens suite took the place of the large affair to which they had been invited. Having thus succeeded in getting one evening to themselves, Kate retired early and Boz sat down to finish his letter, that long Boston letter the first of the many he was to write, and from which, when he returned to England, he wrote a large portion of his 'American Notes.'

> We leave here next Saturday [he wrote]. We go to a place called Worcester, about seventy-five miles off, to the house of the Governor of this place; and stay with him all Sunday. On Monday we go by railroad about fifty miles farther to a town called Springfield, where I am met by a 'reception committee' from Hartford twenty miles farther, and carried on by the multitude. I'm sure I don't know how, but I shouldn't wonder if they appear with a triumphal car.
>
> On Wednesday I have a public dinner there. On Friday I shall be obliged to present myself in public again, at a place called Newhaven, about thirty miles farther. On Saturday evening I hope to be in New York, and there I shall stay ten days or a fortnight. You will suppose that I have enough to do. I am sitting for a portrait and for a bust. I have the correspondence of a secretary of state, and the engagements of a fashionable physician. I have a secretary whom I take with me. He is a young man of the name of Putnam; was strongly recommended to me; is most modest, obliging, silent and willing, and does his work *well*. He boards and lodges at my expense when we travel, and his salary is ten dollars per month — about two pounds five of our English money. There will be dinners and balls at Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and I believe everywhere. In Canada I have promised to *play* at the theatre with the officers, for the benefit of a charity. We are already weary, at times, past all expression; and I finish this by means of a pious fraud.

We were engaged to a party, and have written to say we are both desperately ill. . . . 'Well,' I can fancy you saying, 'but about his impressions of Boston and the Americans?' Of the latter, I will not say a word until I have seen more of them and have gone into the interior. I will only say, now that we have never yet been required to dine at a table d'hôte; that thus far, our rooms are as much our own here, as they would be at the Clarendon; that but for an odd phrase now and then — such as a *snap of cold weather*, a *tongue-y man* for a talkative fellow; *Possible?* as a solitary interrogation; and *Yes?* for indeed — I should have marked, so far, no difference whatever between the parties here and those I have left behind. The young women are very beautiful, but they soon fade; the general breeding is neither stiff nor forward; the good nature, universal. If you ask the way to a place — of some common waterside man, who don't know you from Adam — he turns and goes with you. Universal deference is paid to ladies; and they walk about at all seasons, wholly unprotected. . . . This hotel is a trifle smaller than Finsbury Square; and is made so infernally hot (I use the expression advisedly) by means of a furnace with pipes running through the passages that we can scarcely bear it. The bedrooms are indeed very bare of furniture. Ours is nearly as large as your great room and has a wardrobe in it of painted wood not larger (I appeal to K.) than an English watch box. I slept in this room for two nights, quite satisfied with the belief that it was a shower bath.

I hardly know what to add to this long and unconnected history. Dana, the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast,' is a very nice fellow indeed; and in appearance not at all the man you would expect. His father is exactly like George Cruikshank after a night's jollity — only shorter. The professors at Cambridge University, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, are noble fellows. So is Kenyon's friend Ticknor; Bancroft is a famous man, a straight-forward, manly, earnest heart, and talks much of you which is a great comfort. Dr. Channing I will tell you more of after I have breakfasted alone with him next Wednesday. . . . Sumner is of great service to me. The

President of the Senate here presides at my dinner on Tuesday. Kate is quite well and so is Anne, whose smartness surpasses belief. They yearn for home, and so do I.

Of course you will not see in the papers any true account of our voyage, for they keep the dangers of the passage, when there are any, very quiet. I observed so many perils peculiar to steamers that I am still undecided whether we shall not return by one of the New York lines. [A reference probably to the famous Black Ball fleet of sailing vessels.] On the night of the storm, I was wondering within myself where we should be if the chimney were blown overboard; in which case, it needs no great observation to discover that the vessel must be instantly on fire from stem to stern. When I went on deck the next day, I saw that it was held up by a perfect forest of chains and ropes, which had been rigged in the night. Hewitt told me (when we were on shore, not before) that they had men lashed, hoisted up and swinging there, all through the gale, getting these stays about it. This is not agreeable, is it?

There is no man in this town, or in this State of New England, who has not a blazing fire and a meat dinner every day of his life. A flaming sword in the air would not attract so much attention as a beggar in the streets. There are no charity uniforms, no wearisome repetition of the same ugly dress in that blind school. All are attired after their own tastes, and every boy and girl has his or her individuality as distinct and unimpaired as you would find it in their own homes. At the theatres, all the ladies sit in the fronts of the boxes. The gallery are as quiet as the dress circle at dear Drury Lane. A man with seven heads would be no sight at all, compared with one who couldn't read or write.

It is interesting to note that the events of the day are indicated in his letter. The 'blind school' visited in the morning and the storm brought to his mind by the presentation speech to Captain Hewitt that he had just made. He laid down his pen and took up the 'Evening

Transcript' for this day and searching through its rather thin pages, no doubt saw this poetical greeting addressed to himself.

Welcome to Boz

Dickens! thy foot is on a stranger land,
Yet wilt thou grasp a heart in every hand,
Ay! Swarthy hands, perhaps, but owned by men
Whose sturdy hearts have felt thy magic pen!
They claim thee for their brother — give thy hand,
For such as thee belong to every land.

Tread firmly on the soil as 'twere thine own;
Not England only, claims thee as thy home,
But every spot of earth that heard the knell
Of sorrowing hearts, mourned for little Nell!
Ay! from the rock ribbed hill to farthest sea
Our yeoman hearts shall cry 'All Hail' to thee.

Bright childhood, stubborn men, decrepid age
Have peered in rapture o'er each breathing page.
And each has bowed the knee and claims a part
Of thee, thou wondrous poet of the heart.
They bow the head in reverence to the plan
Which gave to earth the poet and the man.

And looking further down the page he again encountered those gay dogs, 'Deacon' and 'Jonas' of the Tremont House, in another hilarious interlude commenting on the event of the afternoon at which he had officiated.

'I suppose,' said the Deacon to-day, shortly after the presentation of the plate, 'that Captain Hewitt thinks that's silver.'

'Isn't it?' asked Jonas meekly.

'Well, I don't know,' replied 'Olm,' 'but I rather guess when he gets it on board, he'll find that it's just only *Britannia* ware.'

Jonas couldn't get around that 'nohow'; it was a dead sell.

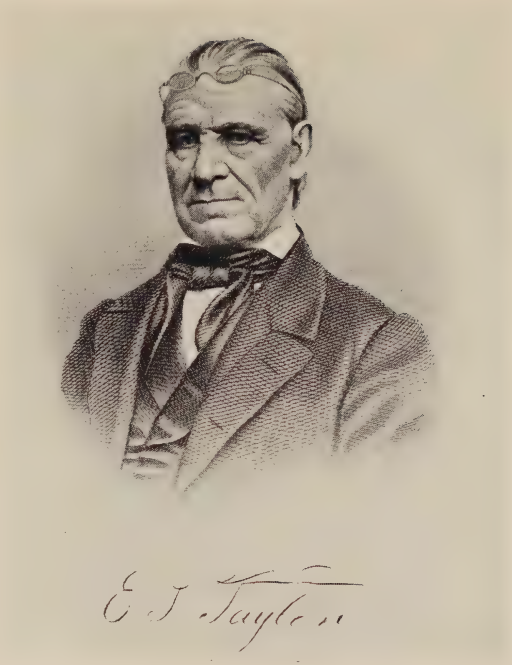
Sunday, January 30th

On Saturday, when they visited South Boston, Boz undoubtedly expressed to Sumner his desire to hear Boston's famous preacher 'Father' Taylor at the Seaman's Church, or 'Bethel,' in North Square. Sumner gladly offered to escort him there and, knowing how the poet would enjoy a day with Dickens, invited Henry W. Longfellow to accompany them.

Long before his arrival in Boston, Dickens had read, in the books of travel written by others, of this preacher and his church. Miss Harriet Martineau, who visited America in 1835 and wrote her 'Retrospect of Foreign Travel,' and J. S. Buckingham, a member of Parliament who came in 1838, had both described him with much attention to detail and Boz decided that the topic should be treated in his own book on America. Therefore, on this pleasant Sunday morning, Sumner and Longfellow called at the Tremont House for Boz. A carriage may have been suggested, but the clear, bracing air appealed to all three and they decided to walk.

Leaving the hotel, they went down Tremont Row and Cornhill through Dock Square. Thence down Union Street to Ann and straight down Ann, which has since become North Street, to North Square; their steps taking them through a part of Boston's slums which probably interested Dickens very much.

Had it been summer instead of the middle of winter, the doorways of many of the old houses on Ann Street would have been occupied by bibulous individuals sleeping off the results of Saturday night's debauch. Drunken sailors escorted by slatternly female companions would have been reeling along the narrow walks, but the



'FATHER' TAYLOR

THE SEAMEN'S BETHEL

cold had to-day driven all the squalor and misery indoors.

Although it was a bad part of the city, scores of well-dressed, orderly people were walking in the same direction as the three friends, for 'Father' Taylor was one of the greatest attractions of the town in 1842.

As they entered North Square, Boz, looking up, saw 'the square squat tower of the church with its gay blue flag waving freely from the roof.'

They entered and were shown to a pew by an ancient mariner who had lost one eye and was lame in one leg; their seats being on the side, as the centre of the church was always reserved for sailors.

Boz wrote this description of 'Father' Taylor: 'The preacher was a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty, with deep lines graven into his face, grey hair and a stern keen eye, yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable; he sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars and ornamented behind him with a painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance.'

John Rose Dix, in his 'Pulpit Portraits of Distinguished American Divines,' published in 1854, says that 'this painting represented a ship in a stiff breeze just about to go on the rocks. High over the masthead were some exceedingly dark storm clouds in which a very small angel appeared with outstretched arms in the act of throwing down a golden anchor much bigger than itself to aid the ship in its extremity.'

'Father' Taylor from the pulpit directed the seating of the incoming throng, occasionally rising to point out with his long arm some empty seat, and as the church

filled, he invited late comers to sit on the pulpit steps and on the seats behind the pulpit, until finally, when every place was occupied, the service began.

First a hymn, in which the whole congregation joined led by the little choir accompanied by a small organ, a violin, and a violoncello, then the prayer, the preacher's eyes closed and his head thrown back, as he prayed with fervor for every sinner present and especially for those who 'go down to the sea in ships,' then another hymn and then the sermon.

He was the 'Billy Sunday' of his day, dramatic to the highest degree, and, as one sailor listener said, 'was as good as a theatre.' As he never spoke from notes, it has been said that not one of his sermons was preserved, but Boz utilized his gift of shorthand to 'take' a certain part of this day's talk and so preserved for all time a graphic portrait of 'Father' Taylor's method. This description is taken from 'American Notes':

> He opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon his desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: 'Who is this coming up from the Wilderness leaning on the arm of her Beloved!'
>
> He handled his text in all kinds of ways and twisted it into all manner of shapes: but always ingeniously and with rude eloquence well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea and from the incidents of a seaman's life, and was often remarkably good. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject he had an odd way — compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burley — of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down,

meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the Church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with the Bible under his arm in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner:

'Who are these — who are they — who are these fellows? Where do they come from?' (Leaning out of the pulpit and pointing downward with his right hand.) 'From below!' (Starting back again and looking at the sailors below him.) 'From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the Evil One. That's where you came from!' (A walk up and down the pulpit.) 'And where are you going?' 'Aloft!' (Very softly and pointing upward.) 'Aloft!' (Louder.) 'Aloft!' (Louder still.) 'That's where you are going — with a fair wind — all taut and trim, steering direct for Heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' (Another walk.) 'That's where you are going, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbor — still water there, in all changes of winds and tides! No driving ashore upon the rocks or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there! Peace — Peace — Peace — all Peace!' (Another walk and patting the Bible under his arm.) 'What! These fellows are coming from the wilderness are they? Yes — from the dreary, blighted wilderness of Iniquity, whose only Crop is Death. But do they lean upon anything — do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?' (Three raps upon the Bible.) 'Oh, yes — Yes. They lean upon the arm of their Beloved.' (Three more raps.) 'Upon the arm of their Beloved.' (Three more and a walk.) 'Pilot, guiding star, and compass, all in one, to all hands — here it is!' (Three more.) 'Here it is!'

'They can do their seaman's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger with this.' (Two more.) 'They can come, even these poor

> fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their Beloved and go up — up — up!' Raising his hand higher and higher, at every repetition of the word so that he stood at last with it stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

Whether 'Father' Taylor ever knew of Dickens's visit, it is impossible to say and his presence could not have swelled the attendance as it did at the theatres because the preacher always filled his church to capacity himself and needed no extra attraction.

Jenny Lind once went to the 'Bethel,' and the preacher, all unconscious of her presence, praised her to the skies as he spoke of the divine power of music. At this she was delighted, but a melancholy individual, who had been given a seat on the pulpit steps, rose and in a sepulchral voice asked the speaker, 'If any one who dies at one of Miss Lind's concerts would go to Heaven?' Disgust and contempt swept across the preacher's face as he glared at the man and retorted, 'A Christian will go to Heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is — even if he is on the steps of a pulpit.'

At another time, when he had worked himself into a fever of religious frenzy, some young people in the congregation tittered either in ridicule or from sheer nervousness. He stopped instantly and shrivelled them with this devastating rebuke: 'Laugh if you dare, but the day will come when you will be willing to give your souls for a few drops of the perspiration now running down my back, to cool your tongues in Hell!'

Boz probably hesitated to go forward and meet the celebrated preacher and possibly the latter would have

failed to be impressed, for he had little use for books, excepting one, and no doubt considered 'novels' the products of a personal devil. But, famous as he was, he must have shared attention with Boz that day and it was with some difficulty that the three young men pushed through the crowd after the service.

As they left the church and walked up Moon Street to North Square, they looked across that open space directly into the windows of the Paul Revere House, then either a little shop or a tenement house, although it is said to have always borne a tablet telling of its former famous owner.

Longfellow or Sumner pointed this out to Boz as they crossed the Square and entered Prince Street, through which they walked until Snow Hill was reached, where turning to the right they went up to Copp's Hill Burying-Ground.

As they climbed this narrow way, mention was no doubt made of that other Snow Hill Street in London, where Dickens had placed the Saracen's Head, that inn in which Nicholas Nickleby first met Squeers. Boz was fond of commenting on this connection of names; as when he was introduced to Putnam, his secretary, he spoke of the Revolutionary hero, Israel Putnam, and when Mr. George Minns was presented to him on Saturday, January 22d, he told that gentleman that his first published piece of writing had been entitled 'Mr. Minns and his Cousin.'

The young men inspected the historic cemetery, from which they could plainly see the Old North Church where Paul Revere's friend hung the signal lights as he on the opposite shore watched through the darkness

for 'one if by land and two if by sea,' before he dashed away to warn the countryside of the British advance, and of course that tale was told to Boz.

Now, among three young men, all writers, there must have been much conversation on literary matters and who knows but that the suggestion was here made that Revere's act had great poetic possibilities: a suggestion that was later to be realized to the full by one member of the party.

And as these three stood, looking across to where Bunker Hill Monument glistened in the wintry sunlight, what a group they made! Boz, then a famous author, whose name was to endure forever. Longfellow, just entering on his brilliant career and destined never to be forgotten. Sumner, a genius groping for his place, but in a few years to become one of America's greatest statesmen. All gay and brilliant, they lived life to the full, and 'departing left behind them footprints on the sands of time.'

Going down the hill they continued their walk on through Prince Street to the low, long wooden bridge to Charlestown, an achievement in construction in those days; '1503 feet long, 42 feet wide, and lighted with 40 lamps.'

They crossed the bridge and passing through the town of Charlestown arrived at the base of Breed's Hill, a mound a little more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Upon this mound stood Bunker Hill Monument, still unfinished and surrounded by stagings, but rising on this day to a height of 221 feet.

Boz was interested in all this, and probably did not emulate his distinguished countryman, Sir Charles

Bagot, who, according to T. Colley Grattan in his book 'Civilized America,' visited the monument this same year.

Grattan wrote that it was his pleasure to entertain Sir Charles on his visit to Boston and that aristocratic old Bostonian, Harrison Gray Otis, placed his carriage and his 'un-liveried' coachman at their disposal, at the same time urging Grattan to 'by all means take his Excellency to Bunker's Hill and let him see the Monument!'

> So to Bunker's Hill the coachman drove [continued Grattan], but as we cleared the pave and reached the wooden bridge leading to Charlestown, my companion turned to me and jocosely exclaimed:
>
> 'Certainly, of course, since my worthy old friend was so emphatic on the point, but what the devil *is* Bunker's Hill?'
>
> 'What!' I exclaimed, 'do you really say that you don't know anything particular about Bunker's Hill?'
>
> 'Well, upon my soul,' said Sir Charles, 'I am ashamed to say I do not, although I have some recollection of its being a place I have heard something or other about, so do let me hear what it is famous for and what does the monument mean.'

Mr. Grattan records this as 'only another proof of a certain idiosyncrasy of mind in England regarding everything connected with America beyond the fact that it was once an English colony that had waged a successful rebellion.'

Boz, striding over the same long bridge with his two young American friends, probably expressed no such ignorance of Boston's famous landmark.

As they walked along, discussing various matters, mostly social and literary news of London, no doubt, the conversation quite likely shifted to Kenyon, that perfect London host whose breakfasts had charmed

both Dickens and Sumner, and, prompted by the idea, Longfellow proposed that Boz breakfast with him at Craigie House on the following Friday, an invitation instantly accepted, as it included not only the charming hospitality of the young poet, but another meeting with Professor Cornelius Conway Felton, whom Boz greatly loved, a visit to Harvard University and breakfast in the famous colonial mansion, where Washington had lived and to which every English traveller had, up to that time, made a pilgrimage.

Back to the Tremont House they came after this long walk, and certainly it was now time for dinner, to which the poet and lawyer must have been commanded and which of course became a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul.'

After this, more conversation, this time with Kate, at least, listening, and soon the two gentlemen take their leave, one going to his house at 20 Hancock Street, the other, rather tired of walking, taking Morse's stage in Bowdoin Square for Cambridge.

Where and how the Dickenses spent the remainder of the day and evening, history does not tell, but it is more than likely that they were entertained by Mayor Jonathan Chapman and Mrs. Chapman at their home.

And sometime this Sunday evening Longfellow in his pleasant study in Craigie House wrote a chronicle of the day's doings in this letter to his father in Portland.

CAMBRIDGE, January 30, 1842

MY DEAR FATHER: Many thanks for your kind letter which I should have answered long ago. I cannot plead business, as my excuse is but idleness. The weather for ten days past has been so delicious and summer-like that

I have not been able to keep indoors. I am trying, though I am sorry to say with little success, the effect of air and exercise. To-day I have walked ten miles. I am disappointed in not getting well.

You see by the papers that Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow and the greatest possible enthusiasm exists among all classes. He has not a moment's rest, calls innumerable and is engaged three deep for the remainder of his stay in the way of dinners and parties. He is a gay, free and easy character — a fine bright face, blue eyes and long dark hair and withal a slight dash of the Dick Swiveller about him.

He went with Sumner and me to hear Father Taylor preach this morning and then we took him to Copp's Hill and then to Bunker's Hill. The other evening he was at the theatre and was received with nine cheers and forced to come forward in the box and make a bow. On Tuesday he has a public dinner and leaves town on Saturday for Worcester where he passes Sunday with the Governor.

Then on Monday he is to be met by a Committee of young men from Springfield who take him out to dinner. At Springfield he passes into the hands of another committee who take him to Hartford for the same purpose and so on through New Haven to New York.

Luckily he is young, only thirty next month and likes the fun.

His wife is with him to 'share the triumph and partake the gale.'

She is a good natured, mild, rosy young woman, not beautiful but amiable.

And so from this letter, never before published, we get one of the best and most complete pictures of these two famous pilgrims.

Monday, January 31st

This day began with another strenuous morning for the secretary, after which another load of autographs, letters, notes, etc., was placed in the mails. Concerning the autographs the local humorists had it that they were,

during rush hours, turned out not only by Boz himself, but by his wife and secretary as well. At any rate, there was no slighting of his correspondence. Boz was then and always scrupulously methodical, and the few notes that still exist show that he appreciated every communication and replied in faultless form to every request.

At ten o'clock he had another sitting at Alexander's and again the crowds stopped to gaze at the striking figure swinging down Tremont Row and up the narrow stairway to the artist's reception room; and on this day he did a graceful little act, attested by a yellowing sheet of paper treasured by descendants of the artist.

Perhaps smiling again over his pose, which he had said was 'all of a twist,' he was prompted to write as a souvenir for Alexander a page of selections from 'Oliver Twist' — fragments as he recalled them, an interesting commentary on the author's memory. (Boz was always astounded when some after-dinner speaker or other enthusiast repeated whole pages from his books, as many did in those days.) He gave this somewhat elaborate autograph to Alexander who, of course, valued it most highly and added to the page a description of the occurrence written in his own hand.

On his return to the Tremont House after this sitting, there was a hasty luncheon, and soon Professor Felton called to escort him for another sight-seeing tour around Boston streets. It is quite probable that this day they strolled down to Union Street and to that old oyster house which still stands in all its colonial charm and simplicity, just as it was when the two jovial companions came down the street and, entering through the low door, went past the old oyster bar, down the sloping

floor, and found seats in a little booth, where over 'a pot of porter and two or three dozen of oysters' they discussed, in all probability, the celebrated works of Charles Dickens and, not unlikely, touched on the subject of an international copyright law.

And the reader may go to-day if he chooses and find everything unchanged within this quaint old building at 41 Union Street. It is difficult to say when this was built, but it has been an oyster house continuously since 1826, and, previous to that date, the home of many historic characters.

On the upper floor that brilliant young journalist, Isaiah Thomas, published his famous newspaper, 'The Massachusetts Spy,' from 1771 to 1775. On the second floor Louis Philippe, afterward King of France, lived for a time in exile and taught French to prominent Bostonians, and during a part of the Revolutionary War, Ebenezer Hancock, a paymaster of the Continental Army, made the lower floor his headquarters.

No doubt Felton told all this to Boz on this winter afternoon and no doubt the young visitor, although he perhaps was getting fed up on American history, listened attentively, for of all his American friends he loved Felton best, and that friendship endured. Sumner, in later years, cooled and drew away to his political heights; Longfellow was absorbed in his family and his fame; but Felton, always worshipping the brilliant young author, remained the sympathetic, adoring friend as many affectionate letters from Boz to him establish for all time.

> The oyster-cellars [wrote Dickens to Felton] — what do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled

salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster-openers, what do *they* do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season, who knows?

And again on January 2, 1844:

Now if instantly on the receipt of this you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard wharf at Boston, you will find that Captain Hewitt of the Britannia Steamship (my ship) has a small parcel for Professor Felton of Cambridge; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in prose; being a short story of Christmas by Charles Dickens. Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereof, he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed.

And this identical book now reposes in the Harvard Library, where Professor Felton's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Eunice H. Felton, has wisely and generously placed it. It is a little red-covered book, 'with four illustrations in Colour and four woodcuts by John Leech.' It sold in England for the equivalent of $2.50 per copy and was immediately issued in paper covers in America for six cents.

Is it strange that Boz raged over a condition that made such things possible?

When 'American Notes' upset all the American friends, it was Felton who took up his pen and wrote in the 'North American Review' a stirring answer to all Dickens's critics and a sturdy defense of his friend's book.

Dear, devoted Professor Felton. 'Noble Fellow' of Harvard. To-day in the Treasure Room of the Library

of that University there repose in the letter-books of Charles Sumner, whom Felton greatly loved, scores of his letters that run the gamut of human emotions, from delightfully humorous descriptions of Dickens's receptions in Worcester and New York and quaint romantic confidences penned to Sumner on Felton's wedding night, to the vivid and pathetic description of the awful death of Frances Longfellow, the latter missives blotted with the writer's tears.

As this last day of January drew to its close, Boz and Felton left the oyster house and walking up to Dock Square, through Cornhill and what is now Scollay Square, came up Tremont Row to the Tremont House, where Felton said good-night and hurried back to Bowdoin Square to catch a stage to Cambridge. Boz rushed upstairs to dinner and a glance at the letters his secretary had finished. These disposed of, he and Kate hurriedly dressed, for they were due at '$\frac{1}{4}$ past 6' at another special theatre party in his honor, this time at the National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Traverse Streets.

In 1842 the 'North End' of Boston was very different from what it is to-day. Many of the best people, many of the finest residences were to be found on the northern slope of Beacon Hill and down toward the harbor, and these residents supported the National Theatre to a substantial degree.

This playhouse, built in 1832, was first the 'American Amphitheatre,' where, in a sawdust ring, circuses were given and on a very small stage, lurid melodramas were presented. After a rather checkered career, having been burned and rebuilt, it finally fell into the hands of

a Mr. Pelby, a very resourceful manager, who established a thoroughly capable stock company and gave the aristocratic population of the old North and West Ends some of the finest theatrical fare of the forties. Supporting them by his really excellent stock company, he played such stars of the period as W. F. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thorne, Murdock, Gilbert, Andrews, Buckstone, Macready (Dickens's friend), Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Hackett, J. S. Silsbee, and many others.

Miss Jean Margaret Davenport appeared there in October, 1838, when but eleven years old, as Richard the Third, Shylock, and in other similar parts. 'Infant Phenomenons' were then the vogue; a form of theatrical attraction that has entirely disappeared from our stage. Miss Davenport later became a popular and talented leading woman.

Mr. Pelby had three valuable assistants in the management of the National: Mr. W. H. Smith, stage director, and Messrs F. S. Hill and J. S. Jones, prolific playwrights, whose dramas, written to fit the stock company, played to crowded houses.

One sees how true to life the Crummles episodes in 'Nickleby' were when the stage of the early forties is reviewed. Playwrights who could translate, adapt, originate, or dramatize pieces to order were just good hired men. Vincent Crummles handed Nicholas Nickleby a French play to turn into English for his company. Mr. Pelby, of the National, could as easily have given J. S. Jones a half-finished tale by Dickens to turn into a play for his National Theatre Stock Company.

In fact 'Barnaby Rudge,' as dramatized by J. S. Jones, was playing at the National the week of January

24th. It was a great idea; plays cut to fit the cast; several parts rolled into one to save expense. Timely plays to fit special occasions or events, and, most wonderful of all, no royalty to pay. Only the very modest salary of the playwright who did other odd jobs around the theatre besides acting in all the plays. Boston saw a great many plays by J. S. Jones.

Just how it happened that Boz went to the National, it is impossible to state. Mr. Pelby probably brought it about, for he was noted as a most energetic manager. At any rate, this advertisement appeared in the newspapers of that day:

NATIONAL THEATRE

Mr. Charles Dickens will visit The Theatre this Evening

This Evening Jan. 31st will be performed (1st time) the Drama in 3 acts, by J. S. Jones, entitled —

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR

or, The *Ups* and *Downs* of Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.

Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.	*Mr. Murdock*
Mr. Jagrag	*Mr. Spear*
Reverend Dismal Horror	*Mr. Hunt*
Kate Aubrey,	*Mrs. Webster*
Tabitha	*Mrs. Booth*

To Conclude with a Farce entitled

A LOAN OF A LOVER

Peter Spike	*Mr. Hunt*
Gertrude	*Miss Webster*

Prices of admission, Private Boxes $1.00. Boxes 50¢. Third Tier 37½¢. Pit 25¢. Gallery 12½¢. Doors open at ¼ past 6 o'clock. Performance commences at ¼ before 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, probably accompanied by either Mr. Grattan or Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, drove down Tremont Row, Sudbury, and Portland Streets to the theatre, and as the cabman jumped from his box and opened the door for the famous author, he probably did what several of his calling were said to have done, pulled a lock of hair from Dickens's black bear-skin overcoat, as he passed, for a souvenir. In fact that famous coat was said to have taken on quite a mangy appearance in the rear as a result of these enthusiastic souvenir hunters.

Mr. Pelby met the Dickens party at the entrance. He escorted them to a specially decorated box, and as they entered there was a burst of applause from the audience which Boz acknowledged in his best manner and the orchestra struck up a new march composed especially for the occasion of Mr. Dickens's visit.

Of course Boz enjoyed Mr. Jones's dramatization of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' with its cast of twenty-two people, to say nothing of extra ladies and gentlemen, voters and members of the Quaint Club! Its ten big scenes, which included the Grand House Warming and Election Ball in the 'SPLENDID APARTMENT AT YATTON!' The 'Universal Row' at the 'Election' and grand climax in the 'SPLENDID APARTMENT IN THE HOUSE OF AUBREY, LONDON,' where villainy was unmasked and the 'Rightful Heir to Ten Thousand a Year' established.

What wonderful programmes they had in 1842! The whole synopsis of the play, set in fifteen styles of type, plentifully sprinkled with exclamation points, and then, as if this was not enough, 'To conclude with the favorite farce, in one act entitled "A LOAN OF A LOVER,"' in

TREMONT THEATRE.

Boxes 50. Third Tier 37 1-2. Pit 25. Gallery 12 1-2

CHARLES O'MALLEY! BOZ!

and the 1st act of

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY!

On which occasion

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

will visit the Theatre

This Evening, (MONDAY), January 24th, 1842.

Will be performed (5th time in America) the new Comedy, in 3 acts, called

CHARLES O'MALLEY

THE IRISH DRAGOON!

Dramatized from Harry Lorrequer's all-widely Novel of that name, by H. J. Conway, Esq., of New York, and to-night Cleared by the Managers, in a style, they trust, worthy the support and approbation of a liberal Public.

The Music selected and arranged by Messrs Lincoln and Gentelli; the Scenery by Mr. Hodgkinson and assistants; the Wardrobe by Mrs. Lee and Upperton; and the Machinery by Mr. Brown, Properties and Decorations, by Mr. C. Wall. Machinery by his pioneers and assistants. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. G. Andrews, Stage Manager.

Act 1st. *Life in Galway.*

Godfrey O'Malley, Lord in Chattles,	Mr. Cunningham	Capt. Hammersley, his aid de camp,	Mr. Carter
Sir Harry Pepper, an Irish Baronet,	Plumer	Father Luvett, a low-bred Priest,	Powell
Count Jocolin, lady of the Austrian Service,	Dunn	Mickey Free, attendant on Charles,	Conner
Charles O'Malley	Fenno	Tom Beaumont, a Waiter,	Adams
Count Spatola, of the English Dragoons,	W. Johnson	Waiter Matthew,	Miss Parker
Mr. Miles Hudson, a gentleman Yeomanry,	Dyott	Lucy Dashwood, daughter to the George,	Mrs. Conner
Mr. George Dashwood, a General on the British Service,	Ayling	Mary Brady, Martin's Sister,	Miss Kaine
		Peasants, Servants, Bailiffs, &c.	

Synopsis of Scenery and Events, of Act 1.

Scene 1st. Dicky's Club House, Dublin. Song and Chorus, "Ode to the man for Galway." Irish Fete de an. Bets and Wagers. Dead heat, and dead drunk! How to do many. Bottle goes out.

Scene 2. Apartment in O'Malley Castle. How to escape from Purgatory. Galway Boys, Hyper people.

Scene 3d. Tete concerning for the county. Never see an Irish Wake. Astonishing! Hooraw's Calkery.

Scene 4th. A Landscape. Love and War. Plot and Counterplot.

Scene 5th. The Librium. The Stage represents the Hustings of each party. Music, St. Patrick's Day in the Morning. Pleasantly with. O'Malley, he's the boy for Galway. Tories on a spree. Free get tough. The orgies of Galway. Whiskey and Potatoes. A barrel of Whiskey, with the head out and a dipper in it. Down the expense On the Company's side—Banners, "The George Dashwood Interest." "The Galway Lass and Eglantine" Pass on with head out, marked "London Porter." Music "Oh! the rare as beef of old England." Open bowlings on both sides. Larry Dashwood carried off by citizens, and rescued by Charles O'Malley. Hussars of an Election. Irish Shillelahs, and broken heads. General Row.

Act 2d. *Life at College.*

Charles O'Malley	Mr. Fenno	Capt. Hammersley	Mr. Carter
Frank Webber, a Collegian,	Mr. W. F. Johnson	Mickey Free,	Mr. Conner
Doctor Mulcahy, a Master of Arts,	Barnes	Waiter, Servants, Butler, Policemen, &c.	
Paul Perrier, a Harry Hoopers,	J. W. Field	Lucy Dashwood	Mrs. Conner
Count Cavendish, a Gentleman,	Adams	Mrs. Dalrymple	Miss Parker
Harry Hooker, a Gentleman,	Dunn	Miss Matilda Dalrymple	Miss Ayling
Sir George Dashwood,	Ayling	Miss Fanny Dalrymple	Miss F. Jones
Three Freshmen, of } Trinity College, }	Messrs { Reig Thomas	Mary Brady	Miss Kaine
		Ladies and Gents at Ball, &c.	

Synopsis of Scenery and Incidents.

Scene 1st. Chambers at Trinity College. Lads of a regular set. A mark down Blow. Try it him at the Broad Stairs. The arrival of the Proctor. What's the Row? Treating Tutor and Group. The Bear drunk. Oh, charming. Row resumed. Song, with hearty accompaniment. Wait for the applause. Out with him. Pommes mutes—mores non sat. Loss of fun, and How do ye like it.

Scene 2d. Street in Dublin. Row commences. Watchmen's Rattles. Down with the Collegians! down with the Watch! Mummery and mystery! General fight. Collegians victorious!

Scene 3. Room at an Inn; a good load about; very hungry indeed! How to spoil one's appetite. Fun at the table. Fire up between Mulcay and Phoaky—Go it, Mike.

Scene 4th. Piazza in Dublin. Larry Latter. Mike and the Peg. Kiss me, ye darling.

Scene 5th. Handsome Ball Room—Chandeliers, Couches, Ottomans, Chairs. You is dropped you Handkerchief. Love in the soul of an Irish Dragoon. Set of Fashionable Quadrilles are danced. Common tutor and strange private. Jet set of Moonlight are danced. A glass of Whiskey Negus, a Bowl and Ladle, "The Widow Malone." Voyage discovery. John Lady weds Whiskey. Row—Confusion—and end of Act 2d.

Act 3d. *The Peninsular Campaign.*

Captain Charles O'Malley, a Dragoon,	Mr. Fenno	French Postman	Mr. Thomas
Major Power	Field	Corporal Flint	Benson
Capt. Pipeclay	W. Johnson	Thomas Saint Ribbon	Miss Kaine
Carl Hammersley	Carter	Lucy Dashwood	Mrs. Conner
Sergeant Haggerty	Powell	Betty Blake	Mrs. Fenwick
Mickey Free, a Dragoon,	Conner	Mary Brady	Miss Parker
Cuthbert O'Mealey	Cunningham	Peninsular Ladies and Gentlemen, as Masquerade.	
Two Aid de camps	Parker and Lewis	Irish and French Soldiers, &c.	
French Officer	Adams		

Scenery and Incidents.

Scene 1st. Plains and Vegetation, near Ciudad Rodrigo. Siege in the back ground. Troops are seen marching on parapets etc. Soldiers in Retreat. Song and Chorus, "The 1st Tattoo is beating, Boys." The Enemy in front Intrigue. Disappointed Love. Who goes there? Colonel Orcada. Grave story of seducing an Officer. Foraging in an Enemy's Country. A Reunion, and nothing Pig. The French are upon us! General fight, and Death of Colonel Hammersley.

Scene 2d. Road to Lisbon. Shrimpings between Mike, and two French Soldiers. Love lost in the River. The Cries of could be heard.

Scene 3d. Elegant Apartment in Don Manuel's Villa, near Lisbon. A last for Baby Promotion.

Scene 4th, and Last. The Masquerade. A magnificent supernatural, both of the stage upon, as the Assembly is seen the City of Lisbon, illuminated. Gardens of the Villa, Terraces and Balconades. Pavilion Orange and Lemon Trees, Grecian Statues, Sparkling Fountains, &c. &c. Grand Masquerade as I believe, &c. Never a disguise. Agreeable surprise. Love's Labor's Lost. Quick Move by Prince Lovel. Larry Dashwood, as Captain of Dragoons, and twelve Ladies, state dressed in the Uniform. Dragoons. Banner, "Dashwood's Body's Dragoons." They proceed to sing Harrigan's Lament, and a Grand March. Lovers united! all happy! Love and Chorus, "Success to O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon."

After which, for the second time,

BOZ!

A MASQUE PHRENOLOGIC.

Written for the occasion.

Boz,	Mr. J. M. Field
Skyblue, (a neglected genius)	W. F. Johnson
Idolatry, } (represented as sprites) } Mirth, }	Mrs. Conner / Mrs. Booth
Philo-progressiveness, (as Queen Victoria)	Mrs. Field
Self Esteem, (as a "distinguished contributor")	Mr. Fenno
Firmness, (as General Jackson!)	Mr. Cunningham
Wonder, (as a Celebrated Transcendentalist!)	Mr. S. Johnson
Time, (as a Yankee Clock Peddler)	Mr. Plumer
Time, (as 11 Regular Pageants)	Mr. Conner
Other faculties by	Ladies of the Company

CHARACTERS FROM NOVELS OF BOZ

Pickwick	Mr. Powell	Mrs. Squeers	Mrs. Gilbert
Weller, Sen'r	Plumer	Smike	Field
Samuel	Conner	Nicholas Nickleby	Mr. Fenno
Pat Boy	Reig	Ralph Nickleby	Ayling
Oliver Twist	Miss Parker	Newman Noggs	Cunningham
Jew Fagin	Mr. Thomas	Little Nell	F. Johnson
Artful Dodger	S. Johnson	The Old Man	Currie
Bumble	Andrews	Gaulp	Benson
Squeers,	Adams	Barnaby and Raven	Dunn

In the course of the Masque will be presented a view of STATE STREET, and THE EXCHANGE or TREMONT HOUSE painted expressly for the occasion, by Mr. Stockwell

TABLEAUX of the several Characters and Incidents taken from the admired Novels of the Pickwick Papers—Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Master Humphrey's Clock, and Barnaby Rudge.

To conclude with the 1st act of Nicholas Nickleby

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY!

Nicholas Nickleby	Mr. Fenno	Smike -	Mrs. Field
Ralph Nickleby	Ayling	Squeers' Pupils by Forty Boys	
Newman Noggs	Cunningham	Mrs. Squeers	Mrs. Gilbert
Wackford Squeers	W. F. Johnson	Miss Squeers	Miss Fisher
Bailey	S. Johnson	Miss Fanny Squeers	Miss Bassett
John Browdie	Anderson	Miss Nickleby	Mrs. Conner
Lord Verisopht	Currie	Mrs. Nickleby	Mrs. Ayling
Chaunter	Reig	Miss Knag	Mrs. Reig
Sir Mulberry Hawke	Adams	Madame Mantalini's work girls	Miss Parker

Eastburn's Press. 18 State Street.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

STAGE MANAGER - - - - - - - - MR. MURDOCH

MR. CHARLES DICKENS

Will Visit the Theatre this Evening.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE DRAMA OF

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!

Dramatized from the Popular Work of that name, by J. S. JONES, expressly for this Theatre. Containing a variety of Incidents from the eccentric course of that wonderful young gentleman,

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQ.

COMBINING

LAW, LOVE AND POLITICS,

With all their Appendages, Intrigue Dissipation, Bribery and Corruption, Balls, Dinners, Mobs, Speeches,

CHAMPAGNE AND THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE!

NOTICE, TIME ALTERED.

☞In future the Doors will open at 1-4 past 6 o'clock, Performance will commence at 1 4 before 7.☜

☞N. B.—The Box Book will be open every day of performance from 10 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M. when seats may be secured for the evening.

☞Private Box Arrangements, Private Boxes $1.00. First and Second Tier 50 cents. Third Tier 37 1-2 cents. Pit 25 cents. Gallery 12 1-2 cents. N. B.—Checks not transferable.☜

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31, 1842,

Will be performed (1st time) the Drama, in three acts, written by J. S. Jones, expressly for this Theatre, and founded on incidents from the popular work, by the author of "The Diary of a London Physician," entitled

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR

—OR, THE—

UPS AND DOWNS!

OF TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQ.

Mr Aubrey	Mr W. Marshall
Mr Delamere	Booth
Mr Gammon	Cartlich
Mr Quirk	Taylor
Mr Tagrag	Spear
Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq	Murdoch
Reverend Mr Dismal Horror	Hunt
Sir Pomp Yahoo	Unzzy
A Waiter at Pinnocks	Keach
Lounging	McFarland
Mrs Bruin	Golden
Grab	Germon
Mr Crafty	Mr J. Jones
Gammon's Servant	Nidd
John	Robinson
Ladies and Gentlemen, Visitors, Members of the Quaint Club, &c	
Mrs Aubrey	Mrs Nisbett
Katie Aubrey	Mrs Webster
Tabitha	Mrs Booth
Mrs Tagrag	Mrs Mere
Nina Quirk	Mrs Woodward
Mrs Jenkins	Mrs Nidd
Mrs Wiffle	Mrs Russell

ACT 1. LAW AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SCENE 1

OFFICE OF MESSRS. GAMMON & QUIRK!

The Plot. A bold stroke for £10,000 a year. "Two of a trade can never agree." "Business a Passion" and "Right a Right."

SCENE 2

THE LODGINGS OF TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE!

Titmouse recovers from the effects of a spree, occasioned by the pressing consequence of being heir to £10,000 a year. RECEIVES A WINDFALL AND MAKES HIS TOILET!

SCENE 3

AN APARTMENT AT YATTON. The Residence of Mr Aubrey. The Heir in possession.

THE APPROACH OF THE STORM!!

SCENE 4.

Counting Room and Shop of Tagrag & Co. Linen Drapers!

Tagrag on a rogue, and TITMOUSE RICHER OUT! Interview between Tagrag and Gammon. Two sides to a quarrel. £10,000 a year receives a notice to quit. Tagrag prepares a "non sum mensa" for the Heir.

TITMOUSE INVITED IN!!

SCENE 5.

Mr. Pomp Yahoo and his Confident Mr. Algernon Fitzmookes on a "COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS"—HOW TO CARRY ON THE WAR."

SCENE LAST.

APARTMENT AT SATIN LODGE!

The Residence of Mr Tagrag. The Rev. Mr. Dismal Horror on a Preaching Tour, distributing tracts and short sermons. Titmouse's *New Season* Party with its wild manner. The Freaks of a Heir of £10,000 a year. Wines, Lots and Heaps!

ACT 2. POLITICS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SCENE 1

SPLENDID APARTMENT AT YATTON!

Grand House Warming and Election Ball!

Everybody invited. The Rev Mr Dismal Horror on a Country Tour. Titlebat Titmouse in possession!

SCENE 2

MR. AUBREY'S APARTMENT IN LONDON!!!

Aubrey is arrested by the firm of Quirk, Gammon & Snap, for a small balance due on a Bill of Costs, for a "little over" Three Thousand Pounds.

SCENE 3.

The Hustings! The Humors and Roguories of an Election!!

All Fair in Politics! Titlebat's Maiden Speech to the Voters!!

"Vivamus ne Death—Let Tyrants Tremble!". The Rev. Mr. Dismal Horror on an Electioneering Mission against the "Devil and all his works." The Incidents, Wit, Humor, and Jokes of the Day. Humorous address of THE QUAINT CLUB— RECORD BY THE FACT OF MR. GAMMON.

POLLS CLOSED!

Titmouse elected a Member of Parliament by a Tremendous Majority!

UNIVERSAL ROW! and Triumph of the Party advocating the Bill to give EVERYTHING TO EVERYBODY!!!

ACT 3. VILLIANY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SCENE 1

SPLENDID APARTMENT IN THE HOUSE OF AUBREY, LONDON!

THE PLOT! THE PLOTTERS!! THE RESULT!!!

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!

☞In the course of the Evening, the Orchestra will perform a NEW MARCH! (in which will be introduced the Instrument called the **LOCUSSANPELL!**) composed by J. Trenkbone, expressly for the occasion of Mr Dickens' visit.

To conclude with the favorite Farce, in one act, entitled

A LOAN OF A LOVER!

Peter Spoke	Mr Hunt
Captain Amersfort	Mussy
Gertrude	
Popinia	Mr. Spear
Dalpoise	Germon
	Mrs Webster

In which he will sing, "Meet me in the Willow Glen," "Dew is on the Grass," "I'd marry him to-morrow, and wish Mr Hunt, the Devil, "To-morrow will be another day."

Frosaline - - - - - - - -

which the beautiful Mrs. Webster played Gertrude and sang those song hits of 1842, 'Meet me in the Willow Glen,' 'Dew is on the Grass,' 'I'd Marry Him To-morrow,' and with Mr. Hunt, the duet, 'To-morrow will be Market Day.'

And all this for, 'Private Boxes $1.00. First and second Tier 50¢. Third Tier 37½¢. Pit 25¢. Gallery 12½¢.'

Bargains in the drama, truly, and yet Dickens wrote in his 'American Notes': 'There are two theatres in Boston of good size and construction, but sadly in want of patronage.' It was not a theatre-going age.

Boz met the players after the play and complimented 'Nicholas Nickleby' Jones on his dramatization, after which he and Kate passed out through the enthusiastic crowd to their carriage and drove back to the Tremont House, where the smart English maid Anne was waiting up to help her buxom little mistress into her 'curtainless' bed, and where, after a social visit with Alexander or Grattan at the Tremont House Bar, Boz soon joined the wife of his bosom, and called it a day.

Tuesday, February 1st

One of the busiest and longest of Dickens's days in Boston. No doubt Dexter was still present at the breakfast and worked on the bust as his model read, ate, and posed; after breakfast and the Dickens special waiter (ah, if that worthy had only kept a diary!) had cleared the table, Boz had to turn out another batch of autographs, sign another crop of notes, regrets, etc., and clear the decks for a few more calls, for on this 1842 visit the latchstring was always out.

One of these visitors, and a most welcome one, was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who had returned from his Southern trip the day before and hastened to call and pay his respects. Dr. Howe was, to Boz, a veritable miracle man, and we can imagine with what enthusiasm he greeted the genial Doctor as he entered the Dickens suite. Of course the time available was all too short in which to discuss his work, Dickens's visit to South Boston, and the many other subjects that would naturally arise. Yet in that brief space Dr. Howe gave him material and information sufficient to form a large part of the Boston chapter of 'American Notes' and a friendship was begun that lasted all through their lives and led to Dickens's name being forever associated with the work for the blind.

At ten o'clock Boz was due at Alexander's studio for one of the last sittings and it can be imagined that he barely kept the appointment. The portrait was now rapidly nearing completion, for the artist worked over the background, drapery, table, and so on between sittings and only needed his famous model when engaged upon the head. A real friendship had sprung up between these two, as the following warm letters, written by Dickens to the Alexanders after he reached New York, will show. They were both written on one sheet of paper and have been carefully preserved in the scrapbooks of Francesca Alexander.

The first is to Mrs. Alexander and concerns a little book of her own etchings which after Boz left Boston she sent on to him:

CARLETON HOUSE, NEW YORK
Twenty-fifth February, 1842

MY DEAR MRS. ALEXANDER:

I have received your beautiful book with exceeding pleasure and will always preserve it carefully for your sake. I have scarcely the heart to rob you of such beautiful triumphs and yet I would not be without them for a great deal.

Mrs. Dickens has a very bad cold but she sends a host of warm messages and loves. She begs you to kiss 'Fan' in her name. If you will ask Fan to kiss you in mine (when Mr. Alexander is looking the other way) I shall be even more indebted to you than I am already.

Ever believe me
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The next page of the letter carries this note to the artist:

CARLETON HOUSE
Twenty-fifth February, 1842

MY DEAR MR. ALEXANDER:

Your beautiful and welcome present arrived safely today. I will hang it in my room at home, please God, and you shall see it there.

Yes, I have kept the Total Abstinence Pledge, and I mean to keep it unbroken to the last. Mr. P., though no longer a new broom, sweeps clean still. He does what he has to do well and always with a cheerful will.

For him and much more — thank you.

Always believe me
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

Alexander had sent a little sketch with Mrs. Alexander's book. The reference to the 'Total Abstinence Pledge' is mysterious and could not have referred to 'the brimming cup,' for Boz, always temperate, was certainly never a 'teetotaller,' 'Mr. P.' was the secretary, Putnam, whom Alexander had introduced to Dickens.

These two cordial notes show that there was an intimate friendship between the two families, and the 'kiss' sent to Mrs. Alexander shows again what Fitzgerald wrote concerning the prevalence of this form of familiarity in the early forties.

Years afterward, in 1870, after the novelist's death, Mrs. Alexander wrote to Mrs. Dickens asking for this book, but, although Kate remembered it as a circumstance of a 'happier day,' it had vanished as completely as the romance of Boz and Kate had vanished in those years between 1842 and 1870.

Some time in the afternoon, Boz, in looking over the 'Boston Evening Transcript,' quite likely read this very prominently displayed advertisement:

CHEAP AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE

Entire Works of Boz in numbers now publishing for $5.00. The complete works of Charles Dickens (Boz) containing Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Sketches of Everyday Life, The Curiosity Shop with Wood Cuts and Barnaby Rudge with Wood Cuts. Embellished with a portrait of the Author done on steel and several illustrations engraved by Yeager. Published in twenty weekly numbers at the small cost of 25 cents each. No. 1 and 2 now ready. Orders (postpaid) respectfully solicited by the Publishers.

SAXTON AND PIERCE
133½ Washington St., Boston

Does it not seem possible that this and other evidences of the pirating and tremendous sale of his works impelled him to voice that night, for the first time in America, his remonstrance and his appeal for an international copyright law?

As he read on, other items of interest caught his eye.

> The dinner proposed to be given to Dickens by certain young men of Boston, will take place this evening, at Papanti's Hall, Tremont Row.

The 'Daily Mail,' to whose editor with the 'protruding teeth' Boz evidently turned a cold shoulder, had already noted this event in his issue of the previous Wednesday — or rather had allowed the enterprising Mr. Redding to do so, as follows:

> Dinner to Boz: This will come off Tuesday, at the Head-quarters of beauty and fashion in Tremont Street, the Almack's of the East. Those concerned in the getting up un-influenced by any jealousy or selfishness, but acting in strict accordance with the feelings of all our literati, have put the price of tickets at the trifling sum of $15.00 each which with the great exertion of the committee will of course secure the attendance of all the admirers of this distinguished individual. In the meantime, those who have coughs or colds should take the best means of ridding themselves of such troublesome maladies as a bad cold must of necessity destroy the appetite and mar the pleasure of the social meeting. Use Sherman's Cough Lozenges, which no one has got but Redding, No. 8 State Street.

And all this afternoon, as Boz was busily engaged, great preparations were going forward at the Albion Hotel, where Major Jabez Ward Barton was superintending the preparation of the feast that was to be taken just a step down Tremont Row and served that night at the great Boz dinner in Papanti's Hall. History may have seen more elaborate banquets, but it is certain that Boston never had. Something approaching it celebrated the opening of the Tremont House in 1839, but the Boz dinner stood preëminent in 1842. Major Barton was famous for his ability to plan and prepare elaborate feasts and he certainly on this occasion outdid

even himself. There may have been dissatisfaction over the price of the tickets, fifteen dollars, but we of to-day would have difficulty in making that sum pay for as much in the way of food and drink.

On this late afternoon of February 1, 1842, at 5 P.M., a full band was playing in the balcony of this spacious hall as the guests assembled.

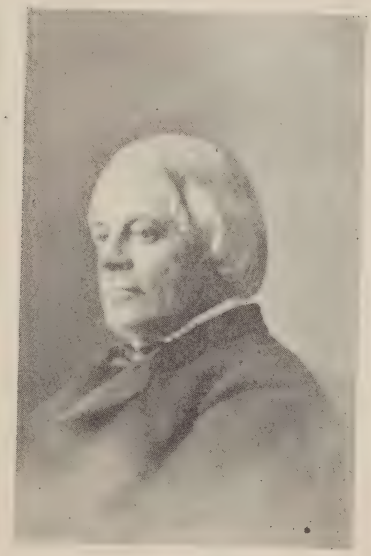
Boz and his escort, the committees and principal speakers were, as they ascended the stairs, ushered into the reception room at the front of the building on the second floor.

(You may visit this room on the second floor at 23 Tremont Street and find it but little changed. The panes of glass in the windows looking on Tremont Street are larger and the door that led into the hall from this room is now a solid wall, but a massive black marble fireplace is still there before which Boz and his hosts undoubtedly stood that cold February afternoon. Across a narrow entry or landing is another room, the exact counterpart of this one, but even less changed. The windows face a tiny court flanked by modern office buildings. The panes of glass in the windows are smaller, there is another black marble fireplace, and also the hooks and lockers where Papanti's pupils, in years gone by, kept their wraps and dancing-pumps.)

To this back reception room the general guests were directed as they arrived and when they were ready to enter the hall the band struck up the popular air of the period, 'Washington's March,' the door leading to the hall from that room was opened, and these guests took their places at the tables. When all were seated, the music changed to 'God Save the Queen' and the guest

MAJOR JABEZ WARD BARTON

J. M. FIELD



J. S. JONES

of honor entered from the other door accompanied by those who were to sit with him at the head table. It must have been a picture for an artist as these two hundred gentlemen of the 'old school,' in the picturesque dress of the forties, rose to welcome Boz, in this beautiful hall whose mirrored walls reflected the brilliant scene over and over again. What an array of prominent Bostonians!

Josiah Quincy, Sr., President of Harvard University; Josiah Quincy, Jr., President of the Massachusetts Senate and also President of the present feast; Washington Allston, venerable painter and writer; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a young physician just becoming known as something of a poet; Jonathan Chapman, Mayor of Boston; George Hillard, whose eloquent oration may have kept his law partner, Charles Sumner, from speaking; Edward G. Loring; Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and also Richard Henry Dana, Sr.; T. Colley Grattan; James Russell Lowell; J. Thomas Stevenson; Dr. Bigelow; 'Joe' Field from the Tremont Theatre, 'loaded' with his original comic song about Boz; and scores of other notable Bostonians, not forgetting James T. Fields, who sat with the younger of the 'young men' at a position near the foot of the table.

As they stood there a benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Parkman, and then, as the 'Boston Daily Mail' said editorially on the following Thursday:

> The company sat down and about three hours were now devoted to private conversation and the discussion of twelve courses of meats and viands embracing no less than forty-two varieties. At an advanced hour for a dinner party, the cloth was removed and the object of the Festival was announced by the President of the Day in a speech of great force and beauty.

Probably President Josiah Quincy, Jr., never made a more eloquent address than he did upon this occasion; he had prepared it with the greatest care and introduced in the most graceful and ingenious manner the names and characteristics of nearly all the principal figures in the books that Boz had then written. From 'Pickwick,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Old Curiosity Shop,' and 'Barnaby Rudge,' he marshalled a host of characters, drawing from each some delightful compliment to the young author and, after holding his listeners spellbound, closed with a ringing toast, 'Health, happiness, and a hearty welcome to Charles Dickens,' that brought the company shouting to its feet.

And this is what James T. Fields says of Boz when he rose to respond, for mark this, before the art of public dinners became lost, the guest of honor or the principal speaker spoke early in the evening instead of at the end of the procession as so often happens to-day. Fields had sat entranced, where he could see Boz, saw him joke with old President Josiah Quincy, Sr., saw him take a pinch of snuff from Washington Allston's snuffbox, and he wrote his vivid recollections with a pen guided with a real love for the brilliant young author, who was afterward to be his devoted friend.

> And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows! Trust me, it was a great night; and he must have made a mighty noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the 'chair' begging that we would hold up a little and moderate if possible the rapture of our applause.

It was indeed fortunate that the 'Boston Morning Post' had two shorthand reporters present, for every speech was preserved and may be found in the Boston Public Library in a little book entitled 'Dinner Given to Charles Dickens, February 1st, 1842.' This entire report is also reprinted in Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins's excellent book 'Charles Dickens in America.'

Here is Dickens's graceful speech, no doubt practically extemporaneous. The other principal speakers were carefully prepared, but of course Boz couldn't have been, although the reader may decide whether this, his first argument, in America, for international copyright shows signs of having been thought out or not.

> Gentlemen, — If you had given this splendid entertainment to any one else in the whole wide world — if I were here to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend — if I stood here upon my defence, to repel any unjust attack — to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freest people on the earth — I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be, alone, in my own room in England.
>
> But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears — when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had, I feel — it is my nature — so vanquished and subdued that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you. If your president, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humour and pathos, which you have just heard with so much delight, had been but a caustic, ill-natured man — if he had only been a dull one — if I could only have doubted or distrusted him or you — I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arm's length. But you have given me no such opportunity; you take advantage of me in the tenderest point;

you give me no chance of playing at company or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers, and make this place like home. Indeed, gentlemen, if it be natural and allowable for each of us, on his own hearth, to express his thoughts in the most homely fashion, and to appear in his plainest garb, I have a fair claim upon you to let me do so to-night, for you have made my house an Aladdin's palace. You fold so tenderly within your breasts that common household lamp in which my feeble fire is all enshrined, and at which my flickering torch is lighted up, that straight my household gods take wing and are transported here. And whereas it is written of that fairy structure that it never moved without two shocks — one when it rose, and one when it settled down — I can say of mine, however sharp a tug it took to pluck it from its native ground, it struck at once an easy, and a deep and lasting root into this soil; and loved it as its own. I can say more of it, and say with truth, that long before it moved, or had a chance of moving, its master — perhaps from some secret sympathy between its timbers and a certain stately tree that had its being hereabout, and spreads its broad branches far and wide — dreamed by day and night for years, of setting foot upon this shore, and breathing this pure air. And trust me, gentlemen, that, if I had wandered here, unknowing and unknown, I would — if I know my own heart — have come with all my sympathies clustering as richly about this land and people — with all my sense of justice as keenly alive to their high claims on every man who loves God's image — with all my energies as fully bent on judging for myself, and speaking out, and telling in my sphere the truth, as I do now, when you rain down your welcome on my head.

Your president has alluded to those writings which have been my occupation for some years past; and you have received his allusions in a manner which assures me — if I needed any such assurance — that we are old friends in the spirit, and have been in close communion for a long time.

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in

DINNER

TO

CHARLES DICKENS,

AT PAPANTI'S HALL,

February 1, 1842.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

Consomme.

Purée au Croutons.

FISH.

Cod's Head and Oyster Sauce.

Bass, Sauce Holandaise.

Baked Cod Fish, Sauce au Vin de Madére.

Pickerel — English Soles.

RÉLÉVES.

Turkey, Sauce aux Huitres.

Ham, Sauce au Vin de Champagne.

Filets de Bœuf, garni d'atelettes.

PIÈCES FROIDES.

Salade de Volaille au jardinière.

Des Huitres en aspec.

Pates Foie à la Perigrue.

Perdrix au Choux au Sorbreux.

ENTRÉES.

Tête de Veau en Tortue.

Vol au Vent aux Huitres.

Ris de Veau en Casso.

Suprême de Volaille.

Casserolle au Pommes de Terre, garni d'Oiseau.

Fricandeau de Veau, Sauce au petits Pois.

Anguille a la Tartare.

Timbale de Macaroni à la Milanaise.

Canton de Volaille à la Royale.

HORS D'OUVRES.

Salade d'Homard,	Chou Croute,
" de Volaille,	Cornichons,
Olives,	Sardines.

Céleri.

ROAST.

Beef,	Mongrel Geese,
Saddle Mutton,	Partridges,
Turkey,	Quail,
Chickens,	Brandt,
Ducks,	Canvas Back Ducks.

ENTREMETS DE LÉGUMES.

Petits Pois,	Epinards,
Celeri au jus,	Pommes de Terre au gratin,
Choux fleur au gratin,	Navets au sucre.

ENTREMETS AU SUCRE.

Tartelettes de Pommes.

Charlotte Russe a la Conti.

Charlotte Russe au Marasquin.

Omelettes Soufflée.

Gelée au Rhum.

Blancmanger au Creme d'Amandes.

DESSERT.

Fruits—Ice Creams—Roman Punch—Ice Orange Water, &c

Cafe et Liqueur.

DIGEDITHOTH. PAUTRES.

mine than I; and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and a mother's love is blind, I believe that it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his imagination that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple and may be easily told. I have always had and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to the mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces; and that it is good and pleasant and profitable, to track her out and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless; these creatures have the same elements and capabilities of goodness as yourself; they are moulded in the same form and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better — I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless avocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the old world as well as in the new, no man should know better than I — I, who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That in expressing it we are but treading in the steps of those great master spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature, from Shakespeare downward.

There is one other point connected with the labors (if I

may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness, it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened, on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child in England, from the dwellers in log houses among the morasses, and swamps, and densest forests, and deepest solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned with the summer's sun, has taken up the pen and written to me a little history of domestic joy and sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and the writer has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother — I could reckon them, now, by dozens, not by units — has done the like, and has told me how she lost a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my clock, and come and see this country; and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes and come and see my friends. And even now, I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing, as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious names the classes from which they are drawn — about third parties in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say to myself — that's for Oliver — I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike — I have no doubt that is intended for Nell; and so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man, than ever I was before.

Gentlemen: talking of my friends in America brings me

back naturally and of course to you. Coming back to you, and being thereby reminded of the pleasure we have in store in hearing the gentlemen who sit about me, I arrive by the easiest, though not by the shortest course in the world, at the end of what I have to say. But before I sit down, there is one topic on which I am desirous to lay particular stress. It has, or should have, a strong interest for us all, since to its literature every country must look for one great means of refining and improving its people, and one great source of national pride and honour. You have in America great writers — great writers who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (which they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a high love for it, all over the civilized world. I take leave to say, in the presence of some of those gentlemen, that I hope the time is not far distant when they, in America, will receive of right some substantial profit and return in England from their labors; and when we, in England, shall receive some substantial profit and return in America from ours. Pray do not misunderstand me. Securing to myself from day to day the means of an honorable subsistence, I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-men than I would have heaps and mines of gold. But the two things do not seem to me incompatible. They cannot be, for nothing good is incompatible with justice. There must be an international arrangement in this respect. England has done her part; and I am confident that the time is not far distant when America will do hers. It becomes the character of a great country; first, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you never can have, and keep, a literature of your own.

Gentlemen, I thank you with feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, and can never be expressed. As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I would beg to give you —

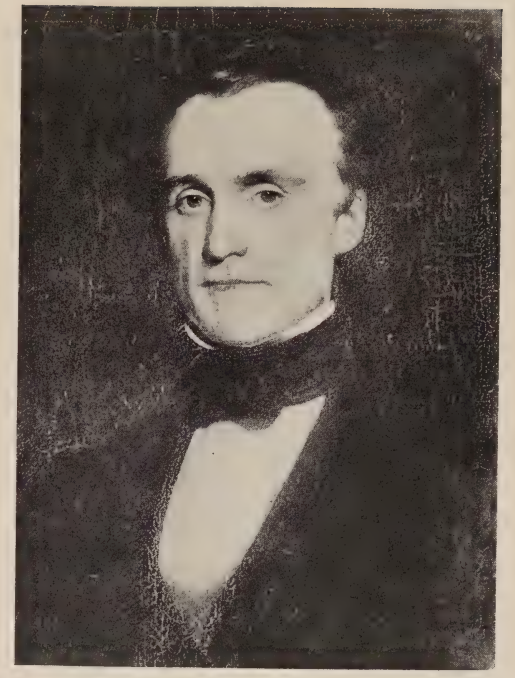
America and England — and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them!

The report goes on to say:

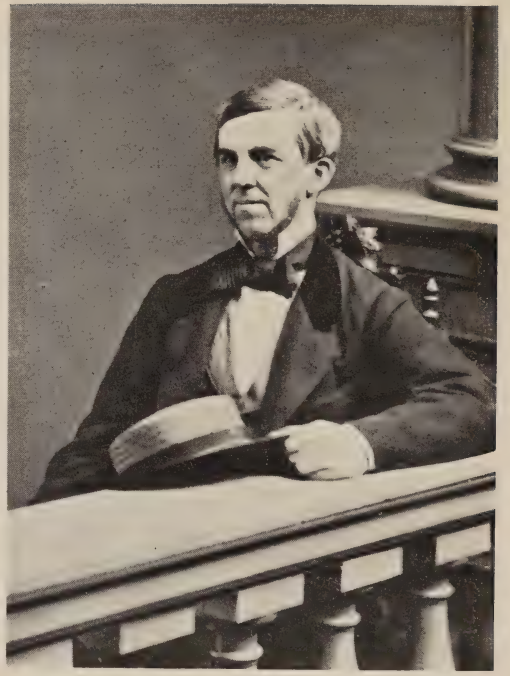
> It was some time ere the applause and cheering which followed this speech subsided; as soon as silence was obtained, the president rose and said, 'It has been said that painters, in portraying pictures of ideal female beauty, unconsciously sketched the features of her who was the dearest to their hearts. If this was as true of the novelist as the painter, how greatly are the admirers of the lovely creations of our friend's genius indebted to her who holds this relation to him! With his permission, therefore, he proposed — *The health of the lady of our distinguished guest.* If she were the model of the pure and elevated females of his works, it might well be said that she was the better half *even* of Charles Dickens.'

This toast was drunk with nine cheers, the company all standing. Kate in her room at the Tremont House might almost have heard them. As the speeches followed, that of the venerable President of Harvard University, Josiah Quincy, Sr., was a delightful example of extemporaneous speaking. We know it was not memorized because, when he came to the end, he said:

> Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, but conclude by giving you a toast, if my treacherous memory will so far serve me. I will give you —
>
> Genius — in [here, however, the venerable President's memory did desert him, and after a brief interval spent in vain attempts to summon her to his aid, he looked pleasantly around, and said] — Gentlemen, a good memory is a great thing, and I will give you all a piece of advice which it may be useful to you to remember. When you are not certain that you can keep a thing in your mind, be sure to keep it in your pocket. [He then, enforcing his example, drew from his own pocket a scrap of paper and read] — Genius — In its legitimate use, uniting wit with purity, instructing the high in their duties to the low and by improving the morals, elevating the social condition of man.



JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This happy sally, with which he got over his concluding difficulty, set the company in a roar.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast,' said, among other things in his brief speech, that it had been his fortune to travel in lands little known to the geographer, but it had been the fortune of their guest to travel in new worlds of thought and of imagination, and called attention to the remarkable fact that a young man, by the mere power of his genius, had in a few brief years so endeared himself to the people of a land not his own as to make a triumphal progress through it, and he closed with this toast — 'The Columbus of Modern Literature — We welcome him to the new world who has himself opened new worlds to us.'

He was followed by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who had, as he so often did all through his later years, composed an original poem for the occasion, but this time the genial Doctor sang his words to the air of 'The Harp that once Through Tara's Halls.' It was a graceful tribute to the guest and shows that at thirty-three Dr. Holmes had his facility for rhyme well in hand.

. . . .

The stars their early vigils keep,
The silent hours are near.
When drooping eyes forget to weep —
Yet still we linger here.
And what — the passing churl may ask —
Can calm such wondrous power,
That Toil forgets his wonted task,
And Love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone —

The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
Alas! no more is blown;
And Passion's burning lip bewails
Her Harold's wasted fire,
Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,
Nor think its soul hath died,
While yet the lark at heaven's gate sings,
As once o'er Avon's side;
While gentle Summer sheds her bloom,
And dewy blossoms wave,
Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee —
We claim thy generous blood;
Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
One hallowed star of fame,
But kindles, like an angel's wings,
Our western skies in flame!

The President in calling on Washington Allston said, 'He who unites the genius of the poet, the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the novelist; his name shall glow forever upon the eternal canvas.' Mr. Allston in responding briefly and humorously referred to Barnaby Rudge and Grip and proposed the toast, 'The prophetic raven — who only spoke to posterity when he cried "never say die" to Barnaby Rudge.'

The speech of J. Thomas Stevenson was a very good example of the popular form of humor of the day. It was almost entirely made up of *puns*. Speaking of what the distinguished guest might hope to find in America he mentioned the following:

He will find our army a militia — never in camp, yet always '*intent*' upon duty!

He will find the cause of temperance advancing and every drunkard '*brandied*' with disgrace.

He will find no 'House of Lords' here; but most of us lords of houses and our '*Commons*' amply stored with '*provisions*' for the support of the '*constitution.*'

And if it be not too far-fetched, he may go to Carolina to study the '*rice*' of this great empire, and thence hasten to Niagara to contemplate its tremendous '*fall.*'

And he may be shocked by the ungrammatical assurance of those of us who are here to-night, that the present time is '*pastime*' and that we ought to '*parse*' the bottle without '*declining*' it.

And after a flight of real eloquence and sincerity he closed by saying, 'And he shall find how soon, in this country of rapid growths, the unpracticed talker can become a "*finished*" speaker.'

A few minutes later, after Franklin Dexter and George Bancroft had delivered stirring speeches, the distinguished President joined the ranks of the punsters in the following manner.

He introduced the Honorable Jonathan Chapman, Mayor of Boston, by telling of Mr. Pickwick's trip to Dingley Dell with Snodgrass and Winkle and the adventure with the horse which Mr. Pickwick had to lead most of the way; continuing, he said, 'Gentlemen, I will give you the horse that Mr. Pickwick could not get rid of and the "*Mayor*" [mare] that nobody ever wants to get rid of.'

And the Mayor on rising said, 'More than tongue can tell, sir, even if it had ages to "*wag in,*" am I obliged for the very complimentary character of the sentiment you have just announced.' And then the Mayor drove

on through a very witty and agreeable speech, in which he told of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller visiting the Mayor's office to beg that the people of Boston would not *extinguish* the editor of their papers. Mr. Pickwick said, 'I tremble when I hear of two dinners in one day and four suppers in one night. I fear you have designs upon his life, nay, that you mean to eat him up.'

At the close of this address Mr. Stevenson arose and said that 'in relation to the fears expressed by Mr. Pickwick, as reported by the Mayor, that the editor of the "Pickwick Papers" would be "*extinguished*" in America, he hoped that at any rate he would not be "*put out*" by anything that might take place on the present occasion.'

After this 'Joe' Field from the Tremont Theatre, he who had written 'Boz,' the play given in Dickens's honor the week before, sang this original comic song entitled 'The Wery Last Obserwation of Weller Senior':

Remember vot I says, Boz,
You're going to cross the sea;
A blessed vay avays, Boz,
To vild Amerikey.
A blessed set of savages
As books of travels tells,
No guv'ner's eye to watch you, Boz,
Not even Samivel's.

They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and
They'll eat you in New York!
Whenever caught, they'll play a bles-
Sed game of knife and fork.
There's prayers in Boston now that Cu-
Nard's biler may not burst
Because their savage hope it is,
Dear Boz, to *eat* you first.

Lord! how they gobbled 'Pickwick' — fate
  Which 'Oliver' befell!
And watering mouths met 'Nic' and 'Smike'
  And watering eyes as well.
Poor 'Nell' was not too tender, Boz,
  Nor ugly 'Quilp' too tough;
And 'Barnaby' — I'm blest if e'er
  I thinks they'll have enough.

I tell you what you does, Boz,
  Since go it seems you vill,
If you would not expose, Boz,
  Yourself their maws to fill.
Just 'Maryatt' and 'Trollope,' Boz,
  Vithin your pocket hem,
For blow me if I ever thinks
  They'll ever swallow them!

These two authors having both written critical books on America, the connection was greatly appreciated, and it is said that every line of the song was greeted with 'peals of laughter.' There were several more verses and Field must have been highly gratified at his reception.

Letters of regret were read from Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Dr. Channing, John Neal, William H. Prescott, and others, many eloquent and stirring speeches were made as the evening wore on, and in those pre-Volstead days the fun grew fast and furious, no doubt.

At 1 A.M. President Quincy announced his intention of 'retiring from the chair' and proposed the toast, 'A Speedy Return to Charles Dickens,' which of course was drunk with great enthusiasm. He then left the hall with Boz and very shortly thereafter the party broke up. It was but a step to the Tremont House, and no doubt several of the gentlemen escorted Boz to his hotel.

The dinner was fully reported in two Boston papers and was the talk of the town for days afterwards.

This selection from an unpublished letter, written by Washington Allston to Professor Cornelius C. Felton in May, 1842, gives the painter's views of the great occasion. Mrs. Eunice H. Felton, a daughter-in-law, now owns the original letter:

> . . . I am glad to hear that your health is restored. I have not seen you since the Dickens dinner. What a dinner, or rather coena, it was! How bright every face — and all with the *same* light — as if radiant with an effluence from *the Genius* of the banquet. You remember how feeble I was on the preceding morning. I then doubted if I were not preparing for a relapse; and I went to the Dinner *almost without legs;* but, strange to say, it seemed the next day as if I had as many as a centipede. Perhaps it was owing to my having imbibed the departed strength of a wine glass, whose leg I broke in applauding.
>
> I grieve to think that I shall, probably, never see Dickens again, as I hear that he does not return to Boston. I *took to him* instantly — and felt, though in so large an assemblage, as if I were talking to an old friend. How much more then should I have felt towards him, had we met in a snug circle — such as (I love to think of them) we were wont to meet at our friend, Longfellow's. The impression which Dickens left on me was a very *rare* one — that he was indeed worthy to be the author of his own Books.
>
> Believe me, my dear sir
> with sincere esteem and regard
> Yrs
>
> WASHINGTON ALLSTON
>
> Professor C. C. Felton

Another echo of the dinner is found in a letter which Longfellow wrote to Charles Sumner from Portland, February 18th, in which he said:

> I have seen John Neal. He thinks Bostonians made fools of themselves in the Dickens affair. I half agree with him. Tom Deblois said he looked eagerly for your speech at the dinner and wanted to know why you didn't make one. Everybody here thinks Hillard's speech the best made on the occasion, which shows their taste.

It was easy to criticise and even ridicule the enthusiastic reception given Dickens. It is done to-day by our modern satirists. That even those who participated in it felt some chagrin at their enthusiasm is evidenced in the fact that Josiah Quincy, Jr., did not include Dickens in his personal recollections of great characters he had met, and the biographers of Quincy, Sumner, or even Longfellow do not emphasize, and in some cases do not mention, their friendship for him. But what has happened since then? With the exception of Longfellow, all these men are slowly but surely fading into obscurity, while Dickens by some mysterious vital force remains the man that everybody knows.

Sometime, when we perhaps lift the veil of all mysteries, we may find that Dickens was far more than a writer, possibly some sort of Angelic Ambassador of Humor and Pathos, who, visiting this earth, left rich gifts in the shape of stories to forever entertain, cheer, and comfort mankind.

However, this is only a record of his days in Boston, and as the end of this day leaves him at the Tremont House around two o'clock of the next morning, it is perhaps safe to assume that Boz went to bed, quite illuminated with the spirit of Boston hospitality.

Wednesday, February 2d

Boz must have risen from his curtainless bed in 'the

cold gray dawn of the morning after' somewhat betimes, for he had on this day a most important breakfast engagement and in consequence the matutinal cup of tea was served in the Dickens suite rather early, in order that he might dispatch whatever business was necessary and be in time for this appointment.

Among the many letters of introduction written by friends in London that preceded the young author to Boston was one to Boston's eminent divine, Dr. William Ellery Channing — at this time retired from his work and in feeble health. There was no one in Boston whom Forster, Carlyle, and others of Dickens's English friends considered of greater importance than this minister of the Gospel whose fame was as great in England as it was in America.

He had been unable to call at the Tremont House with all the other prominent Bostonians, but on Friday, January 28th, had sent a note of welcome to Boz in which he spoke of the enthusiasm shown over his coming and said, 'It is no nonsense and no common feeling. It is all heart. There never was and never will be such a triumph.' And these words, written perhaps in answer to some criticism that may have been made on the famous Hill, were strictly true. There was never before, nor has there been since, any similar interest in a writer of stories, and in this note Dr. Channing joined the admiring host in asking Boz to have breakfast with him on Wednesday, February 2d, in his stately mansion at 83 Mount Vernon Street, a house still standing and of much the same appearance as on this winter's day in 1842.

The reader will remember that on Saturday, January 29th, Boz wrote Forster: 'Doctor Channing, I will tell

you more of after I have breakfasted alone with him next Wednesday.' Which statement was in itself proof enough to his London friends that the great preacher had extended an unusual courtesy to the English writer.

Dr. Channing, a Unitarian divine of great celebrity, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780, and died in Bennington, Vermont, October 2, 1842. Although a feeble constitution and liability to disease were great impediments throughout his professional career, he attained a permanent fame both as a powerful preacher and as a writer on theological subjects. He was an austere character and in preaching had a profound gravity and solemnity of manner. So it is not strange that, while there were others of the clergy at the Boz dinner of the night before, Dr. Channing himself sent this note of regret:

> GENTLEMEN: I thank you for your invitation to the dinner to be given to Mr. Dickens. I have many sympathies with you and with the gentlemen whom you represent, in regard to this distinguished writer, but it will not be in my power to accept your invitation.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> WILLIAM E. CHANNING
>
> To the Committee of Invitation.

The hour for breakfast to which guests were bidden in the forties was ten-thirty, and so at this time Boz, taking a cab from in front of the hotel, drove up Beacon Street, through Joy to Mount Vernon. Concerning the house at Number 83, it is well to read what Dr. Channing once said about this home — it rather expresses the man:

> I spend nothing on luxuries, amusements, shows. My food is the simplest, my clothes sometimes call for rebukes

> from my affectionate friends, not for their want of neatness but for their venerable age. But one indulgence I want—a good house open to the sun and air with apartments large enough for breathing freely and commanding something of earth and sky.

Leaving the carriage, Dickens proceeded through the gate, up the steps and walk to the door, and was soon seated opposite the great preacher deep in conversation over the somewhat formal breakfast table.

One cannot help wondering how this visit was possible how Dr. Channing and Boz could have found any common ground. How could this silent, retiring, ascetic minister and the gay, brilliant young author with a touch of 'Dick Swiveller' in him, possibly spend an hour in each other's society with pleasure or even comfort. Remember that Boz was passionately fond of the theatre and its people, and a 'hail fellow well met,' that he disliked and ridiculed 'lectures,' that he had just been given a great 'party,' and then read this from Dr. Chaning's pen: 'The passion for lectures continues and these and other pleasures have shut up our theatres almost entirely. I hope the next triumph of reason and civilization will be over great parties.' But these two did enjoy each other and more than one letter passed between them afterward.

What did they talk about? Of course, for one thing, the great dinner the night before with Dickens's enthusiastic description of the excellence of the speeches and special reference to men near to Dr. Channing in age and temperament, as President Quincy of Harvard and Washington Allston. Then, of course, a further discussion of the great enthusiasm over Dickens's visit,

followed by inquiry for those in London whom Dr. Channing knew, and of course a considerable discourse on the books that Boz had so far written and with which the older man was very conversant.

Boz must have impressed the Doctor most favorably, for afterward in an article on the young writer, he said:

> His sympathies are such as to recommend him in special manner to us. He seeks that class, in order to benefit them, with whom American institutions and laws sympathize most strongly, and it is in the passions, sufferings and virtues of the mass that he has found his subjects of most thrilling interest. He shows that life in its rudest form may wear a tragic grandeur, that amidst follies and excesses provoking laughter and scorn, the moral feelings do not wholly die.

And while Boz was breakfasting with the famous divine on Beacon Hill, across the Charles in Cambridge, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was writing in his diary his recollections of the night before:

> Feb. 1. The great Dickens Dinner. Josiah Quincy, Jr. presided and capitally. Excellent speeches. Hillard is fervid and interesting, though a little overdone as usual, yet eloquent and touching. Bancroft is heated, intense, striking, yet long winded and out of temper. Stevenson amusing. Edward G. Loring, commonplace in a very respectable and rather elevated way. Grattan decent. Mr. Quincy (Senior) very well indeed. Mr. Allston's toast went off famously. Dickens spoke excellently. I have never heard a speech that went off better. He speaks naturally, with a good voice, natural intonation and an ardent generous manner. It is the speaking of a man who is no orator, but says what he wishes to say in a manner natural and spontaneous and unpracticed. Grattan called me out. I thought it might happen and was partially prepared. The audience thought I was taken by surprise and I got more credit than I deserved.

On this same morning Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the youth whose diary has helped us so much in the reconstruction of these great days, was on his way in to Boston from Jamaica Plain to visit his brother Waldo's office in State Street, where, he wrote, 'I found Mr. Bradford talking about the Dickens dinner, which was delightful.' And down at Number 6 Congress Street the two shorthand reporters were at work in the office of the 'Advertiser' transcribing their notes and writing out the famous verbatim report of the speeches to be later printed in both the 'Advertiser' and 'Boston Post.'

How long Boz remained at Dr. Channing's we do not know, but it was a most pleasant visit marked with great cordiality on the part of the host and it proved the young author could adapt himself to the austere breakfast room of 83 Mount Vernon Street or to the easy-going greenroom of the Tremont Theatre with equal facility.

There can be found no record of the rest of the day or evening. It is, of course, more than probable that Grattan called to complete arrangements for the journey to the famous mill city of Lowell on the next day, and doubtless a letter of invitation from Mr. Samuel Lawrence, so prominent in those industries, was received in this afternoon's mail. There was the usual correspondence to go over, a sitting for Dexter, the sculptor, and for Alexander and a dinner party in the evening at some fortunate Bostonian's residence.

Putnam, the faithful secretary, going through the afternoon papers noted two interesting items for perusal by his busy employer. The first in the 'Boston Transcript' was a cynical little paragraph written by some

one who knew that many of the guests at the dinner the night before were far from young.

> Boz. A dinner was given to Mr. Dickens at Papanti's Hall last evening. It was quite a private affair. By the bye, what has become of the once much talked of dinner that it was said the '*young* men' proposed to give him?

The other item was in the 'Boston Daily Mail,' and was reprinted from the 'New York Journal of Commerce,' a specimen in doggerel of the criticism that was beginning to form, prompted by scorn of the genuine welcome that an enthusiastic people were giving an author they really loved. How that welcome and those heartfelt tributes were soon to be replaced by the New York mob with something very sad and painful to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens could not on this day be seen, but it was lurking just around the corner.

ADDRESS TO BOZ

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz;
  Already they begin.
They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz;
  They'll stuff thee to the chin.
They'll smother thee with victuals, Boz,
  With fish and flesh and chickens,
Our authorlings will bore thee, Boz,
  And hail thee 'Cousin Dickens.'
While ladies — spite their better half —
  Blue, yellow, foul and fair,
Will coax thee for thy autograph
  And likewise locks of hair.

Beware, Boz! Take care, Boz!
Of forming false conclusions,
Because a certain sort of folk
Do mete thee such obtusions!
For they are not the people, Boz,
These templars of the cork,

No more than a Church steeple, Boz,
Is Boston or New York.

It would naturally be the 'Daily Mail' that would feature this poem taken from the New York papers that had already referred to the Boston features of the Dickens reception as 'Darkeyisms.'

When Boz and Kate within the next few days met '*the people*' in the highly successful mob scenes enacted at the ball and dinner given in New York, their disillusion was complete and Boz determined to permit no more affairs to be perpetrated in their 'honor.'

Thursday, February 3d

On this day Boz elected to visit Lowell, the 'Manchester of America.' Every English visitor had made a pilgrimage to this famous city of spindles, and as Dickens's American trip was in many respects over the same road taken by others, of course Lowell came in for attention.

T. Colley Grattan accompanied him and they took the Tremont House bus early in the forenoon to the Boston and Lowell station. Their course lay from the hotel down Tremont Row and Court Street to Bowdoin Square; down Green Street to Staniford, Prospect, and to Lowell, where, near the water's edge, at the end of Lowell Street, was located the Lowell Railroad depot, a big plain brick building with no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty or elegance.

They boarded the 11 A.M. train, Mr. Grattan buying the tickets, which were sixty-five cents for the hour's run of twenty-six miles, and crossing the railroad bridge were soon steaming away toward Lowell. Now Boz, in

describing this train rather minutely in 'American Notes,' was not altogether complimentary; he stated that the cars were 'shabby omnibuses, etc.,' but in reality this little line of railroad was a masterpiece of construction, having a complete double track, laid on stone sleepers for the whole length of its course, and the equipment could not have been so very shabby, for the road was only seven years old in 1842 and improvements were continually being made.

This was the first railroad journey Dickens had taken in America and he spent some time in observing it. He noted the smoking-car, the ladies' car, the 'negro car.' He observed that the seats were placed crosswise in the car and there was a narrow aisle through the middle, a door at each end, and a coal stove in the centre of the car, which was always kept red-hot, much to the annoyance of the English passengers at least. He noted that the conductor wore no uniform and was extremely friendly and familiar with the passengers; that people talked to each other without waiting for an introduction, and if you were an Englishman rather bored you with their inquisitiveness; that women often travelled alone and were treated with the greatest politeness; that the passengers read newspapers and talked politics.

Looking out of the window as they went along, he was not impressed with the landscape and rather thought that they were passing through a pretty rough country, with stations in the woods where there seemed no real excuse for stopping, and he noted the arched signs over the highways that crossed the track, reading, 'When the Bell Rings, Look out for the Locomotive.' He wrote a very moving description of the finish of the ride as they at last came into Lowell.

As it was now twelve o'clock the 'gentleman in charge of one of the mills' — it was Samuel Lawrence himself who met the two travellers at the station and welcomed them to the city — took them to luncheon at the Washington Tavern whose walls and 'colonnades' seemed to Boz to have been made of cards, they were so new and light. It was a hasty meal, for we know that Boz was at the entrance of the Merrimack Mills just at one o'clock, and as he ascended the stairs he fell in with a great number of mill workers also on the stairs on their way to work.

Now Lowell was, in 1842, known as the 'Manchester of America' because of its great manufacturing interests, its many enormous factories, its thousands of employees, and Boz, who had visited Manchester many times, was familiar with the rank and file of mill employees in England and so was quite unprepared to meet the well-dressed, fresh-appearing young women who stared at him so curiously from the stairs of this great mill. They were not dressed up for the occasion, they had no idea that the great author was to honor them with a visit, but there they were, and he was astonished to find that these pretty young American girls were really factory workers, and that was as far as he ever got in writing his description of the great mills of Lowell.

He marvelled that these young women were so light-hearted and cheerful; that they lived in model boarding-houses; that there was a commodious hospital on a neighboring hill where they might go when ill or disabled and be cared for; that nine hundred and seventy-eight of those girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars

or twenty thousand English pounds, which is rather astonishing to us of to-day when we read that the average wage was around eight dollars a month and board; and that each girl had for Sunday a silk dress, a parasol, and silk stockings which they all put on for General Jackson's visit and would have donned for Boz with great enthusiasm if they had known he was coming and if he had arrived on a Sunday or holiday.

And then he was further astonished by three more surprising things. First: That many of the boarding-houses had a 'joint-stock' piano proving that they could play. Second: That nearly all the young ladies subscribed to *circulating libraries*, which of course proved that they could read, bless their hearts, and what's more they all had read all of Dickens's books, we may be sure. Third: That they had gotten up among themselves a monthly periodical called 'The Lowell Offering,' a repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed at the mills (and we might add employed twelve hours a day), which would compare very well with many 'English Annuals.'

He wrote that his readers in England would be *astonished* at factory workers having and doing such things; he touched rather reluctantly on the great contrast between this bright, happy, bustling New England mill town, with its contented, cheerful, well-educated operatives and 'those great haunts of desperate misery,' the English mill cities, and he begged all to do what they could to help to purge the latter of their 'sufferings and their dangers.'

Of course there were many men among the thousands at Lowell and there were great factories run by water

power, containing the most modern machinery for the making of woollen and cotton goods and carpets; but Boz was quite absorbed with the young women, their raiment, their flower pots in their factory windows, their joint-stock pianos, and their highly moral 'house organ,' 'The Lowell Offering.'

A word about this journal: It was started in 1841 and was at first merely the report of monthly meetings of a club of factory girls who met to discuss and study good literature, but the little magazine grew from a small hand-written report to quite a pretentious publication filled with prose and poetry of a highly moral tone. The pictures, when there were any, were woodcuts of Lowell churches, and as the 'offering' was about the size of a large hymn book, there were occasional words and music of hymns put in as an added attraction. The stories were often of farmers' daughters who left home, always under highly moral and commendable circumstances, to work in the mills at Lowell. The filial devotion and reverent respect shown for the wishes of the parents, especially of the father of the family, in these stories, seem strange indeed in our modern days of 'flapperism' and woman's complete emancipation.

But then the student of American history is continually astonished at the tremendous importance of fathers in the forties and that often mentioned 'parental tyranny' which they in some way seemed able to 'put across.' Of course it is not to be supposed that all the girls in Lowell contributed to 'The Lowell Offering' or even read its highly instructive and moral pages; there may even have been some who occasionally laughed at it.

'The Lowell Offering' brought out at least two famous

feminists, Harriet Farley and Lucy Larcom, who were first contributors to, and later editors of, the journal, and it was greatly praised by that famous English woman traveller who antedated Boz and whose book he used as a sort of guidebook on this trip, Harriet Martineau.

But one of the most astonishing things about this remarkable publication was that it made not the slightest mention of Mr. Dickens's visit to Lowell. A careful search of the complete file of the 'Offering,' now in the Boston Public Library, failed to reveal any allusion to the great author's call, which is hardly fair when he devoted so much of his book to the young women who contributed to that publication. The reason may be found in the fact that Boz was a writer of *novels* and 'The Lowell Offering' was a highly moral publication, but probably the gentle editress, whoever she was at this time, lacked a sense of news values.

Years have passed since then, and with the years New England has become European. To-day the great mill cities, including those same factories in Lowell, are perhaps not 'haunts of desperate misery,' but they are no longer the homes of fresh-faced, well-educated 'farmer-girl' operatives. The sons and daughters of the old country at the shuttles and spindles have wrought changes that are portentous in their significance.

With visits to the different mills, Dickens and Grattan completed the afternoon and took the half-past four train back to Boston.

It happened, of course, that Boz was recognized at once in the car and a loquacious Yankee 'got into conversation' with Mr. Grattan, taking occasion to tell him, in a loud voice, what kind of books of travel English

tourists should write on America. Boz says 'he feigned to fall asleep' during this conversation. It was just as well, for he had a very good idea as to the kind of books of American travel that would *sell* in England as did also Mr. Grattan, so he spent the time watching the sparks from the wood-fire of the engine, as they sped along toward Boston. At half-past five they crossed the railroad bridge into the city and roared into the big square station; where, leaving the 'cars,' they secured a cab and were soon driving through the gaslit streets to the Tremont House.

There was, of course, the day's mail to go over in the hour before dinner, and Putnam had it in order, so that it would require as little time as possible. Then followed the dinner — another typical Tremont feast served in the Dickens suite and then an evening at some Boston mansion where more of the elect were privileged to meet the young couple.

It may have been at Ticknor's at Beacon and Park Streets, it may have been at Hillard's, or the Alexanders may have entertained them. The most careful search has failed to find just where they went this evening.

Friday, February 4th

This was the day of the Longfellow breakfast at Craigie House, and therefore Kate had breakfast alone in the Dickens suite.

Putnam, the secretary, coming in to take up his morning duties, found Boz at work on his notes of the Lowell trip of the day before, and whatever of mail arriving in the morning was disposed of at this time probably over their tea.

The Boston visit was drawing to a close and many obligations, duties, and tasks were crowding into these final hours. Anne was beginning to pack, and no doubt there were callers that morning on both Boz and Kate, for the latter in her quiet way had made many friends in the few days she had been in Boston. After the letters and autographs and callers had been disposed of she doubtless helped array the young author in his usual magnificence for his trip to Cambridge.

At nine-thirty the genial Cornelius C. Felton called to escort the celebrated visitor to Cambridge and Craigie House. Boz met Felton downstairs in the office of the hotel, and leaving the hotel the two friends walked down Tremont Row to Court Street and to Bowdoin Square, where they took Morse's stage which in 1842 made hourly trips to Cambridge. The fare for his journey was twenty-five cents, and the driver, a burly, red-faced individual, was a character that must have appealed to Boz. Driving down Cambridge Street they crossed the Charles River over the old West Boston Bridge, continuing on through the open country until they reached the village of Cambridgeport, and, passing through that, went on past Dana Hill into the village of Old Cambridge.

Longfellow, then thirty-five years of age, fast taking his great place in the world's literary history, had a few years before gone to board at the house occupied by Mrs. Craigie on Brattle Street — in 1837, to be exact. At first, for a study, he occupied the front room on the second floor on the right, as one sees the house from the street, and the room just back of that for sleeping-quarters. This study was at one time

Washington's private room when this house was his headquarters.

Mrs. Craigie employed a farmer and his wife to look after her place, and the wife, an Amazon named Miriam, supplied the young professor-poet his meals. She was extremely religious and continually exhorted him to lead a Christian life, but charged such a high rate for his board that Felton named her 'Miriam the Profit-ess.'

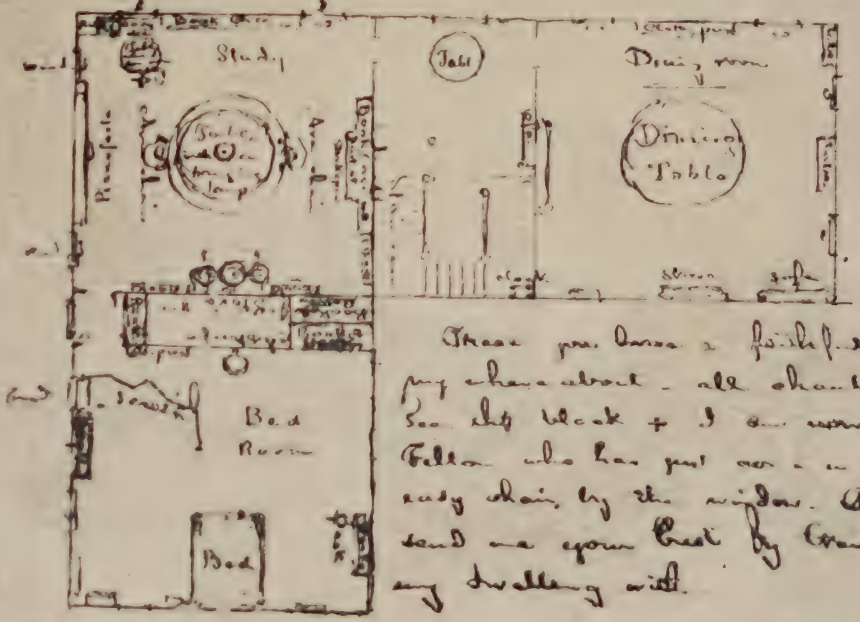
In a year or two Professor Longfellow prevailed upon his landlady to add the square room on the other corner of the house to his suite, and so in 1842 he was occupying the two front rooms on the second floor.

A plan of his quarters, drawn by him in a letter to his friend George W. Greene shows just how the rooms were furnished, and where so many close friends of Longfellow were entertained. Sumner, Hillard, Cleveland, and Felton made up the 'Five of Clubs,' as they called themselves in 1837. Some nights when the Cambridge mud was too thick or he stayed too late, Charles Sumner would decide not to return to his Hancock Street house in town, but would be put up by his friend the poet in these pleasant rooms. Here is where Longfellow lived and here he was waiting to receive Boz. Finally the stage, called in those days 'the hourly,' halted in Harvard Square and Boz and Felton disembarked in the midst of a crowd of students, for it was of course known that Boz was coming. They left the Square and walked up Brattle Street to the Craigie gate, where Longfellow and the other guest, Andrews Norton, were waiting.

Samuel Longfellow, in his life of the poet, has added this testimony:

Thus – I have achieved this important action, single handed and have drunk your health, and am now speaking a piece, and continuing the letter. In the volume I send you by Ewart you will find a sketch of the house I live in – The situation is delightful, having fields, and trees, all about it. I will now draw you a plan of it within; and if you will do the like in your next letter, you will be so pleasant, you know, as to draw off, and shew, I dream of it in Dreaming this.

Front



Thus you have a faithful picture of my chamber, all chambers where you see the black + I am now sitting, have I. Tell me who has put me – in – & sits in the easy chair by the window. Dear Fanny, you send me upon Trust by Comfort, to adorn my dwelling with.

> And when in 1842, young Charles Dickens came over from London, there was a bright little breakfast, at which Felton's mirthfulness and Andrews Norton's gravity did not in the least hinder the exuberant liveliness of the author of Pickwick.

There would be a full description of this memorable meal as well as accounts of all the meetings between Dickens and Longfellow during this famous fortnight if the poet had not, years later, destroyed his diary for 1842, because it held records of his courtship of Miss Frances Appleton — lines too precious for a curious public to pore over. And this was a tragedy of tragedies, for no matter how great Dickens, Sumner, Felton, and Longfellow afterward became, there is an irresistible charm in youth, and this diary undoubtedly held the complete details of those jovial days written by one who lived them.

We can imagine the hearty greetings, the boisterous fun of Boz and Felton, as the quartette trooped up the long broad walk and in through that famous and hospitable door. Longfellow took a few minutes to show Boz the lower part of the famous house that was Washington's headquarters when Britons were not welcomed quite so cordially.

The next steps were up the broad staircase to the landing where stands the tall clock which visitors at first believe must be 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' then another short flight and a turn to the right into the dining-room.

Once in this room the party was soon seated at the round table and the breakfast began, the giant 'Profitess' serving with all her magnificence, dressed in honor

of the famous guest. What was the conversation that flashed across the board? We know that Boz was not at all 'bookish' in his talk, unless perhaps it was about his own works. They must have conversed about the house, the view from the fine broad windows, Dickens's impressions of America and Boston, the young ladies of Lowell factories, and his future plans and activities. No doubt Boz mentioned the 'Village Blacksmith' which had just been published and we may be sure he praised his host's poems to the sky. There must have been much hilarity. Felton especially saw the humorous side of everything, and Boz and he had many experiences that were laughed over at this breakfast.

When it was over and Boz had been shown the rest of the famous house, Longfellow took him to the College buildings, and later in the College Library there was a little reception where many of the Cambridge people who were close to the college were privileged to meet the famous young author. We know this because in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's diary for February 5, 1842, is found this item:

> . . . Home and found them in great excitement at having seen Boz and actually shaken hands with him in the College Library after he had breakfasted with Mr. Longfellow, and I partook in the excitement. What a glorious thing it is for a whole nation to rise up and do homage to the genius of one young man.

It will be remembered that young Higginson was teaching school in Jamaica Plain and went home to Cambridge only on Saturdays.

At this impromptu reception in the College Library, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., met Boz again and had some

conversation of importance, for he was invited to call at the Tremont House on Saturday morning. This was probably about Dana's books in England. Boz was close to the publisher who was handling these, and he had already promised to help a friend of Prescott's who was looking for an English publisher. He was particularly eager to be of service to all these Boston friends.

Leaving Cambridge by the stage, Boz, possibly accompanied by Felton, hurried back to Boston and the Tremont House, where he had luncheon and in the afternoon he attended court. Of course it was natural that the author who had created Sergeant Buzfuz, Judge Stareleigh, and others in the famous Bardell vs. Pickwick Trial should attend a court session in America, and due notice of the event was printed in the Boston papers.

To do this he had only to rush down Tremont Row from the hotel and turn down Court Street a few steps to the Court House. The afternoon session of the Municipal Court furnished him with material enough for two pages in 'American Notes,' where the reader may find his surprise at the free-and-easy character of our court proceedings contrasted with the wigs and gowns of Old England. Giving this a scant fifteen minutes, he hurried back to the hotel to complete the final preparations for the journey that they were to take on the morrow.

If he chanced to take up a copy of the 'Boston Transcript' for this day he read this paragraph regarding the function so recently held in his honor, written evidently by a hungry editor.

> Dickens Dinner — This affair came off on Tuesday evening when about 180 participated in the profusion of

good things spread before them by Major Barton, than whom there is not a more princely caterer in America. *We believe there was not an editor in the city present.*

As he dashed into his suite, he took a few moments to add a little to his letter to Forster — for while the latter states that this letter bore the date of January 29th, which was the preceding Saturday, yet Boz says toward the close, 'I wonder whether you will remember that next Tuesday is my birthday! This letter will leave here that morning.' Proving, of course, that the letter was finished sometime after Tuesday, February 1st.

How did the Dickenses spend their last night in Boston? In all probability the 'truly great' had done their all in the matter of entertainments. The travellers were 'weary past all expression.'

Miss Wormely noted in her frank reminiscences, written years later, that while 'the personality of Boz was not altogether pleasing to the very refined and cultivated literary men and women of Boston at this period, they did their best to entertain him with consideration and hospitality. They were not sorry, however, to pass him on to New York, where a banquet which had been prepared with great elaboration was awaiting him.'

We can picture many callers during the evening – T. Colley Grattan coming in to be of service, if possible; Putnam, the secretary, most 'modest, obliging, silent, and willing,' attending to the final arrangements for leaving; Bancroft, the historian, calling to give necessary instructions as to where and how Boz and his party would meet Governor Davis on the next day, the Alexanders coming to say good-bye.

During the long years since '42, diaries, letters, hotel registers, notes, etc., have passed into oblivion that would have made this record absolutely complete and told the happenings of this last night; but at present records further than this are lacking. We will suppose that with their trunks and bags all in order for the morrow's journey, Kate and Anne retired to a needed rest. But just what farewells, festive toasts and good-wish ceremonies were given Boz by those friends whom he had grown to know so well, and how long into the night they lasted, history does not show and one can only imagine.

Saturday, February 5th

As Boz and Kate were at breakfast this morning, Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., called by appointment made the day before at Cambridge.

American writers with London publishers naturally wanted to know how their books were going in London and also to get more published. Dickens was certainly a 'friend at court,' and any word he might speak would have weight with any publisher in London. Moxon, the London publisher, had brought out both of Dana's books, and Boz was evidently to take some message to him from the young Boston writer. Kenyon had written Sumner in his letter regarding Dickens's proposed visit that he had 'seen Moxon, who reported that Dana's Sea Books were swimming famously.'

The entry in Dana's diary describes this visit and gives in a few words an analysis of Dickens's character that is unique. The forties were the age of diarists, but how much more they might have written! Let us hope

that individuals to-day who are enjoying the privilege of living with or near great characters may realize the importance of writing the record of days in detail. It doesn't matter how unimportant an item is to-day, it will grow with the generations yet unborn, for it is only by those intimate details that a great character can be fully known. What a human document would Kate Dickens's diary have made if she had religiously kept such a book, and how much more we might have known about the real Dickens!

This is what Richard H. Dana, Jr., recorded of his part in this day's doings:

> Feb. 5th. Called on Dickens at 10.30 A.M. by appointment as he leaves at once. He was at breakfast; sat down with him. He was very agreeable and full of life. He is the cleverest man I ever met. I mean he impresses you more with the alertness of his various powers. His forces are all light infantry and light cavalry and always in marching order. There are not many heavy pieces, but few sappers and miners, the scientific corps is deficient and I fear there is no Chaplain in the garrison.

All of which seems to prove that Boz was a charming young fellow who would have been quite as popular if he had lived in 1927 as any of our famous young geniuses of this day and age, and while he undoubtedly had a deep respect for the Church and religion, he did not make the outward show of it that was customary in the higher circles of Boston life in 1842.

Of Kate, who never seems to have got her just dues in the hundred and one 'Biographies of Dickens,' Dana says in the same paragraph: 'Mrs. Dickens appears to be an excellent woman. She is natural in her manners,

seems not at all elated by her new position, but rests upon a foundation of good sense and good feeling.'

Several other Bostonians noticed that Kate was quite calm and not at all excited by the Boston reception, but it may be that her experiences in her own home, where she continually entertained Carlyle, Thackeray, Macready, Forster, and other literary lions of London, prevented her from becoming too excited over Boston's celebrities.

She was, as Kenyon said, 'of a mild and unexacting nature,' and she appreciated deeply the kindnesses shown her. Years after, in writing to Mrs. Alexander after Dickens's death, she said, 'I have never forgotten yours and Mr. Alexander's many kindnesses to us in Boston.'

Whatever business Dana had with Dickens was doubtless transacted to the former's satisfaction and the two young men parted, probably about eleven-thirty. Grattan called and no doubt Sumner. Felton could not have done so, as he had gone on to Worcester ostensibly to visit friends, but one rather believes that it was part of his plan to join Boz again. Longfellow, being free from his classes at Harvard, of course called once more to say good-bye, and the Dickenses held a little farewell reception in the rooms they were so soon to vacate forever.

The luggage was all on the bus; the Dickens party was finally all dressed for travelling. The Dickens party descended the marble staircase for the last time. The entire management, including 'Jonas and the Deacon,' say farewell in the lobby of the hotel. Boz shakes hands in twenty-five seconds with twenty-five gentlemen who happen to be in the hotel and waves good-

bye to a hundred more — and, of a sudden, there is a mysterious loneliness in the hotel, a great personality has passed.

The Dickens party takes the Tremont House bus amid the vociferous good-byes of the crowd in the street, who shout their good wishes, and the Dickens party is whirled away up Tremont Street, down Winter and Summer Streets, through Kingston Street to the Worcester Railroad Station, where it disembarks in the midst of another crowd of enthusiasts and enters the waiting-room to find the Alexanders, who couldn't resist coming to see them off. Putnam hurries away to be sure the Dickens luggage is properly on the train.

In a short time the Governor's party arrives, made up of 'Honest John' Davis and Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, accompanied by a sister of Bancroft's, and soon the Dickens party becomes merged into the Governor's party and they all board the three o'clock train for Worcester. And Boz says good-bye to Boston, never to return the same frank, enthusiastic, young man.

As this quite up-to-date and well-equipped train rolls along, stopping at Brighton, Watertown, Natick, Framingham, Sherborn, and so on to Worcester, the crowds at every station surge in to get a look at Boz.

Felton wrote to Sumner regarding this trip as follows:

> It was understood along the line of railroad that Dickens was coming. Whenever the cars stopped, heads were impertinently thrust in the windows or doors, bawling out, 'Is Mr. Dickens here?'
>
> I am credibly informed that no less than six persons came within a hair's breadth of losing their heads by keeping them thrust in while the cars were in motion.

This afternoon train arrived at the old Foster Street Station in Worcester at about five o'clock, and the Governor's carriage was waiting to take the party to the Davis Mansion, which was built in 1835 and is still standing in its spacious grounds in Lincoln Street.

The 'Worcester Palladium' of Wednesday, February 9, 1842, thus chronicles his arrival:

> Boz, the author of Pickwick, etc., with his lady, came up from Boston on Saturday in the cars, with Governor Davis and passed the Sabbath with him. The Governor introduced his general friends to his guest Saturday evening and his particular friends on Sunday evening.

The Governor's 'general friends' proved to be a great crowd that packed the house on Saturday night and overflowed onto the spacious lawn. Boz was good nature personified, and not only shook hands with all inside, but from his chamber window made a speech to those assembled outside.

Professor Felton wrote Charles Sumner this account of some phases of the Worcester visit:

> Worcester has been in a paroxysm about the Dickenses. Governor Davis held a levee Saturday evening at which the aristocracy and the Learned Blacksmith were present. All were delighted, charmed, fascinated. One good lady enacted the part of Mrs. Nickleby to perfection, according to the account here current, and informed Mrs. Dickens that all her children, to the number of some eight or ten, were sick with the measles, describing all the symptoms and changes from the first day they were taken.

And we may be sure that Kate listened and made the lady feel quite at ease with true sympathy.

Felton writes so entertainingly of this and the next few days that we know the reader will gladly read ex-

tracts from the letters of this distinguished Bostonian, never before published:

> Sunday his Excellency gave a dinner to which he invited a few friends. In the course of the dinner Dickens observed that he had remarked a few instances of peculiarity of pronunciation among the Bostonians.
>
> 'Did they sound *hash?*' enquired the Executive.
>
> 'I beg your pardon, what did you say?' said Dickens.
>
> 'Did the Boston pronunciation sound *hash* to you?' repeated the Executive.
>
> 'Excuse me, but I do not understand your Excellency's question.'
>
> 'I asked,' persisted the Executive, 'if those peculiarities which you alluded to, sounded *hash* to your ears?'
>
> 'He means,' interposed *her* Excellency, 'to ask, if they grated upon your ears, if they were disagreeable to you?'
>
> 'Oh, I understand,' etc., etc.
>
> As you have such a good opinion of Yankee pronunciation, I thought you would be interested to hear that of the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth.
>
> On Sunday the Unitarian Church was crowded. Mr. Hill never had such an audience since he was ordained. Many people were, however, too cunning to be caught, and waited round the door until they found Dickens was not coming to church and then like sensible fellows went home again. It is hardly necessary to tell you, perhaps, that D. preferred a quiet walk after church time to a dull sermon. I dare say you would have done the same. . . . Give my love to Hillard and tell Mrs. H. I sincerely condole with her on the loss of Dickens's visit. I hope she has recovered her appetite and had her picture taken.
>
> Ever affectionately yours
>
> C. C. Felton

The Dickens party left Worcester on Monday and journeyed on to Hartford and New Haven, which they reached at 8 P.M., February 11th, and went to the Tontine Hotel. Professor Felton, who had reached New Haven that day, wrote Sumner as follows:

. . . Between 9 and 10 I called on Dickens, who had come down on the evening cars. The excitement in New Haven was immense. The Tontine Hotel was besieged by the whole population of the town. I sent up my card and he instantly requested me to come up. I took my friend Professor Woolsey.

He was glad to see me, gave me one of his mighty shakes and said he was as much delighted as if I had come from England.

People were pouring in, a constant stream introduced by a red-headed young Irishman who called himself the 'Lion-keeper,' much to the annoyance of the respectable citizens and their wives.

Woolsey and I stood aside as the whole host swept by. It was infinitely amusing. I saw much more of Dickens than any one else and was *very much* pleased with his manner and conversation and his cordial, hearty way.

The next morning we came down to New York together. We were nearly six hours and I had an interesting talk with Dickens and his wife. How much I enjoyed that passage — one of the most delightful passages in my life! How many good things he said! We had a Pickwickian luncheon, cold punch and bread and cheese, and how we drank the last bottle of porter and the last bottle of beer! How we got through the press of people at the landing! The Captain safely piloted Mrs. D. through the crowd, while I undertook to do the same for Mr. D. How the coachmen rushed to shake hands with him! . . . To-morrow I am going to take a stroll with Dickens over to Jersey City. The Committee of Arrangements have asked him not to show himself until the ball, so that the Knickerbockers may have a fresh sight of him that night. I shall go to the ball.

Tickets are selling for 45 to 50 dollars and now there are none to be had at any price.

I think people here are quite as enthusiastic as in Boston and the mania is spreading and intensifying. I don't know what it will end in. Some of the editors are abusing him for touching up the question of copyright. I regret that he has done so; it being done, his friends ought to defend him stoutly

. . . I saw Dickens a few minutes this morning — he was busy dictating to his scribe answers to some hundreds of invitations that have poured in upon him. He is already engaged every day of his stay here.

. . . The demand for Boz's works is almost as great as for Boz himself. All the booksellers' shops and circulating libraries have been overhauled and every copy eagerly seized upon.

One more fragment of a letter from Longfellow to Charles Sumner, written from New York, ends this chronicle:

April 26, 1842

My dear Charles:

I have been this evening to see a play called 'Boz.' It is a caricature on Dickens's reception here. Dickens is very well represented by Horncaster.

The best joke of the piece is the invitation from the members of the Engine Company to see a fire and the accompanying request to know whether he will have a single house burned or a whole block. He is also invited to see a steamer burst her boiler in the North River. I tried exceedingly hard to amuse myself, but found it rather dull.

DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON

The Second Visit

CHARLES DICKENS IN 1867

The Second Visit

TWENTY-FIVE years had passed when Dickens came again to Boston, this time to give a series of readings from his books, and so greatly had he changed that James T. Fields said, 'I sometimes think I must have known two individuals having the same name, at various periods of my own life.' The gay young dandy had become a careworn, middle-aged man, for in those twenty-five years much had happened.

His fame, of course, had grown, for he had toiled incessantly. Kate was not beside him this time, for they had parted. Some of his gaiety and enthusiasm had vanished with the years, but to the public he was still the great idol, the magician who had created so many wonderful characters that were like nextdoor neighbors.

Several new faces appear in this second visit.

First in importance, as being closest to Dickens, is George Dolby, the theatrical manager who was Dickens's agent and personal friend, working on a commission of the receipts, which accounts for some of the stringent laws laid down by him and observed rather too faithfully by the great author.

There was probably never a better business manager than Dolby, though his dictatorial manner occasionally ran him into difficulties. Mark Twain gives this pen picture of him, for he managed Mark in his London lectures some years later.

> Dolby was large and ruddy, full of life and strength and spirits, a tireless and energetic talker, and always

> overflowing with good nature and bursting with jollity — a gladsome gorilla. Dolby had been agent for Concerts and Theatres and Charles Dickens and all sorts of shows and attractions for years. He had known the human being in many respects and he didn't much believe in him.

Dolby was of the utmost aid to Dickens. He attended to every detail of business arrangements and found time to act as a sort of valet. He always assisted Dickens to the platform when he was ill and sat in the wings watching him, during his readings, with all the care of a nurse. Whenever his duties did not take him to other cities, he had his meals in the parlor of the suite with the author.

At Dickens's request, he had rushed over from England on the Cunarder Java, August 3d, had been royally entertained because he represented Dickens, had looked over the possibilities of a Dickens reading tour in America with the help of Fields, Osgood, and Ticknor, and had sailed home on the Cuba, September 11th, with a favorable report, which finally decided Dickens in favor of the project.

Dolby then sailed back again on the China on October 12th, having secured passage and fine quarters for Mr. Dickens, who was to follow him, November 9th, on the Cuba. It is recorded that on all these trips he was extremely popular with everybody and was the personification of a hustling, energetic showman. He managed the Dickens readings with all the pomp and circumstance of a Metropolitan Grand Opera Company.

Next, certainly, should he noted Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields. Mrs. Annie Fields, the charming young wife of the publisher, was Dickens's greatest admirer and closest friend among the women that he knew in America.

She repeatedly decorated his rooms at the Parker House with flowers, gave dinners and parties in his honor, and with her husband did all she could to make his stay in Boston pleasant.

Then there was Osgood, Fields's partner in the publishing business, who represented Ticknor and Fields in the Dickens readings and accompanied the author on most of his tour. Many of the friends he had made on his first visit were still here to greet him, and one of the greatest of these, Henry W. Longfellow, wrote in his diary on Monday, November 18, 1867:

> After the snow of last night there was a bleak west wind. I saw great crowds waiting, in line, outside of Ticknor and Fields at Tremont Street, to buy tickets for Dickens's readings. Dickens himself being expected to-morrow, as the steamer was at Halifax on this day.

It is difficult in 1927 to understand this enthusiasm over a writer, but when we consider that in 1867 every one read Dickens, had done so for years, and that all were perfectly familiar with every one of his books, and especially so with the selections he was advertised to read; that very few had ever seen the author, and that here was an opportunity to hear these beloved and familiar things, like the 'Christmas Carol' and the 'Trial from Pickwick' read by Dickens himself — it was an irresistible combination.

While Longfellow was walking past the crowd on Tremont Street, Mrs. Fields had come over from Charles Street and was busily at work adorning the rooms reserved for Dickens at the Parker House with flowers and filling a bookcase with a little collection of fine books from Ticknor and Fields's. Dolby, the tireless manager,

was rushing about arranging a committee to go down the harbor on the following day to meet the chief. Judge Russell, Collector of the Port of Boston, was to be one of the party, for he had offered the custom-house tug Hamblen, whose commander was Captain Dolliver. Of course James T. Fields was included, and Dolby asked Howard Ticknor and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He stocked the Hamblen with a collation and champagne with which it was planned to drink Mr. Dickens's health and a welcome to America when they had taken him off the Cunarder at some point in Boston Harbor.

And down at the old 'Traveller' office, in Newspaper Row, 'Charley' Taylor, who was later to build the 'Boston Globe' into a great newspaper, was planning how he was going to write his story of Dickens's arrival for the 'New York Tribune'; he being at that time the Boston correspondent of Horace Greeley's great journal.

Tuesday, November 19, 1867

Charles H. Taylor was, at twenty-two, the most talented and they say the best-paid reporter in Boston. He covered the great man's arrival, which he was thrilled to do, for Dickens was always his favorite author. It is said that every year of his long and eventful life he read several of Dickens's books. Here is the first dispatch he sent to the 'Tribune' on this day:

ARRIVAL OF CUBA WITH CHARLES DICKENS ON BOARD

Boston, Mass., Nov. 19. The steamship Cuba is signalled and will be up at 8½ o'clock this evening. Mr. James T. Fields and a few other gentlemen proceeded below this afternoon in a steam tug to receive Mr. Dickens,

CHARLES H. TAYLOR AT 22

who is a passenger by the Cuba, intending to bring him up to the city in a tug.

The Cuba was due at three o'clock in the afternoon, but she was not sighted all the afternoon and early evening, and the custom-house steam tug Hamblen returned to her wharf, only to put out again immediately at the news that the overdue Cunarder was coming up the harbor.

As the Cuba passed, the Hamblen endeavored to signal her to stop, with the result here copied from Dolby's own account in 'Charles Dickens as I Knew Him':

> Whether Captain Stone was in a hurry to make up for lost time in the only half-mile he had yet to run before getting to his wharf or not, I cannot say, but he disregarded the signals of the customs boat and went along as if he were going to run Boston down. Away we went puffing after him and making the harbour hideous by the shrieks of the Hamblen's whistle, all to no avail. The big ship looked like a floating village, with all her port-holes lighted up, and owing to her superior speed we had fears that we should not be able to board her after all, and so release Mr. Dickens before the Cuba got to her wharf.

And astute Mr. Dolby was extremely anxious to see that the 'Chief' got to his hotel quietly and without undue publicity until they could ascertain just what the temper of the American public was to be. Englishman that he was, he feared that some crank, who remembered 'American Notes,' might create a disturbance which would get into the papers and work havoc with his roseate prospects and plans. The danger was, of course, non-existent, but Dolby was a manager of managers. He continues:

Fortune however favored us, to the inconvenience of Captain Stone and his passengers, inasmuch as when he did slacken speed, and was within fifty yards of the wharf, the Cuba took a fancy to a mudbank and there she stuck for some hours! The passengers having to remain on board all night, much to the discomfort of their friends on the wharf, who were really within hailing distance of them.

As we came alongside the Cuba at last, I heard the old familiar voice calling me by name. Here was really my old Chief, who had an idea in his head, as he afterwards said, that 'Dolby will pick me up from a pilot boat, or some other impossible place between Halifax and Boston.' The Cuba was snorting and blowing off steam, backing and trying all she knew to get off the soft mud bed in which she was resting, and in all the confusion it seemed a lifetime before the plank was lowered, to enable me and our friends to get on board of her. At last all was right, and I had the unspeakable delight of being once more face to face after a hearty greeting, with the best and dearest friend man ever had.

There is a fascination in reading the various reports of an event as set forth by different participants, and so here is the way James T. Fields remembered the scene in his 'Yesterdays with Authors':

On a blustering evening in November, 1867, Dickens arrived in Boston Harbor, on his second visit to America. A few of his friends, under the guidance of the Collector of the Port, steamed down in the custom-house boat to welcome him. It was pitch dark before we sighted the Cuba and ran alongside. The great steamer stopped for a few minutes to take us on board and Dickens's cheery voice greeted me before I had time to distinguish him on the deck of the vessel.

Mr. Dolby goes on with the account:

Then the party left the ship for the quiet wharf, where a carriage had been waiting for some hours. Arrived at

> the Parker House Hotel, there was a perfect ovation awaiting Mr. Dickens, for the news had spread to the city, and the disappointed ones on the wharf, having heard that Mr. Dickens had given them the slip, ran or drove to the Parker House, so as to catch a glimpse of him as he entered his hotel. Mr. Parker and Mr. Mills (the proprietors of the hotel) were there, as were also all the notabilities of Boston, besides the ordinary crowd to be found in a large American hotel in the evening. Through such a crowd as this Mr. Dickens made his way, escorted by his friends, to his apartments, which being in a quiet corner (high up) of the hotel, gave him immense satisfaction.

Here is 'Charley' Taylor's 'New York Tribune' account of the landing and the scene at Parker's when Dickens arrived — somewhat different from Mr. Dolby's very colorful story.

> The Cuba did not reach the city until 8½ P.M. and in attempting to enter the dock was swept down the stream and grounded on a mud bank within about 50 feet of her dock. The mails and a portion of the passengers were taken off in a steam tug. Mr. Dickens landed at 9½ o'clock and with a few friends immediately proceeded to the Parker House where apartments had been engaged. He appeared in good health and spirits. The lateness of the hour prevented any demonstration on the part of his friends.

Of course that genial landlord, Harvey D. Parker, was at the door to welcome the great author, for he was one of the last of the Boston hotel proprietors to greet each arrival personally. To the last day of his life Mr. Parker, who had by his own efforts risen from a humble waiter to be owner of a restaurant on Court Street, and finally the proprietor of Boston's finest hotel, was most proud of the fact that Charles Dickens was once his guest.

Mr. Dolby continues:

> Messrs. Parker and Mills had provided an excellent supper, which, albeit it was the second most of us had partaken of that evening, was enjoyed immensely, and at an early hour our guests retired leaving my Chief and myself alone to discuss matters over a tumbler of the old brew of punch and a cigar.
>
> He had been annoyed at supper by the waiters leaving the door of the sitting-room partially open, that the promenaders in the corridor of the hotel might take a peep at him, whilst he was sitting at table.
>
> This curiosity made an unpleasant impression in his mind and caused him to regret that he had not adhered to his original determination never to visit America again; for he said, 'These people have not in the least changed during the last five and twenty years — they are doing now exactly what they were doing then.'

Rather a slight affair to cause such keen 'regret.'

There are many parts of Dickens's later letters home that show no such annoyance at the admiration of the people. If ever man loved the applause and adulation of the public, certainly Dickens did, and it was distinctly to his financial advantage that 'these people had not in the least changed during the last five and twenty years,' even if he had.

The clever manager was able to show his 'Chief' that every ticket for his first Boston readings had been sold and that their prospects appeared even brighter than they had hoped. So the tired traveller, cheered and refreshed by the golden promise of success, retired to the little bedchamber just off the parlor and Dolby to his room, which also opened on the Dickens suite, in order that he might always be near at hand.

Did Boz remember, as he lay in the gloom of that little chamber, that other first night in Boston when with young Lord Mulgrave he had gone for a midnight ramble about the moonlit streets before retiring and had on his way back to the Tremont House passed the very spot where he was now staying? Did he think of his young wife, bonny Kate, who had laughed with him over the curtainless windows of their rooms in the old Tremont House and the wardrobe that they thought at first was a shower bath? Perhaps — who knows?

Wednesday, November 20th

Dickens began the day with breakfast with Dolby in the Dickens parlor and then a walk about the town with that energetic individual, looking in at the Tremont Temple which was to be the scene of his readings and where twenty-five years before he had attended a special theatre party, and had made his first speech in America in presenting the plate to Captain Hewitt. From there on around the streets they went, noting the changes that a quarter of a century had made, until at noon they were back at Parker's.

Tender memories linger in the hearts of every man or woman who can remember the grand days of the old Parker House. The original part was built in 1855 by Harvey D. Parker, who had succeeded enormously in a cellar restaurant beneath the building at the corner of Court Street and Court Square. Just before Dickens's arrival 'the new part' continuing down School Street was added, and so as a special honor it may be supposed he was given a corner suite in the newer part.

All along the School Street side were rooms nearly

always occupied by celebrities of national and international fame.

The great tragedienne, Charlotte Cushman, is said to have later occupied the very rooms that Dickens now had. The operatic star, Clara Louise Kellogg, a guest Mr. Parker especially delighted to honor, always had a suite on the School Street side when she sang in Boston. Edwin Booth lived here. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelina Patti, Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, Ada Rehan, John McCullough, 'Dundreary' Sothern and his distinguished son Edward, Richard Mansfield, Barry Sullivan, all came and occupied rooms along this celebrity row, while eight days before the great tragedy John Wilkes Booth flitted in and out of the hotel, leaving a word here and there with men and women who were never to forget.

Years after came the taciturn President Grant with several of his Cabinet, and a dinner was given to him in the Crystal Room where so many great men in political life were to gather.

All the glory of personage that had been the proud boast of the Tremont House twenty-five years before had crossed the street to Parker's, and so it was to Parker's that Dickens went, although the Tremont stood ready to welcome him with all its old-time hospitality. He might easily have had his old rooms there, rooms filled with memories of his early happy married life, but he didn't want them. As he and Dolby walked down the street, he must have pointed out the good gray old hotel to his companion as they passed by on the other side.

Back in his rooms he had luncheon, and then spent

PARLOR OF DICKENS'S SUITE AT PARKER'S, SHOWING DOOR TO DOLBY'S ROOM

some hours settling himself into quarters that he was to occupy for several days and in beginning letters back home. Early in the afternoon we know that Longfellow called, for this item is found in the poet's diary:

> November 20th: On my way to dine with Holmes, stopped at the Parker House to see Dickens, where I found him well and most cordial. It was right pleasant to see him again after so many years, twenty-five! He looks somewhat older, but as elastic and quick in his movements as ever.

Dickens refers to this pleasant visit in his letters, and both must have thought of the many changes that those twenty-five years had wrought. In 1842 Dickens had met Miss Appleton whom Longfellow married in the following year and whose tragic death had so aged the great poet; and when Longfellow had called at the Tremont House twenty-five years before, Catherine Dickens, young and attractive, had been with her famous husband. To-day he was alone, and instead of a parlor crowded with enthusiastic visitors eager to welcome the great novelist to Boston, a servant outside the door admitted only those who had a special claim to admission. That a great many devoted admirers of Dickens were denied this privilege there can be no doubt.

One of the most famous of American women writers, whose name has been for years a household word, whose old home is to-day the mecca for thousands of young girls, and who was one of the greatest of Dickens lovers, and as a girl continually acted in little dramatizations she made from his books, kept a diary most of her life. There are enthusiastic references to him up to

November, 1867, but thereafter no mention even of his readings. Did this ardent, sensitive young genius, who in the following May was to begin the book that brought her lasting fame, try for a word with Dickens only to be repulsed by his manager?

Longfellow, leaving, went on to the dinner at Holmes's and found that besides himself there had been bidden Agassiz and Emerson. So there was much discussion of Dickens, and later in the afternoon all four of these famous Bostonians walked up to the Parker House and up the stairs to Number 338, where the sentinel at the door must have been somewhat disturbed until he was convinced of their fitness to enter.

Dickens was delighted to see them, and Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, who was the brother-in-law of Professor Cornelius Conway Felton, had to answer many questions about that boon companion of Boz in the glorious visit of 1842, who, alas, was not here to come storming in to see his old friend. He had passed away in 1862, two years after having been inaugurated President of Harvard University, and while Dickens was achieving new laurels in England as a reader.

Holmes must have welcomed the new arrival with his genial, sparkling wit, but Emerson, courtly and dignified, was quiet and reserved, for it is safe to say that, although a great admirer, he never became quite so enthusiastic over Dickens as did the rest of his Boston friends.

After they had gone, dinner was served in the parlor of the suite, with Dolby, as usual, his companion, and Harvey Parker took great care to see that the finest of fare went up to Number 338.

Alexander Corbett, writing in the 'Boston Globe,' November 22, 1925, has said:

> People, not familiar with hotel life in the old days, used to speak with bated breath of the five thousand dollars a year salary Mr. Parker paid his French chef Sanizan, but Sanizan was an artist. His mayonnaise, venison-chop sauce, and tomato soup were not only famous at the hotel, but were shipped in bottles and cans as far west as Chicago for home use, and under his direction beef and large fowl were roasted before a charcoal-burning grate on an automatically revolving spit, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth. Parker House rolls, made soon after the hotel was built by a German cook named Ward, were long famous throughout the Nation. Besides the rolls used in the hotel one hundred dozen were daily shipped to Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities until Philadelphia, after the Centennial Exposition of 1876, retaliated by sending to Boston Vienna rolls.

Dickens was destined to enjoy very little of this celebrated fare, for within a week he contracted a cold which never left him throughout his American visit and robbed him of whatever joy of appetite he may have had; but the robust Dolby did full justice, it may be imagined, to every dish that Sanizan created for the famous visitor. So also did the many guests that Dickens with his ample hospitality invited to dine with him, either in the pleasant corner parlor of his suite or in one of the several private dining-rooms that faced School Street on the first floor.

Harvey Parker assigned a private waiter to Dickens's service, who served all his meals and alternated with one of Dickens's own theatrical staff in standing, or rather sitting, sentinel outside the door of the suite and keeping visitors at bay.

Mr. Corbett, of the 'Globe,' writes interestingly regarding the waiters at Parker's.

> Although Mr. Parker had waiters of many races, Irish, English, Scotch, German, Italian, Portuguese, and Greek, he preferred Irishmen to all others. They made the service at Parker's the best possible and knew the tastes of their patrons from various sections of the Nation, patrons who often said that they found a more agreeable home at Parker's than at any other hotel. The head waiters were invariably Irish.

It would have helped immeasurably if that private waiter who was assigned to Number 338 could have been found and interviewed during the preparation of these pages, but he had passed on with all that colorful procession of varied personalities that thronged the marble halls of Parker's.

At this dinner Dolby probably outlined to the 'Chief' his plans for coming days. He was well aware of the fact that Dickens was none too strong, and he had determined that the public should be kept at arm's length or even farther away. If his star should be taken ill, Dolby the showman realized that there was no understudy, but there was a deeper bond between the two men. Dolby, at first taken on in England as simply a manager and ticket-taker, had during the later English readings come to be an intimate friend. Dickens, loving the theatre, always more than half actor, found real delight in Dolby's theatrical personality, and during the seasons they had been together he had come to rely wholly on Dolby's judgment and direction.

As it turned out, disaster did nearly overtake them, sickness, a notably severe winter, and other troubles

were ahead, but Dolby's devotion was to help Dickens to weather the worst of these and to come through.

It was decided that there was to be no repetition of the 1842 round of receptions, etc., and that Dickens, while he desired to renew old friendships, was to make no new ones. While it is probably true that he wrote his highly critical 'American Notes' in 1842 to please the English readers, the storm of abuse that was hurled at him by the press of this side had filled him with a resentment that settled into a permanent dislike for some of our institutions. And, while millions of people here never remembered the 'Notes,' if indeed they ever read them, some editors saw fit to drag that rather dull volume out again and to attempt, in a half-humorous way, to make copy from it. 'Harper's Weekly,' for instance, published a cartoon in which Dickens and Dolby are shown inside their rooms at the Parker House while a throng of characters from 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' are trying to make a call on the author, and Dickens is exclaiming, 'Tell them I'm not at home!' to Dolby as he peers through the keyhole.

At any rate, Dolby had mapped out with the aid of James T. Fields a very complete and workable programme and Dickens agreed with it as a matter of course.

Dinner and the business conference being over, the two sat for a little while before the fire, talking of home, of the London stage, and quite likely of the prospects of the play 'No Thoroughfare' which Dickens and Wilkie Collins had just completed and which he had brought over with him hoping to secure an American production.

Thursday, November 21st

He was well settled in his rooms by this time and during the day he wrote a charming letter to his eldest daughter which is of great interest, as it describes in his own words the hotel and Boston as well:

I arrived here on Tuesday night, after a very slow passage from Halifax against head winds. All the tickets for the first four readings (all yet announced) were sold immediately on their being issued.

You know that I begin on the 2d of December with the 'Carol' and 'Trial'? Shall be heartily glad to begin to count the readings off.

This is an immense hotel, with all manner of white marble public passages and public rooms. I live in a corner, high up, and have a hot and cold bath in my bedroom (connecting with the sitting-room) and comforts not in existence when I was here before. The cost of living is enormous, but happily we can afford it. I dine today with Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Agassiz. Longfellow was here yesterday. Perfectly white in hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and notable-looking man.

The city has increased enormously in five and twenty years. It has grown more mercantile — is like Leeds mixed with Preston and flavored with New Brighton; but for smoke and fog you substitute an exquisitely bright light air. I found my rooms beautifully decorated (by Mrs. Fields) with choice flowers and set off by a number of good books. I am not much persecuted by people in general, as Dolby has happily made up his mind that the less I am exhibited for nothing the better. So our men sit outside the room door and wrestle with mankind.

We had speech-making and singing in the saloon of the Cuba after the last dinner of the voyage. I think I have acquired a higher reputation from drawing out the captain, and getting him to take the second in 'All's Well,' and likewise in 'There's not in the wide world' (your parent taking first), than from anything previously

known of me on these shores. I hope the effect of these achievements may not dim the lustre of the readings. We also sang (with a Chicago lady, and a strong-minded woman from I don't know where) 'Auld Lang Syne,' with a tender melancholy, expressive of having all four been united from our cradles. The more dismal we were, the more delighted the company were. Once (when we paddled i' the burn) the captain took a little cruise round the compass on his own account, touching at the 'Canadian Boat Song,' and taking in supplies at 'Jubilate,' 'Seas between us braid ha' roared,' and roared like the seas themselves. Finally, I proposed the ladies in a speech that convulsed the stewards, and we closed with a brilliant success. But when you dine with Mr. Forster, ask him to read to you how we got on at church in a heavy sea. Hillard has just been in and sent his love 'to those dear girls.' He has grown much older. He is now District Attorney of the State of Massachusetts, which is a very good office. Best love to your aunt and Katie, and Charley and all his house, and all friends.

George Hillard, who called while he was writing this letter, had been one of the principal speakers at the Boz dinner at Papanti's Hall in 1842. He was Charles Sumner's law partner and had been one of that enthusiastic group of young men who had done so much to entertain Boz on his first visit. It will be seen that Dickens was always at home to these men whom he met during his former visit, which proves again how pleasant his first visit to Boston had been.

Late in the afternoon, James T. Fields called for him and they walked up Beacon Street from Parker's over Beacon Hill, through Louisburg Square and down Pinckney Street, and, turning to the right on Charles, walked a few blocks and crossed over to Fields's house, which was situated where a large garage now stands, somewhat near the bridge.

This was Number 148, a brick house with stone trimmings, high-set and bare, in a row of similar houses, so near the street that the mud in the spring was occasionally splashed across the narrow sidewalk and up against the doors and windows. On this night there were probably piles of snow before the door. But no matter how cold and dark the street, within the house all was warmth, gaiety, and joy, and as they entered Mrs. Fields came forward to greet them. That delightful hostess, whom Dickens said 'had a rare relish for humor and a most contagious laugh,' soon led the famous guest into the drawing-room that faced on the Charles River, and in this spacious and beautiful room were waiting Agassiz, Emerson, Judge Hoar, Holmes, Norton, Greene, and Longfellow to welcome Dickens.

As the proud young hostess presented him to this group of friends, his portrait, painted by Alexander twenty-five years before, looked down from the wall; for the devoted Fieldses had found it — the canvas cut from its original stretcher — rolled up on a stick in the loft of a house on Pinckney Street, where Alexander once had his studio. With loving care they had reclaimed the painting, had it restored and framed, and it hung for many years in the drawing-room of the famous house that entertained so many celebrated guests.

Mrs. Fields wrote in her diary a most complete account of this dinner, which appears in the book 'Memories of a Hostess' compiled by Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. In this she says that Dickens sat on her right at dinner and was most entertaining and full of fun, giving imitations of Carlyle as well as of the seasick curate trying to read the service on the Cuba the pre-

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS
From a crayon by Rowse drawn in 1867

ceding Sunday. He also told of burning all his private letters the year before, and he must have mentioned to Agassiz that all of Felton's letters to him were included in that conflagration. When the laughter at some remark of his was at its height, he suddenly rose, seized Mrs. Fields by the hand, and said good-night. The reason for this sudden departure was that Dolby was waiting to see him at the Parker House before he took the night train for New York to attend to the preliminary details of the ticket sales which were to start on November 29th and 30th. But abrupt though he was in leaving, it caused no comment, for to Dickens's Boston friends anything he did was above criticism.

The other guests, leaving afterward, took their several ways. It was said that on these late evenings Emerson and Judge Hoar took a train from the Lowell depot for Waltham, from whence the Judge drove them home to Concord in his capacious buggy, which procedure must have kept the Sage of Concord up rather scandalously late. Holmes had not so far to go, but if they sat as late as they sometimes did at Fields's and the Cambridge horse cars had stopped running, Agassiz, Norton, Greene, and Longfellow probably walked out to Cambridge. When he finally reached his study, the poet made this brief entry in his diary:

> Thursday, 21. Dined with Fields. A dinner of welcome for Dickens. Guests to meet him — Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Judge Hoar, Norton, Greene, and myself, a beautiful dinner.

And at the Parker House, the great author, following his conference with Dolby, went to bed, rather out of sorts to think that he had not planned to start his read-

ings sooner. He longed to be at work, for any sort of inaction was always a sort of torment to Dickens.

Friday, November 22d

We know for a certainty that Mr. Dickens had all his meals in the sitting-room of his suite at Parker's, so this morning he breakfasted there alone at about nine-thirty; after which he started his daily rehearsal of the parts he was to read in Boston. There was a great mirror framed in decorated black walnut on one side of the parlor, and before this mirror he went over and over the lines and business of his wonderful impersonations.

There were also letters to begin and a general arranging of his effects in his new quarters that lasted until noon, when after a light luncheon he started out for his daily constitutional. For this appearance he was carefully dressed in the following manner: Light trousers with a broad stripe down the side, a brown coat bound with wide braid of a darker shade and faced with velvet, a flowered fancy vest with what has since become known as a 'Dickens watch chain,' which was of heavy twisted gold links hooked by a bar into a vest button and parting to go to both the left and right pockets, with a large 'charm' of a locket pattern depending down the centre. A sort of four-in-hand necktie secured with a jewelled ring and a loose kimona-like topcoat with wide sleeves and the lapels heavily embroidered, a silk hat, and very light yellow gloves completed the costume. The manner of taking his leave of the Parker House was something like this: He came down the back stairs from the third floor and marched directly through the lobby and out the School Street entrance, Dolby, when he

could be in Boston, covering his retreat by instantly pouncing upon any stranger who presumed to rush up and speak to the great author.

Once out upon Beacon Street there were no crowds to follow him as in 1842, but he attracted much attention, for he wrote home: 'If I stop to look in at a shop-window a score of passers-by stop.'

On this day he was accompanied by his friend and publisher, Mr. James T. Fields, and they walked down Beacon to Charles, around Charles to the bridge, and over that to Cambridgeport and to Cambridge and to Craigie House: over the same route that he had taken with Felton twenty-five years before. What was open country then was now largely built up. Dickens was always trying to recognize scenes in this New America, but without much success.

It was late in the afternoon when Fields and Dickens reached Longfellow's house and they found quite a party of friends waiting to greet them.

Longfellow's diary for this day reads:

> Evening, Dickens came out to a little supper. Had to meet him Darley, Lowell, Fields, Howells, Uncle Sam, and E. W. L. It was very pleasant and satisfactory.

Of this party F. O. C. Darley was the artist who was soon to illustrate a new set of Dickens's works; James Russell Lowell, who had been chairman of the Boz dinner committee in 1842 and was now thoroughly established as an author; W. D. Howells, who had but recently joined the staff of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' as assistant editor to Mr. Fields; Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, and Ernest W. Longfellow his son, a young artist, then only twenty-two years of age.

It must have been a pleasant evening for this young man, this fine opportunity to meet the great author, who it is certain was most cordial to his friend's son, for he had sons of his own and a real fondness for young people. He took a real interest in the young artist's career and doubtless saw some of his sketches and paintings, for his pictures hung on the walls of those rooms then as they do to-day. Ernest also had opportunity this evening to talk with Darley, then forty-five years old, and famous as an illustrator. How they must have discussed art and mediums and theories while the others talked of books!

This time the supper was not served in the upstairs room, for now Longfellow owned Craigie House and occupied it all, so the guests passed from the study, on the wall of which a portrait of his friend of '42, Cornelius Conway Felton, looked down, through the historic hall to the dining-room. In these rooms Felton's laughter had mingled with his own twenty-five years before. Around the study hung portraits in crayon, made by Eastman Johnson, of Longfellow, Sumner, and Felton in the early forties, and these must also have carried Dickens back in memory to his first visit to Craigie House.

There must have been much in the conversation around the board of those earlier days and not a little of book news of London for the benefit of Howells, who thus had his first meeting with Dickens.

Dickens, Fields, and Howells walked back to Boston, not because Mr. Howells was an eager pedestrian, but because C. D. absolutely believed that he should get in eight to ten miles every day and Fields accompanied

JAMES T. FIELDS

him whenever possible. There have been those since that time who have advanced the theory that Dickens walked himself to death. Certainly he died years before he should and certainly he was the most violent of pedestrians. He believed that extreme mental effort should be attended with extreme physical effort and that if taken in equal quantities perfect health would ensue; therefore, although suffering all this winter from a very troublesome influenza, he continually indulged in these strenuous walks, frequently in the most severe weather.

Probably both of his companions accompanied him to the Parker House, where, it now being late, he quite promptly went to bed. Fields and Howells, discussing their famous guest, walked up Beacon and through Joy down Mount Vernon Street to Howells's home near the corner of Louisburg Square, where he said good-night, leaving the genial Fields to go on alone down Pinckney Street, around into Charles and back to his own home. As he passed down the steep and narrow sidewalk past 84 Pinckney, he may, glancing up, have seen the midnight oil burning in the bay window of the room where Thomas Bailey Aldrich was writing 'The Story of a Bad Boy.'

Saturday, November 23d

Breakfast in the sitting-room of his suite and some hours devoted to study and writing consumed the morning — and at noon after luncheon Dickens sallied out on his daily walk with Fields. On this day the 'press work' from the Parker House first made its appearance in the daily press.

These notices were no doubt given out by Mr. Dolby and written by the reporters who haunted the Parker House for news. It is conceivable that Dickens might have written them, but it is hardly probable; certainly one does not recognize the Dickens touch in any of them. If an advertisement was taken, the papers published the paragraphs without charge. In the 'Boston Journal' of this morning we find the following:

> Mr. Dickens is keeping very quiet, employing his time in writing. He is not only to give readings in this country, but he is obliged to be industrious while here supplying copy for his English weekly.

Charles H. Taylor had this story in the 'New York Tribune' of the 23d and it is evident that he was favored by Mr. Dolby with extra matter:

> Mr. Dickens has kept himself strictly secluded from all but one or two old and intimate friends. His rooms are at the Parker House and there he has remained busily engaged all day in writing and study, excepting when he is taking his daily eight mile constitutional walk with his publisher Fields, and steadily declining all the invitations to breakfast, dinner, teas, suppers, parties, balls and drives that hospitable Boston pours in upon him in an unfailing stream. Much of his time is spent in the most laborious pains-taking study of the parts he is to read. Indeed the public has but little idea of the cost in downright hard work of mind and body and voice at which these readings are produced.
>
> Although Mr. Dickens has read now nearly five hundred times, I am assured on the best authority that he never attempts a new part in public until he has spent at least two months over it in study as faithful and searching as Rachel or Cushman would give to a new character.
>
> . . . 'I am over here,' he says, 'to read; the people expect me to do my best, and how can I do it if I am all the time on the go? My time is not my own when I am pre-

paring to read, any more than it is when I am writing a novel, and I can as well do one as the other without concentrating all my powers on it, until it is done.'

It is small wonder that the readings were impressive when such care was taken in their preparation. It was his way to commit his selections to memory and they were really monologues, more acted than read, and he did not always follow the printed text, but added material he thought necessary to heighten the effect.

His afternoon walk with his friend Fields to-day was undoubtedly out along the Mill Dam to Newton Centre, a favorite stretch for him, and Mr. Fields has told in 'Yesterdays with Authors' how fascinating and enjoyable these walks were; how on some of them he would indulge in the most extravagant fun and would 'act out' on the road situations in which Nickleby or Swiveller or Copperfield would play leading parts. Dickens loved to entertain, to create laughter, and to use his wonderful powers to amuse. On this day we may assume that he not only spoke much of his characters, but also of his early life and humble beginnings, of which, strange to the American viewpoint, he always felt somewhat ashamed.

Coming back through the snow in the middle of the road and puffing like two steam engines, for it was always Dickens's idea to walk as hard and fast as possible, the two friends climbed Beacon Hill and dipped down over the side past the corner of his old hotel, the Tremont House, and into the marble lobby of Parker's, where the genial landlord was waiting to greet them with the 'gladsome' Dolby standing beside him; that energetic individual having arrived from

New York to see how his 'Chief' was getting along and to arrange some matters of detail in connection with the first Boston readings. There were hilarious greetings, jocular references to the two champion pedestrians by Dolby, and then Fields took his leave and hurried down to his office at the corner of Tremont Street and Hamilton Place while Dickens and Dolby went up the back stairs to their quarters.

It is very well determined that Dickens used these stairs in going up to his room. There were, of course, no elevators, the first 'lift' in Boston being installed in the new Sears Building a year later, so through all the days and nights he spent in Boston, when he was often very lame, he climbed these stairs and the flight just below every day. The front staircase leading to the marble lobby was, no doubt, used on occasion, but not so often as this way. The helping hand of the gigantic Dolby must have been very welcome on many weary nights after the exhausting readings. Many famous friends also trooped up and down this staircase during the days of this memorable visit.

Once in the parlor, Dolby detailed the New York situation to Dickens; that there was every indication that the sale over there would be enormous and that the speculators would use every means to get control of as many tickets as possible. He told him of the attempt made, which he frustrated, to print bogus tickets, and that the work in New York of arranging and stamping tickets was going on satisfactorily.

They talked on through the dinner, and at length it was time to start for the theatre, for on this evening they had both been invited to visit the new Selwyn,

SELWYN'S THEATRE.

Manager..... Mr. J. H. Selwyn

Saturday Evening, November 23, 1867,

Will be presented the entirely new and original domestic Drama, by DION BOUCICAULT, Esq., entitled

HUNTED DOWN;

Or, The Two Lives of Mary Leigh.

JOHN LEIGH, R. A.....MR. FREDERIC ROBINSON
RAWDON SCUDAMORE, a broken-down gambler.....MR. H. F. DALY
PORTER.....MR. C. STEADMAN | ROBERTS.....MR. O. H. DINSMORE
MARY LEIGH.....MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU
CLARA.....MISS CAROLINE CARSON
LADY GLENCARRIG, sister of John Leigh.....MRS. M. WILKINS
MRS. BOLTON JONES, an acquaintance.....MISS A. HARRIS
FANNY, Mrs. Leigh's maid.....MISS MARY CARY
ELIZA.....MISS E. F. DAWSON | JANE.....MISS ROBERTS
WILLIE } John Leigh's children } .....MISS E. SCRIBNER
MAUD } } .....MISS F. CROLIUS

ACT 1—Breakfast-room and studio in the house of Mr. Leigh.
ACT 2—Scene 1, Scudamore's apartment in London; Scene 2, Garden at Mount Audley; Scene 3, Park at Mount Audley.
ACT 3—Apartment in Mount Audley overlooking the garden.

☞ Orchestra under the direction of Mr. C. Koppitz.

After which, an Extravaganza founded a little on a rather celebrated poem, and a great deal on a noted equestrian drama, entitled

MAZEPPA;

Or, The Untamed Rocking-Horse.

BY H. J. BYRON, ESQ.

Music arranged expressly for the Piece by..... Mr. C. Koppitz

MAZEPPA.....MR. STUART ROBSON
(Alias Casimer, a page of mystery, an ambitious, *towering*, and a-spiring boy, with a soul far above his buttons.)
THE CASTELLAN OF LAURINSKI.....MR. H. PEARSON
(A stern parient, and a particularly upright Pole.)
ABDER KHAN.....MR. E. COLEMAN
(King of Tartary, a khan in very low water indeed.)
COUNT PREMISLAS.....MR. H. S. MURDOCH
(Last of his race, and sole prop of an ancient line.)
DROLINSKI.....MR. H. JOSEPH
RUDZOLOFF, the major domo.....MR. G. F. KETCHUM
THAMAR, a rebellious chieftain.....MR. T. GRAHAM
KOSCAR } regular Tartars } .....MR. G. F. KENWAY
KADAC. } } .....MR. G. K. FORTESQUE
ZEMBA. } } .....MR. C. STEADMAN
OLINSKI, Pearl of Poland.....MISS K. BLANCHARD
ZEMILA, her tiring, not to say fatiguing, maid.....MISS MARY CARY
ONEIZA, the maid with the milking-pail.....MISS G. TELBIN

COURT-YARD OF LAURINSKI CASTLE.—The audience will please to imagine that the morning is breaking. The hour at which the retainers get up prove the action of the drama to have taken place in the early ages, also the difficulty in getting a rise out of the servants. Drolinko says a little, and means a great deal. The early peard. Lovers' legends. A young man of mark. A vowel consonant with Olinska's wishes and lyrics of the heart.

THE SALOON IN LAURINSKI CASTLE.—In this scene we have a specimen of a rash breaking out in despots. The Castellan broaches the subject, and gives his daughter an ear-ring; but she despises the Count and his gift, for her heart is with her gal—oh. The wedding comes to a full stop at an awkward period, which heaps another coal on the parent head. An asty-risk hangs over the ill-fated lovers, and a universal note of inderror-gation is heard from all. Dreadful revenge on the part of the horse tere parent. "*Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed.*"

THE WILDS OF TARTARY.—In this scene the cream of Tartars turns sour, proves himself anything but the cheese; the milkmaid walks her chalks, leaving the khan upon the steppes. The Volpas! "*Again he urges on his wild career.*"

A VERY PRETTY PASS.—The fat king fails to think-king, and soleep. The long-lost cheeild, Mazeppa! Delirium! *Extraordinary performance on an imaginary bare-backed steed, by Signor Robson.*

SCENE V.—This scene illustrates the moral of a popular ballad—namely, how hard a thing it is to surrender the hand to an individual who can never be in possession of the accompanying heart; also, the unchangeableness of woman's love; also, that you may lead a horse to the fountain without having the power of inducing him to imbibe; also, that it's as well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new; also a variety of other matters, too numerous to mention, but which all tend to the downfall of evil and the downfall of the curtain.

In consequence of the great success achieved by the production of HUNTED DOWN, and the great burlesque of MAZEPPA, they are respectfully announced for presentation on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Nov. 25 and 26.

☞ Matinee on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 2 30 o'clock.

☞ The pianos used at this establishment are from Chickering & Sons'

Treasurer.....Mr. George B. Farnsworth

Doors open at 7.....Overture commences at 7.30 o'clock.
Curtain rises immediately on termination of Overture.

☞ Ladies' and gentlemen's coat and cloak rooms on the balcony tier, where opera-glasses can also be obtained.

which had opened its doors only a month before. Dolby was, of course, already well acquainted with the manager, having gone the rounds of all the theatres before Mr. Dickens's arrival. So they went downstairs, through the parlors on the first floor, out the School Street entrance, and then down to Washington to the Selwyn, which occupied the site of the present Keith-Albee Boston Theatre.

Entering here, they were greeted by Mr. J. H. Selwyn, who conducted them to a box reserved for them. But when Boz entered the box the audience did not rise as they did on that January night in 1842, for this time Mr. Dickens expressed a wish to remain incog. and so no mention was made of his visit until the following Monday when this item appeared in the 'Boston Journal':

> Mr. Dickens, accompanied by Mr. Dolby, visited the new Selwyn Theatre Saturday night, to see the performance of 'Hunted Down' and 'Mazeppa.' With commendable consideration Mr. Selwyn refrained from mentioning that Mr. Dickens intended visiting the theatre.

It is quite probable that while the stars of to-day strive for public appearances at any and all occasions, this Dolbian policy of keeping Mr. Dickens away from the spotlight until his readings, and continually mentioning the fact in the public press that he was avoiding all publicity, was management of the most finished sort, for 1867.

The play 'Hunted Down' was not, as might be at first supposed, a dramatization of Dickens's short tale of that name which he had written for Robert Bonner's 'New York Ledger' in 1860, and for which he received

five thousand dollars. It was an original play by Dion Boucicault, then at the height of his career as an actor and playwright, a brilliant character of that day, who certainly in this case realized the value of a good title.

The subtitle, 'The Two Lives of Mary Leigh,' may have jogged Dickens's memory a bit, for in his youth, and when he was courting Maria Beadnell, the now firmly established original of Dora in his autobiographical novel 'David Copperfield,' it was Mary Anne Leigh, a rather two-faced friend of Maria's, who played an important part in shattering that romance. This filled young Dickens's breast with such a wild desire to show Miss Beadnell what she had so lightly cast aside that he plunged into his ink bottle and very successfully demonstrated her mistake by emerging almost immediately the most famous young author of that or any age, and promptly marrying another girl.

The stock company at the Selwyn was considered one of the best and contained many players who were well known. The leading lady was Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, one of the most popular actresses of that day, who as Miss Henrietta Baker of Philadelphia first achieved fame as a concert singer. She later married Mr. Chanfrau and went on the speaking stage. Coming to Boston she appeared first at the Howard Athenæum and later had a long and very successful engagement at the Selwyn until that theatre was destroyed in the great Boston fire. She was of ample proportions, for in those days leading ladies were of the heavy dramatic school and not slender ingénues as they are to-day.

Mrs. Chanfrau later had the distinction of being the cause of a challenge to a duel from her husband Frank

S. Chanfrau, famous for many years as a star in 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveller,' to Charles Fechter, the scholarly French actor and an intimate friend of Dickens.

Alexander Corbett thus relates the story in the 'Boston Globe':

> Fechter was manager of the Globe Theatre, formerly the Selwyn, and in casting the 'Count of Monte Cristo' he had assigned the rôle of a fashionable young man, Albert de Moncerf, to Mrs. Chanfrau, leading lady at the Globe, a rather large and exceedingly dignified and modest woman. She resented the assignment, and her husband, who, though not acting in Boston, happened to be at Parker's, proposed to wipe out the insult in the blood of the manager.
>
> Chanfrau's challenge specified the time at which he could be found the following day by Fechter's seconds in his room at Parker's, where reporters were lying in wait all day to get the story.
>
> But no seconds appeared, although Fechter was of fiery disposition and of a race much addicted to duelling. He ignored the challenge, and it does not appear that Mrs. Chanfrau played the part.

'Hunted Down' was followed, as was the custom, by a farce comedy, a burlesque on 'Mazeppa,' and in this Stuart Robson had a very prominent part. At this time this clever comedian, who was afterwards to win fame and fortune, was a reliable stock-company actor and was about thirty years of age.

Dickens was never happier than when watching a good play or spending time behind the scenes, and so this evening must have been spent very pleasantly, for after the performance Mr. Selwyn took the two gentlemen over the theatre, pointing out with pride the fine

points of his model house. It is quite possible also that Dickens met some members of the company.

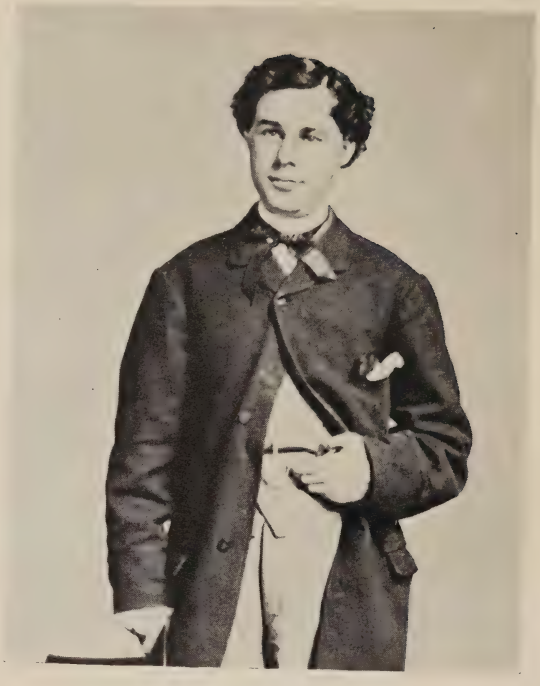
Around eleven o'clock Dickens and Dolby left the theatre, and, walking down Washington Street to School, turned up the same narrow, historic way that Dickens and Mulgrave had taken on the night of January 22, 1842, and walked up to the corner; instead of turning the corner and going on to the Tremont House, however, they entered the School Street entrance of the Parker House and went up that familiar short flight of marble steps to the office floor. Here they parted, no doubt, Dickens to go up to bed and Dolby to turn to the right into the famous bar for a chat with any of his friends who might be waiting there.

Sunday, November 24th

The energetic Dolby's arrival from New York was certainly a relief to Dickens, for in spite of the entertainments and visits of his Boston friends, he was lonely and fretful over this enforced idleness before his readings began. Dolby always had a store of joy and jollity. Mark Twain makes a special mention of Dolby's ability to tell comic stories, so it is safe to say that he was a messenger of cheer to the nervous Dickens. Then, to make the day even more agreeable, in walked Mr. Morgan, the son of a great personal friend whom Dickens had met in England some years before and had always greatly admired.

It was Mr. Morgan's father, Captain Morgan, a prominent shipowner and successful American business man, that Dickens used as a model when he created 'Captain Jorgan,' the bluff old seaman who sets every-

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU



STUART ROBSON

thing to rights in 'A Message from the Sea,' the Christmas Story for 1860. The son had been a frequent visitor to Gad's Hill and was invited to the Parker House when that became Dickens's temporary home in America.

And so these three had breakfast together in the parlor at about ten-thirty, Dolby telling of his adventures in the wilds of New York City and Dickens no doubt mixing one of his famous beverages in honor of the occasion. Now it happened that with his various other annoyances he had this serious affliction, shared also by the jocund Dolby, that it was impossible to get good English gin in Boston, and doubtless Dickens bemoaned this fact as he mixed the toddy. A wish from the 'Chief' was a law to his manager, and so, as soon as possible after the meal, that energetic individual hurried down the stairs and, taking a cab at the School Street entrance, drove down to the Cunard wharf.

Here he secured a tug and steamed out to the Cuba, which was still in the harbor, as she did not start on her return trip until December 4th. On the Cuba, Dolby was welcomed as a brother, for he had endeared himself to every Cunard officer he had ever met, and so he had no difficulty in procuring from the stores of the big steamer two cases of the best English gin, twelve bottles to the case.

Back to the wharf, where the cab was still waiting, and soon the precious liquid was safely deposited among the Dickens private stores at the Parker House. After this slight interruption, Dolby returned to resume the business discussions, probably bringing along a bottle as evidence of the success of his nautical expedition;

an achievement which again proved that he was a valuable manager and would have been priceless in this arid year of 1927.

After luncheon the three friends probably went for a walk, a vigorous four or five miles into the suburbs and back, with Dickens setting the pace.

They were back at the hotel in time for a short rest before Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields arrived for Sunday night supper, which may have been served in the Dickens parlor, but it is more likely that the size of the party made it necessary to move down to one of the private dining-rooms facing School Street on the first floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fields were absolutely in love with Dickens and there is the strongest evidence in all the books they left, in the letters of Dickens, and even in Forster's 'Life,' that they were his greatest American friends.

Later in the evening Osgood came in, as he was going over to New York with Dolby that night, and so the conversation must have taken on a business-like air.

The readings were evidently going to be so very successful that it was decided to have Osgood act as permanent treasurer, thus leaving Dolby free to devote his entire time to the many other duties; an arrangement that was to throw the three men together during their tour and lead to many hilarious incidents.

Dolby and Osgood took their leave to go to the train and the Fieldses soon followed suit and walked back over the hill to Charles Street. Dickens and Morgan sat for a while before the marble fireplace and talked of England and of the young man's father, until it was time to say good-night.

Monday, November 25th

Young Mr. Morgan had breakfast with Dickens in the parlor of 338 this morning and then left to attend to business matters in the city while the author went to his writing-table.

Whether he actually wrote a story or not at the Parker House may perhaps be a question, but it is certain that the 'Boston Journal' of to-day had this item: 'Mr. Charles Dickens is writing a story for the Atlantic Monthly which will be commenced in the January issue.'

Looking up the January, 1868, issue of that publication we find that the story was 'George Silverman's Explanation,' and then reading Dolby's own volume 'Charles Dickens as I Knew Him,' we see a dramatic account of how Dolby in the preceding summer had brought the manuscript of 'George Silverman' to America, had been nearly swindled out of it by an unprincipled publisher in New York, and had finally placed it in the safe hands of Ticknor and Fields. So it is perhaps best to believe that the 'Journal' paragraph was 'press work' both for Mr. Dickens and the 'Atlantic Monthly.'

It is, however, certain that he spent a part of this morning in writing a letter to Miss Georgina Hogarth.

Parker House, Boston
Twenty-fifth November, 1867

My Dearest Georgy:

I cannot remember to whom I wrote last, but it will not much matter if I make a mistake; this being generally to report myself so well, that I am constantly chafing at not having begun to-night instead of this night week. . . . Dolby is over at New York, where we are at our wits' end how to keep tickets out of the hands of speculators. The Bostonians having been duly informed that I wish to be

quiet, really leave me as much so as I should be in Manchester or Liverpool. This I cannot expect to last elsewhere but it is a most welcome relief here as I have all the readings to get up.

It is sad to see Longfellow's house (the house in which his wife was burnt) with his young daughters in it, and the shadow of that terrible story. The young undergraduates of Cambridge (he is a professor there) have made representation to him that they are five hundred strong and cannot get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done for them. I suppose I must read there somehow. . . .

Agassiz is one of the most natural and jovial of men. I go out a-visiting as little as I can, but still have to dine, and what is worse, sup pretty often. Socially I am (as I was before) wonderfully reminded of Edinburgh when I had many friends in it. . . . The Cuba does not return until Wednesday the 4th December. You may suppose that every officer on board is coming on Monday and that Dolby has provided extra stools for them. His work is very hard indeed. Cards are brought to him every minute of the day, and he is jerked off to New York and I don't know where else on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable times. Moreover, he has to be at 'the bar' every night and 'to liquor up with all creation' in the small hours. He does it all with the greatest good humor and flies at everybody who waylays the Chief furiously.

He continued to 'get up' the readings to-day and spent some time studying and rehearsing before the great mirror which may still be seen in the Dickens Room of the new Parker House.

At noon came James T. Fields, all ready for his strenuous walk with the author. This item appeared in the 'Boston Journal' of to-day:

DICKENS ON HIS LEGS! Every day at noon the author of 'Pickwick Papers' quietly leaves the Parker House for a ten-mile walk into the country. He has always been noted for a vigorous pedestrian, easily tiring down almost

any companion who had rashly ventured to start on a walking expedition with him.

But the companion of the daily constitutional in Boston is fully his match. A friend driving through Longwood a few days ago met the pair striding along with great vivacity and with such velocity that he stood one side under the impression that a wager was impending between the two and that it was a fresh start between Boston to Chicago.

Walking was a popular sport in those days and Weston had just achieved fame by his long-distance performances. Coming back to Parker's, Dickens said good-bye to Fields, and once in his rooms took up his letters, adding a paragraph whenever he could. He continued to Miss Hogarth:

Osgood and Dolby were despatched together last evening for New York, whence they telegraph every other hour about some new point in this precious sale of tickets. So distracted a telegram arrived at three that I have telegraphed back, 'Explain yourselves,' and am now waiting for the explanation.

A little indication as to how great an extent Dickens was his own business manager.

Tuesday, November 26th

This morning after breakfast his friend, young Morgan, left for home and the energetic Dolby appeared from New York with further news of the glowing prospects in the metropolis and still more elaborate accounts of his difficulties with speculators. The price of tickets had been arbitrarily set by Mr. Dickens at $2.00 for seats and $1.50 for admission, with the idea that this would put the opportunity to hear him within reach of all, a commendable and generous thought, but

one that created a wonderful situation for the ticket speculators, a powerful body, although probably not so highly organized and so thoroughly efficient as it is to-day.

Dolby tried in every way to keep the tickets out of their hands, but to no avail, and in consequence, was blamed himself for most of the trouble. Indignant individuals wrote to the newspapers daily saying they could get no tickets and even the newspapers attacked him for his ineffective methods. At first Mr. Dickens was greatly annoyed and somewhat frightened at the uproar, but got after a while to look at it as an evil that could not be corrected.

In the afternoon he took his accustomed walk with Fields, and no doubt the constitutional was so planned that it left him at the home of one of his Cambridge and Boston friends, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, where a dinner party had been arranged in his honor.

Fields left him here and continued on to his home, and Dickens, entering the beautiful Norton house, found Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, W. James, Miss Sedgwick, and others. The Nortons he had met at Mrs. Fields's and a warm friendship resulted; he visited them more than once and they went to Gad's Hill the following summer. There is no record of this dinner at the Nortons' or how late the guests tarried, but with such company it must have been a delightful affair.

Wednesday, November 27th

Breakfast with Dolby in his rooms at nine-thirty and a general discussion afterward. At eleven o'clock he

started out for his daily constitutional, walking this time alone up over Beacon Hill and along the new Beacon Street that was but a dismal swamp when he was here before.

It may have been this day that a hurrying boy met him and, struck by his unusual appearance, turned to look at him again. The boy was Mr. John Torrey Morse, Jr., a prominent Bostonian, and he remembers distinctly that Dickens was the most magnificently attired pedestrian that he had ever seen.

The Dickens costumes always attracted attention and much comment. During the 1842 visit, Kate and Anne, her maid, evidently looked after them, but in 1867 Dickens had a dresser and valet combined named Scott. He was also a tailor, expert with needle and thread, and was so devoted to the elaborate garments entrusted to his care that he wept profusely when the rude American 'baggage smashers' were unduly reckless with Dickens's 'boxes.' He was with Dickens for several years, and the author's faultless appearance both day and evening was due largely to his devotion and loyalty.

In the evening with Dolby he set out from Parker's and walked up Beacon Street over the Hill and down to Fields's on Charles Street, for Mr. and Mrs. Fields were giving another supper party in his honor. Mrs. Fields has said that there were seven guests, Helen Bell and Mrs. Silsbee, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. Hillard and Louisa, and Mr. Beal. Mrs. Bell sang before the supper which began at nine o'clock. After this was over, Dickens told several ghost stories and was in great good humor.

Of these guests Hillard and Fields had attended the great Boz dinner twenty-five years before. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow had lived in Paris where Bigelow was American Minister, and he was an old friend of John Forster's, Dickens's lifelong mentor and companion.

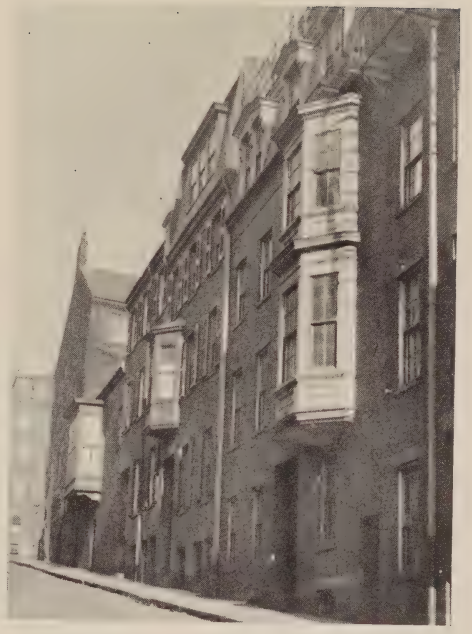
After this party Dolby said au revoir to the 'Chief' once more and took the night train for New York.

Thursday, November 28th

Mr. Dickens had breakfast alone in his rooms on this morning, and, knowing him to be alone, his friend James T. Fields set out from his home on Charles Street to call upon him, this being Thanksgiving Day and the Ticknor and Fields offices, of course, closed.

Mr. Fields, leaving his house, perhaps at about 9 A.M., walked along Charles to Pinckney Street, and, turning to the left, went on up the steep, narrow little sidewalk on his way over Beacon Hill to the Parker House. As he climbed the Hill, he came to Number 84, a narrow house set in the block with its jutting bay window taking in three floors. This was the home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had joined the Ticknor and Fields forces as editor of 'Every Saturday' just two years before, and had with his charming young wife established a delightful home in this house on Pinckney Street.

As the most cordial relations always existed between Mr. Fields and his staff, he could not pass the door of 84 without stopping, and he was most warmly welcomed by the owners of the beautiful home. Mrs. Aldrich has said in her book 'Crowding Memories' that the table was set for the Thanksgiving feast with flowers and all the wedding presents of silver and glass, and that the



LOOKING UP PINCKNEY STREET
Aldrich house at right with two bay windows

THE FIELDS HOUSE
148 Charles Street

whole effect so appealed to Fields that he exclaimed, 'Dickens must see this!' and proceeded along over the Hill to fetch the great author back. He found Dickens quite ready for a walk, although it was a cold day and snowing, but, muffled up in his great-coat and shawl, he and the publisher left the hotel, went up Beacon through Joy to Mount Vernon Street, down to Louisburg Square, through the square and down the Hill to Number 84 again.

Of course the young Aldriches were delighted to welcome the great author, who in turn was equally charmed with everything he saw. At his request they showed him over the whole house, and he left assuring them that nothing in this country had interested him more.

A few minutes' walk through the storm brought the two friends to the Fields house, where the gracious young hostess, Mrs. Annie Fields, was awaiting them. No doubt this lovely home also was decorated in honor of the day, and Dickens, always revelling in anything that partook of the holiday spirit, was in great form. He told Mrs. Fields of his visit to the Aldriches, and he had been so charmed with what he saw there that he there and then sat down and wrote a letter to his daughter Kate in London, describing his visit.

At two o'clock he was due at Longfellow's house in Cambridge. While he would have enjoyed walking over even through the storm, better judgment prevailed and he drove over the bridge and up through the Port and Square to Brattle Street and Craigie House.

As he came up the long walk from the street, Longfellow was at the door to meet him, and the two friends were soon chatting before the open fire in the study.

At two-thirty dinner was announced, and Dickens sat down with the family to his first and only Thanksgiving dinner in America. Longfellow wrote in his journal: 'Dickens came here to a quiet family dinner at 2.30. No one out of the house but Mrs. Pierce.' Miss Alice Longfellow remembers that it was a very solemn and serious occasion and that the guest was no such jovial personage as they met the following summer at Gad's Hill. The secret probably lay in the fact that he had laughed so much in the morning with the Aldriches and the Fieldses that there was very little mirth left for the Longfellows. After dinner there was more serious conversation and then Dickens took his leave, and probably rode back to the Parker House. He was hardly familiar enough with the road to walk that distance on a dark and snowy afternoon. Anyway, we know what time he arrived, for he later wrote commenting on the odd dinner hours in America, 'I dined with Longfellow at half-past two and came back to the hotel at eight supposing it to be midnight.'

It is quite probable that he retired early this night. Dolby was away, and while he may have gone to the Selwyn Theatre alone, there is no evidence that he did anything except retire to his rooms. There is another indication as to why this Thanksgiving dinner was so quiet in this extract from a letter he wrote to his son Charles on the following Saturday:

> I don't suppose you remember Longfellow, though he remembers you in a black velvet frock very well. He is now white-haired and white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house where his beautiful wife was burnt to death. I dined with him the other day and could not get the terrific scene out of my imagi-

nation. She was in a blaze in an instant, rushed into his arms with a wild cry, and never spoke afterwards.

He mentioned this in several letters that he wrote home.

Friday, November 29th

At his breakfast this morning he read this item in the 'Boston Morning Post' and perhaps smiled a bit over the compliment:

DICKENS. — At 11 A.M. he gives his muscles lively play in the shape of an 8 or 10 mile walk — a constitutional. Two or three gentlemen have tried this turn in the suburbs with Mr. Dickens and most of them have been glad before getting back to turn into some horse or steam car or some other method of conveyance. He is a rapid walker and keeps up his speed to the end. He and Fields were accounted on a pedestrian wager a few days since while speeding it over the mill dam in a most energetic manner. Dickens came into the stand on School Street dry and beaming, his competitor puffing and blowing and in a general state of looseness. To these daily walks he attributes in no small degree his vigorous health.

This day when the two pedestrians had gotten back to the Parker House, Fields stayed to dine with his friend, we know, for Mrs. Fields wrote this in her diary: 'Friday, Nov. 29. Jamie dined with Dickens and they sat at table four hours alone.'

Saturday, November 30th

As he was at breakfast at nine-thirty in his pleasant corner room, he must have read this item in the 'Boston Journal':

Speculators monopolized the Charles Dickens tickets at the sale in New York yesterday, the same as in this City. Any person was allowed to buy six seats for the four

Readings and by employing several persons to buy, they secured a large share of the tickets. One speculator had twenty men in line. It required about three hours' waiting to make a purchase.

This was cheering news, and he was soon writing it in a letter to his eldest son.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON
Thirtieth November, 1867

MY DEAR CHARLEY:

. . . The tickets for the first four readings here (the only readings announced) were all sold immediately and many are now re-selling at a large premium. The tickets for the first four readings in New York (the only readings announced there also) were on sale yesterday and were all sold in a few hours. The receipts are very large indeed. . . . Dolby is nearly worked off his legs, is now at New York and goes backwards and forwards between this place and that (about the distance from London to Liverpool, though they take nine hours to do it) incessantly.

Nothing can exceed his energy and good humor and he is extremely popular everywhere. My great desire is to avoid much travelling and to try to get people to come to me instead of my going to them. If I can effect this to any moderate extent, I shall be saved a great deal of knocking about. . . . As they don't seem (Americans who have heard me on their travels excepted) to have the least idea of what the readings are like, and as they are accustomed to mere readings out of a book, I am inclined to think the excitement will increase when I shall have begun. Everybody is very kind and considerate, and I have a number of old friends here, at the Bar and connected with the University. I am now negotiating to bring out a dramatic version of 'No Thoroughfare' at New York. It is quite upon the boards that it may turn up trumps.

. . . . . .

I was interrupted in that place by a call from my old secretary in the States, Mr. Putnam. It was quite affecting to see his delight at meeting his old employer again. And when I told him that Anne was married, and that

I had (unacknowledged) grand children, he laughed and cried together. . . . My love to Bessie and to McKitty, and all the babbies. I will lay this by until Tuesday morning, and then add a final line to it.

Ever, my dear Charley
Your affectionate
FATHER

It will be remembered that Anne was Mrs. Dickens's maid 'whose smartness was beyond belief' in 1842. Putnam himself had become a fresco painter and at this time was living in Lynn and working as an interior decorator. He also, as was the almost universal custom in those days, tried his hand at poetry, and in 1882 Whittier praised one of his songs and said, 'I thank thee for sending me a copy of thy verses and I heartily approve them.'

Putnam in his reminiscences of 1842, published in the 'Atlantic Monthly' in 1870, remembered Kate Dickens pleasantly, but there is no mention of her in this day's conversation.

Dickens's usual midday luncheon and walk were omitted to-day as he was to be the guest of honor at the famous Saturday Club, that group of Boston's great literary and legal figures which held its monthly dinners in the private dining-room that was afterward the library at the Parker House.

After Emerson had suggested the desirability of a club where the famous group of Boston and Concord writers could meet, dine together, and indulge in conversation impossible with ordinary mortals, the 'Saturday Club' was formed by Horatio Woodman, a Boston lawyer, in 1855. Agassiz, Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Dana, Judge Hoar of Concord, Samuel Ward,

John Dwight, E. P. Whipple, and Benjamin Peirce were the original members. Longfellow, Holmes, and Cornelius C. Felton, Dickens's great friend, were elected in 1857; Prescott, the historian, and John G. Whittier, in 1858; Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Murray Forbes, and the Boston wit, 'Tom' Appleton, in 1859.

Later notables who were members in 1867 were Charles Eliot Norton, Samuel Gridley Howe, whose work for the blind Dickens so much admired, Charles Sumner, who it will be remembered was such an aid to Dickens on his first visit, Henry James the elder, James T. Fields, William Morris Hunt, John A. Andrew, and Charles Francis Adams. There were more members, but this list shows what an organization it was.

And although these truly great men were supposed to 'live simply and think deeply' as becomes philosophers, these monthly dinners never consisted of less than seven courses with sherry, claret, and sauterne. Harvey D. Parker and his chef Sanizan offered their richest before the Gods of Olympus.

When these feasts had disappeared, poems, speeches, essays, etc., passed across the board that afterward became part and parcel of our national literature. From 1855, the club's history was one brilliant procession of great men, as may be easily seen in reading Edward Emerson's book, 'The Early Years of the Saturday Club.' And it was the great members of this great club that were gathering this blustering November day, coming in from all directions to the Parker House to greet this greatest guest of the year.

James T. Fields arrived with three guests, whom he

left in the dining-room, and went up to Number 338, where Dickens was at work. They came down the stairs together into the parlor on the Chapman Place side, then along the corridor a little way, and going down a step turned sharply to the right and entered the dining-room, the windows of which looked out on King's Chapel and City Hall.

Here were gathered twenty-two members of the Club, a very large attendance, due to the distinguished guest, and they all rose as Dickens entered. Fields quickly introduced him to those of the party he had not met and the company took their seats at the table.

This entry in Longfellow's diary for this date gives an idea as to how the guests were seated:

> Saturday 30. A cold windy day. Dined at the Club with Dickens on one side of me and Richard Dana, Sr., on the other. Next to Mr. Dickens sat Dr. Holmes and next to him Bigelow. The handsome man on the left next to Dana, was Greene, then Fields, then Norton, Lowell, Strutt the Englishman, W. Holland also there and a dozen more. Emerson, Whipple, Professor Wyman, Dr. Howe. A delightful dinner, we stayed till near ten o'clock.

It will be imagined that the conversation took on its usual brilliant tone and that all hung on Dickens's words. He must have said something at least in response to Longfellow's introduction, for it is evident from the manner in which they were seated that the poet presided.

Was the party grave or gay? One imagines that there was considerable reserve at the beginning, for Dickens was apt to be quiet except when he was in the company of friends who knew him well.

Was anything unusual done in his honor? Any poem

of welcome read such as Emerson wrote on Lowell's fortieth birthday, Longfellow on Agassiz's fiftieth, or Holmes's parting health to Motley?

No; and neither were there any such elaborately prepared speeches as Josiah Quincy and others delivered at the Boz dinner of 1842. The old oratorical age had vanished along with the youthful Boz that prompted all those old-time tributes; this Dickens was not a character to provoke poems or after-dinner sentiments. Perhaps the sentinel outside his door had something to do with the change. This selection from a letter he wrote the following day seems to indicate that he did not stay as long as the others. He wrote: 'Yesterday I dined with a club at half-past two and came back here at half-past eight.' Still, sitting at the table six hours shows that he gave a large part of his day to the party.

This domestic touch from Mrs. Fields's diary calls attention to the fact that there were no telephones in 1867, for the use of husbands who were delayed in getting home at the accustomed hour:

> Saturday, November 30th. J's evening at the Saturday Club. His guests were old Mr. Dana, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Bigelow, and I think Grosvenor Musgrave. He has never stayed so late before. The dinner begins at ½ past 2 and here it is half past nine.

Sunday, December 1st

As soon as Dickens had finished breakfast, Dolby arrived from New York with more news of the ticket sale and bundles of newspapers denouncing Dolby for his 'stupidity' or 'dishonesty' in the whole matter. He found Dickens very weary of waiting and looking forward to beginning the readings with great impatience.

The ever-genial Dolby cheered him up immensely, and while he was at first disturbed at the leading articles in the 'Herald' and 'World,' he soon overlooked those and found comfort in the reports of a complete 'sell out' for the New York engagement. The whole forenoon was spent in going over the situation.

Here is Dolby's own account of the proceedings:

> A mass of correspondence was awaiting me, containing offers of engagements for Readings in Canada, Nova Scotia and outlying places in the far West, all of which had to be attended to and respectfully declined for we had decided to accept no offer, no matter how brilliant. In addition to these there were over two hundred letters containing requests for Mr. Dickens's autograph.

But again the Dickens of to-day was not the enthusiastic 'Boz' of 1842 and each and every request was completely ignored.

After luncheon he and Dolby went down to the waterfront, where his friend Judge Russell, Collector of the Port of Boston, was waiting to take him to visit the School Ship. When it was proposed that he make this visit, he said he would be pleased to go if he was not called on to make a speech, but the Judge had scarcely finished introducing him before he was on his feet talking to the boys in his most interesting manner.

Mrs. James T. Fields was one of the party and she thus describes the occurrence in her diary of this day:

> Went to School Ship in the afternoon with Mr. Dickens and party. He had not thought that he could speak, but the sight of the boys moved him to address them. His remarks were inspiring and he concluded them with these words: 'Boys, if you have ever cause to remember me, think of me as a visitor who has sincere interest in your

welfare and who told you above all to tell the truth as being the best way and the only way to earn God's blessing.' The boys listened with their hearts in their faces as if they would treasure each word forever. They manned the yards as we steamed slowly off into the fog.

At six o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow arrived and a little dinner was held in the parlor of his suite. Dickens and Dolby made up the rest of the party, and a very jolly one it was, with much conversation from Mr. Dolby regarding his adventures with the speculators in New York and the tremendous sale of seats for all the New York readings. Dickens convulsed his guests by insisting on calling Dolby 'P. H.,' as the New York newspapers had spoken of him continuously as 'Pudding-Headed Dolby.' Dickens proposed some games and the evening passed merrily with such simple means of entertainment.

As the guests said good-night on the landing outside his door, Fields grasped his friend's hand and exclaimed: 'To-morrow night is your first reading in America and I have waited so long for it, that I feel sure I shall drop dead at five minutes to eight and so miss it after all.'

Monday, December 2d

The principal event of this day and evening was the first reading at Tremont Temple, an event of that winter in Boston. The day began with a snowstorm which stopped at noon and the sky cleared. We know that a bouquet of flowers with a note from Mr. and Mrs. Fields came early this morning, for pasted in a book of Mrs. Fields's, now in the possession of her nephew, Dr. Z. B. Adams (a book, by the way, containing the account of

TREMONT STREET AND TREMONT TEMPLE IN 1867

the 1842 Boz dinner), is found this little note from Dickens to Fields:

PARKER HOUSE
Monday, Second December, 1867

MY DEAR FIELDS:

I begin to believe that you will really come after all!!! None the worse for last night's laughter. Hope to make you laugh and cry to-night to say nothing of to-morrow. Beautiful flowers more than welcome.

Affectionately yours
C. D.

Dickens and Dolby with the 'Dickens Company' of stage hands spent most of the day in setting up the screen, gaslights, etc., and in testing the acoustic properties of the hall. Dolby thus describes the way this was done: 'Mr. Dickens used to stand at his table, whilst I walked about from place to place in the hall, and a conversation in a low tone of voice was carried on between us during my perambulations.'

After everything had been arranged to his satisfaction, he went for a long walk with his manager and returning to the Parker House had dinner at four o'clock in the parlor of his suite. After this he slept for an hour and on arising went to the Temple to dress for the evening's event. On his dressing-table he found, to his great surprise and pleasure, a flower for his buttonhole which an old and very dear friend in England, Mary Boyle, had commissioned a Boston florist to provide. She had played with him in amateur theatricals years before and had become a dear friend of the family and of his own. When he began his readings, she had boutonnières always placed on the table in his dressing-room. She contributed some articles and stories to his magazine

'Household Words' and they exchanged many amusing and affectionate letters, he always signing his 'Jo' from one of the parts he played with her in the old days.

While Dickens is dressing for his first reading in America, let us spend a few minutes in reading the account that Charles H. Taylor, the 'Tribune' correspondent, sent over to that paper:

> Boston, Dec. 2, 1867. Ever since it was announced that Mr. Dickens would give his first reading on this side of the Atlantic in Boston, the inhabitants of our quaint old-fashioned city have been in a state of feverish excitement. No sooner was the news flashed along the cable, that he was coming, than everything was immediately put in apple-pie order. The streets were all swept from one end of the city to the other for the second time in twenty-four hours. The State House and the Old South Church were painted, offhand, a delicate rose pink. A new statue of Edward Everett was put up in the Public Garden in the attitude of throwing up his hat and shouting Hurrah! Every bookseller's window was stacked up with copies of Ticknor and Fields's new edition of Dickens, to the temporary displacement of Longfellow's 'Dante' or Holmes's 'Guardian Angel.' The cigar shops came out as one man with their brands all newly christened, and nothing is smoked, chewed, or taken in snuff to-day but 'Little Nell Cigars,' 'Mr. Squeers Fine Cut,' the 'Mantalini Plug,' and the genuine 'Pickwick Snuff'; while at every turn in the illustrated newspapers, in the hotel office, and in all the shop windows, the new portrait of Mr. Dickens is to be seen, showing a man somewhat past middle life, with thin hair gray, a scanty beard, and eyes downcast reading a book. A striking contrast to the boyish face of twenty-five years ago, with its large eyes, full of wonder and sensitive feelings, its delicate almost girlish contour and its long locks of dark, abundant hair. The younger portrait was perhaps a little flattered, but the older one is as good as a quiet, impressive picture of a face full of life and expression and rarely at rest, can be.

> We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Dickens at dinner a few days ago, and of course it was not difficult to recognize him, even though seeing him for the first time; but this portrait would, we think, have helped us but little. All we can say is, to those who wish to know beforehand how so famous a man will look when they see him, that this portrait prepares the mind to recognize him, but that is all its office. It shows all that time and labor and care have done to batter down the beautiful house of youth and haunting fancy, but it gives not a gleam of the radiant spirit that still lights up the enchanter's face.

And as the bright moon looked down on the old town, a notable audience was gathering thrilled with the thought of actually hearing the great author read from the books that had enthralled each one for so many years. Many famous pens have written recollections of that night, but what can surpass the enthusiastic young reporter's impressions?—for not only was Taylor proud to report the reading for the great 'New York Tribune,' but he was himself one of the most ardent admirers of Dickens. Here is what he telegraphed that night after it was over:

> Although the tickets for the reading carry twice on their face the request that the audience would all be seated promptly at 8 o'clock, it was nearly 8.15 before the vast crowd had simmered down to a state of comparative quiescence. And it was indeed a vast audience, such a crowd is seldom gathered in a single hall to meet any one man. The line of carriages ran down all manner of streets and lost itself in the suburbs. All the cars leading from the outlying towns brought in fresh recruits to the great army and the snow that had been falling all the forenoon had given up trying to reach the pavement, while the moon shone out and helped the gas lamps light the gay, struggling, swarming multitude that was trying to get inside the doors, watched by the long-faced silent

multitude that crowded round the doorways without tickets, with no hope of getting in at all.

Inside the house the scene was striking enough. Few cities anywhere could show such an audience of such character. Hardly a notable man in Boston or for fifty miles about but was there and we doubt if in London itself Mr. Dickens ever read before such an assemblage. There sat Longfellow, looking like the very spirit of Christmas with his ruddy cheeks and bright soft eyes looking out from the vast of snow-white hair and snow-white beard. There was Holmes looking crisp and fine like a tight little grapeskin full of wit instead of wine. There was Lowell, here, too, the older Dana, Charles Eliot Norton, Edwin Whipple. Yonder is Fields to whom all owe this great pleasure, for he suggested, urged, and made the visit of Dickens easy to him. Bishop Eastburn, Poole, Librarian of the Athenæum, George Greene, and Samuel Eliot. Emerson and Whittier did not come.

And we know that Dickens's worshipper, Mrs. James T. Fields, sat with her distinguished husband; that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ticknor, the Longfellow daughters, W. D. Howells, the Quincys, and many others of note were also present, and more than one of these have written their descriptions of the evening.

The 'Boston Journal' had a good reporter there and his story is most interesting. He wrote in part:

The arrangements for the reading were somewhat peculiar. On the rear of the platform was a maroon-colored screen about 15 feet long by 7 high and a carpet of the same color spread in front. Along the front of the platform was a high framework of gas-pipe with burners upon the inner side and a narrow screen to throw the light upon the distinguished reader.

In the centre of the platform stood a little crimson-colored stand, festooned with bright fringe with a tiny desk, which an open book more than covered, on one cor-

ner. Upon one side was a shelf, on which stood a glass decanter of water and a tumbler.

This purple-hued paraphernalia interested the curious and expectant audience until three minutes past eight o'clock, when a light clapping of hands, like the first drops of a shower, announced the coming of 'Boz' from the anteroom. With an elastic step he ascended the platform and moved quickly to his crimson throne, the applause meanwhile spreading and deepening till the whole audience joined in one universal and enthusiastic plaudit, which continued for several minutes.

It was as cordial welcome as heart could wish, and had Mr. Dickens been doubtful about his reception, every apprehension must have vanished as the swelling tide of friendly greeting poured its music upon his ear.

Although time has laid a frosting upon the well-kept and trimly shaped beard and thinned the locks that cover his head, Mr. Dickens has still the air and port of a young man. Dressed in a suit of faultless black, with two small flowers, one white and the other red deftly attached to his left lapel, a profusion of gold chains festooned across his vest, his earlocks standing almost straight from his head, and a countenance still fresh, though no longer youthful, Charles Dickens stood, book in hand, before his audience and gracefully acknowledged the hearty greetings bestowed upon him. Those who saw him for the first time hardly realized, we think, their ideal of this gifted author. His countenance has not that soft, refined, preeminently intellectual look which one who so deeply stirs the finer feelings of our nature would naturally be thought to present. The mark of genius is not so obvious, at least by gaslight, as an admirer would expect. A dashy, good-natured, shrewd English face it is, one that would be associated with the outdoor life of a smart man of business, not particularly troubled with fine sentiments and not unmindful of good cheer, brusque, not beautiful, wide awake and honest.

When the applause which greeted his appearance had subsided, Mr. Dickens said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall have the honor and pleasure of reading you this

evening some selections from my works.' He then put the book on the little desk and proceeded to read 'A Christmas Carol,' as condensed for his readings.

To say that his audience followed him with delight hardly expresses the interest with which they hung upon every word that fell from his lips and eyed every gesture with which his prolific genius clothed every idea embodied in the wonderful characters of his 'Christmas Carol.' The dolorous, surly tones of Old Scrooge, his grim humor in the interview with the first ghost, the chattering Cratchits, poor little Tiny Tim, the dance in old Fezziwig's warehouse, Scrooge's purchase of the prize turkey, and other characters and incidents were delineated in a manner which only the author of these inimitable creations could achieve. The reading of the 'Carol' was concluded at about half-past nine o'clock and it is no exaggeration to say afforded unmixed delight to all who heard it.

The applause which followed was so enthusiastic, according to Mr. Dolby's account, that Dickens was forced to break a rule of his and return to the stage to bow his acknowledgment. Another rule, broken only on rare occasions, was that no one except Dolby and Dickens's dresser, Scott, was ever allowed in his dressing-room between the intervals of his first and second reading, but to-night James T. Fields was admitted. Fields's enthusiasm was unbounded. They had a glass of champagne together and Fields hurried back to his seat. The 'Journal' reporter goes on to say:

After an interval of ten minutes Mr. Dickens reappeared with another and larger nosegay in his lapel and making his bow with the same genial and graceful manner as before.

The second and concluding selection was the 'Trial from Pickwick,' and it is hardly necessary to say that that celebrated production was read with the same

graphic impersonations as the 'Carol' and that the audience was kept in a constant state of merriment and bestowed the same rapturous applause upon it that they did upon the first-named selection.

It was observable in both pieces that Mr. Dickens was at times so carried away by his intense appreciation of the ludicrous character he was representing, that he was nearly caught joining in the general laughter. The laugh would irresistibly spread itself over his face and an evident effort was required to restore his countenance to a dignified composure. He concluded his reading at about a quarter-past ten o'clock amid enthusiastic applause.

On his arrival at his dressing-room, the dresser, Scott, helped him out of his dress clothes, and, after a 'rub-down,' into a suit of sailor trousers and loose pea jacket not unlike a 'Daniel Peggotty' costume, a sort of seagoing négligée, and in this he received the few friends that Fields brought in to offer their enthusiastic congratulations.

Later on in the evening, after he had presumably changed his costume again, he had a few friends to dinner at the Parker House, including, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and all present agreed that as Dolby says: 'Never before in Boston had anything called forth such enthusiasm as that night's reading.'

Late that night in his Cambridge study, Longfellow wrote in his journal:

Dickens's first reading and a triumph for Dickens. It is not reading exactly, but acting, and quite wonderful in its way. He gave 'The Christmas Carol' and 'Trial from Pickwick.' We all went — a pleasant moonlight drive. I never saw anything better. The old Judge was equal to Dogberry.

Tuesday, December 3d

One of his first acts this morning was to add postscripts to the long-finished letters that he had written to his son Charles and his daughter Mamie. To the former he wrote:

Tuesday, third December, 1867

Success last night quite beyond description or exaggeration. The whole city is quite frantic about it to-day, and it is impossible that prospects could be more brilliant.

And to his daughter:

Most magnificent reception last night and most signal and complete success. Nothing could be more triumphant. The people will hear of nothing else and talk of nothing else. Nothing that was ever done here, they all agree, evoked any approach to such enthusiasm. I was quite as cool and quick as if I were reading at Greenwich and went at it accordingly.

The 'Boston Journal' to-day, commenting on the event said, in part:

We doubt if a finer audience on the whole will greet Mr. Dickens while he is in our country, from the sweeping Atlantic to the turgid waters of the Mississippi, than was present in Tremont Temple last night. As seen from the platform it was a brilliant spectacle indeed. The colors of the rainbow were put in the shade; the forms of fashion were exhausted and flowers of taste met the view at every point with their graceful features of beauty and freshness.

Not since the memorable visit of Jenny Lind has the Temple presented anything like the gay and beautiful and attractive panorama of last night. The city itself, its culture, its fashion and tone rarely enter that hall and it is all the more mentionable when it does send the flower there. The sweet cadences of the Swedish Nightingale were the magnet which crammed it so many years ago. The melo-

> dious voice of Dickens whose fame is a household word where the name of Lind was never heard, now throngs it again with a new generation which for a time is all eyes and ears and impelled with a curiosity that is little less than intense. It is well.

And so on and so on for several columns. All of which, including his own letters, would indicate that Mr. Dickens, in the stage parlance of to-day, 'went over big.'

One interesting point about the readings was that Dolby had heard that 'pirates' planned to send short-hand writers to the Temple to 'take them down' with a view to their reproduction and sale. He told Ticknor and Fields of this, and that firm immediately issued the readings, copied from Dickens's own selections, in paper covers, selling them for so small a price that the pirates could not hope to compete.

These little books were sold at Ticknor and Fields's store and also at the Tremont Temple. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, when a youth, was employed by the publishers, and it was his duty to superintend the sale of these books each evening: a welcome task which allowed him to hear *all* the readings. He has said that one curious thing he noticed was that some people consulted them through the readings, following Dickens as he spoke.

After luncheon Dickens went for his usual constitutional and, returning around four, rested in his room until it was time to go to the Temple. In the evening he read 'David Copperfield' and 'Bob Sawyer's Party,' from the 'Pickwick Papers.'

Of this reading Mrs. Fields wrote in her diary that it

was quite as remarkable as the first one, but more quiet. Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and her children, Julian and Rose, had been invited to come down from Concord and attend the readings, as guests of Mrs. Fields. One can imagine the sweet envy of the Hawthornes' next-door neighbors, the 'Little Women' of the Alcott house, not then immortalized.

After the reading Mr. and Mrs. Fields left their guests for a few minutes and went around to speak to Mr. Dickens, at his request, and found him very tired. 'You can't think,' he said, 'what a resolution it requires to dress again after it is over.'

No actor, from Henry Irving down, ever surrounded his appearances with more ceremony and importance than did the great novelist, to whom everything about the stage was most fascinating.

When he got back to his rooms, he wrote this note to Fechter, the actor who was appearing in his play 'No Thoroughfare' in London:

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON
Third December, 1867

MY DEAR FECHTER:

I hope to bring out our play with Wallack in New York and have it played in many other parts of the States. I have sent to Wilkie for models, etc. If I waited for time to do more than write you my love, I should miss the mail to-morrow. Take my love, then, my dear fellow and believe me ever

Your affectionate
C. D.

It will be seen how fully he had set his heart on producing this play, a desire that was doomed to bitter disappointment.

Wednesday, December 4th

As soon as breakfast was over, he wrote this charming little note to Mary Boyle, regarding the flowers for his buttonhole which were on his dressing-table at the first reading:

BOSTON, Fourth December, 1867

MY DEAR MERRY:

You can have no idea of the glow of pleasure and amazement with which I saw your remembrance of me lying on my dressing-table here last Monday night. Whosoever undertook that commission accomplished it to a miracle. But you must go away four thousand miles and have such a token conveyed to *you* before you can quite appreciate the feeling of receiving it. Ten thousand loving thanks. Immense success here and unbounded enthusiasm. My largest expectations far surpassed.

Ever your affectionate

Jo

He enclosed this in another note to Georgina Hogarth, asking her to forward it to Miss Boyle whose address he had mislaid, and hurrying downstairs, got a cab at the School Street entrance, drove to the Cunard wharf, and personally got it in the English mail on the steamer Cuba sailing this day.

The afternoon was spent in writing and in taking his usual walk with Fields. It was certainly a test of friendship, this walking eight or ten miles at top speed every day, in all sorts of severe weather, but there is every evidence that Fields considered it a privilege.

He did not read on this evening, and so Dolby arranged another theatre party at the Selwyn. The play was Dion Boucicault's 'Old Heads and Young Hearts,' and Mrs. Chanfrau, the leading lady whom Dickens had met the preceding Saturday, played 'Lady Alice.'

The 'Boston Journal' of the next day carried this item about his visit:

> PERSONAL: Charles Dickens with others, occupied a proscenium box at Selwyn's Theatre last evening. He appeared to appreciate the performance and complimented Mrs. Chanfrau both on her good looks and good acting.

Is it possible that Dickens admired the plump and ample female type? Bonny Kate in 1842 was of full and comfortable figure, and certainly Georgina, the sister-in-law who became his great friend, appears in all her pictures to have had similar charms and graces. It is more likely that he had no particular preference. Well-developed women were the fashion in those days. The popular leading lady of to-day, with her slim, flat figure, could never have played those parts on the stage of 1867.

James T. Fields was one of the party, for Mrs. Fields has this item in her diary under this date.

> Jamie dined with Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby and they went to the Selwyn Theatre in the evening. The acting was bad, but the gayety of the house pleased him. He had been giving imitations and acting pantomime all the evening until they were convulsed with laughter.

It was at this dinner that he told Fields about the two men in the pit of a London theatre, one of whom was very deaf and who relied on his companion to tell him in detail regarding the progress of the play; which the companion did with ludicrous effect to the vast amusement of the audience. Dickens imitated the voices of the two men and made the whole story very amusing.

After the performance, Dickens, Dolby, and Fields

walked back to the Parker House, where the latter said good-night and taking a cab drove home, where he retired, but kept Mrs. Fields awake for hours telling her of Dickens's imitations and pantomime at their dinner.

Thursday, December 5th

The Boston papers continued to extol the readings, and the success of the tour was already assured. While readings from Dickens's works were no novelty, for many were doing it and some of the readers extremely well, the chance to hear the well-known selections from the lips of the author himself was a treat that few could forego. Tickets were sold so easily that little has been said by any one of such a thing as a free list. Yet, as this is written, Mr. David J. Hill, now employed by the University Press and who worked for the predecessors of that company, Welch, Bigelow and Company, in 1868 (Ticknor and Fields's printers) asserts that a large number of tickets to the readings were *given* to the employees of that company so that each one heard at least one of the readings. This act of generosity on the part of either Ticknor and Fields or their printers was notable, at a time when the demand was so great.

For his third reading, Mr. Dickens gave to-night his selection from 'Nicholas Nickleby at the Yorkshire School,' in which he portrayed 'Squeers' and 'Mrs. Squeers' to the life, and was considered nearly as good in 'Fanny,' 'Tilda,' and 'John Browdie.' His reading, in the person of 'Squeers,' of the little boys' letters from home combined satire and humor in an irresistible manner, and 'Nicholas,' 'Smike,' and the boys were all

made distinct and delightful characters. After the usual interval he read 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn' and made the character of 'Boots' one of the best in his repertoire. The eloping children, the housemaids, and all were given separate personalities by the genius of the reader, who charmed the great audience with this lovely conceit.

Longfellow in his diary said, 'Thursday 5, Dickens Reading — "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," a beautiful little story from one of the Christmas books' — showing which one of the two readings impressed the poet.

Friday, December 6th

Although in his collected letters this letter from the Parker House is dated as having been written January 4th, it is very evident from its allusions to his readings that it was written on this day. It was addressed to Miss Georgina Hogarth:

> I write to you by this opportunity, though I really have nothing to tell you. The work is hard and the climate is hard. We made a tremendous hit last night with 'Nickleby' and 'Boots' which the Bostonians certainly on the whole appreciate more than 'Copperfield'! Dolby is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa cushion, but it is in reality paper money; and always works like a Trojan.
>
> His business at night is a mere nothing, for these people are so accustomed to take care of themselves that one of these immense audiences will fall into their places with an ease amazing to a frequenter of St. James's Hall. And the certainty with which they are all in, before I go on, is a very acceptable mark of respect. I must add, too, that although there is a conventional familiarity in the use of one's name in the newspapers as 'Dickens,' 'Charlie,' and

what not, I do not in the least see that familiarity in the writers themselves. An inscrutable tone obtains in journalism, which a stranger cannot understand. If I say in common courtesy to one of them, when Dolby introduces, 'I am much obliged to you for your interest in me,' or so forth, he seems quite shocked, and has a bearing of perfect modesty and propriety. I am rather inclined to think that they suppose their printed tone to be the public's love of smartness, but it is immensely difficult to make out. All I can as yet make out is, that my perfect freedom from bondage, and at any moment to go on or leave off, or otherwise do as I like, is the only safe position to occupy.

Again! there are two apparently irreconcilable contrasts here. Down below in this hotel every night are the bar loungers, dram drinkers, drunkards, swaggerers, loafers that one might find in a Boucicault play. Within half an hour is Cambridge, where a delightful domestic life — simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate — is seen in admirable aspect. All New England is primitive and puritanical. All about and around it is a puddle of mixed human mud, with no such quality in it. Perhaps I may in time sift out some tolerable intelligible whole, but I certainly have not done so yet. It is a good sign, maybe, that it all seems immensely more difficult to understand than it was when I was here before.

Felton left two daughters. I have only seen the eldest, a very frank, sensible, pleasant girl of eight and twenty, perhaps, rather like him in the face. A striking-looking daughter of Hawthorne's (who is also dead) came into my room last night. [Mrs. Fields wrote in her diary that Mrs. Hawthorne, Julian, and Rose came down from Concord to hear the readings, so it was Rose Hawthorne to whom he refers.] The day has slipped on to three o'clock, and I must get up 'Dombey' for to-night. Hence this sudden break off. Best love to Mamie, to Katie and Charley Collins.

Regarding the 'familiar tone' which Dickens could not 'make out,' here is a sample of the journalism of

that day copied from the 'Boston Post' of January 4, 1868:

DICKENSIANA

The papers say that the Dickens fever is subsiding in New York but it rages here high with unabated virulence. The great man is to read again next week I believe when the unfortunate recipients of tickets that were not honored at the last sale of tickets are to have the first place in the line of purchasers. Dolby is not popular here. The public charges upon him all the annoyances and the difficulties that have attended the purchase of tickets. I wonder if Dolby is his real name or if he adapted it from David Copperfield. Young David, you remember, running away in search of his aunt, sold his wardrobe piece by piece and the buyer of his little 'veskit' was Mr. Dolloby. I have said that the Dickens fever still rages. No doubt it does but the popular voice is not so unqualifiedly laudatory as it has been. Some people say they wouldn't give a quarter in scrip nor specie, to hear the eminent elocutionist the second time. And one gentleman, formerly a tutor at Harvard, went so far as to say that Howard Ticknor could beat Dickens in reading 'The Trial.'

Dickens does not live with his wife, it is said. This fact adds spice to this little story. (A lady well known in literary circles who suffers from an organ-ic disappointment, on the evening of the first readings sent Mr. Dickens a bouquet. The floral offering was returned with the thanks of the recipient and the announcement that a lady of London supplied him with flowers for his buttonhole, not only in England but America.) Oh, Charles, at your age and with that bald head and that gray goatee!

Very few of the invitations to festive indulgence that have been sent to Mr. Dickens have been used by him. Many hearts that beat high with hope of the honor of entertaining the distinguished stranger have been shocked by disappointment. These instances are so many as hardly to deserve mention, yet one case seems to demand regret. A literary gentleman who is supposed to have special claims upon Mr. Dickens's favorable consideration, made

a great party in his honor summoning many of the most eminent of Boston literary ornaments to meet their brother author, but at the last moment the guest sent a message to the entertainer to the effect that he was engaged and could not come.

One gentleman asked his friend, 'Have you heard Dickens?' 'Heard Dickens, why, yes, three times.' 'Three times! What in the world did you go so often for?' 'Well, to tell you the truth I didn't go to hear Dickens, but to see Jim —— who sat directly in front of me and whose performances every evening are worth three times the price of the tickets.' So you see it isn't pure and simple admiration of Dickens's elocution that draws the thousands to Tremont Temple.

Yet in all his letters is to be found no bitterness over this 'public's love of smartness.'

He read 'Dombey and Son' and the 'Trial from Pickwick' and next day left Boston and moved on to the New York engagement. On this journey to New York he contracted the cold which was to burden him for the whole American tour. Mr. and Mrs. Fields went with him to be present at his New York readings.

Saturday, December 7th

After he had gone the 'Boston Post' had this item:

Concerning Dickens: Mr. Dickens, having concluded his first series of Readings in Boston, has departed for New York. He has been treated with kindness and courtesy in our city. In the attentions given him nobody has particularly slopped over or gushed notoriously. He has dined out during his three weeks' sojourn here about a dozen times, particularly in Cambridge, but mostly in Boston. He has entertained small and select parties at the Parker House about the same number of times. Sunday last he gave a nice party to several people largely of the female persuasion, all of whom were captivated by the Boz-zian soups and sentences. With the exception of

these dinings and winings, mostly among the crême de la crême of the literati, Mr. Dickens has devoted himself to business. He means business. He meant it in getting $20,000 for his four readings in Tremont Temple.

. . . He also says that at the Parker House the 'cooking is good.' Let him remember this important fact and not say something else in Volume 2 of 'American Notes.' It may or may not be known that Dickens is particular as to his food. What Englishman is not? He wants what he wants as he wants it, otherwise there is conversation of a pointed character.

Another interesting paragraph from the 'Boston Transcript' of a little later date chronicles an act that may have occurred on this day:

A lady of Charlestown, a great admirer of Dickens, writes that she is unfortunately paralyzed in her limbs from an accident so that she cannot walk and writes to Mr. Dickens to ask if the doors of Tremont Temple could be opened to her earlier than the usual hour, that she might be lifted into the hall, unobserved by attendants before the Reading, mentioning her infirmity. Mr. Dickens sympathetically acknowledged her note, gave orders that her request be granted and presented her with complimentary tickets of admission.

The same paper also stated, February 3d:

Mr. Dickens sent $1000.00 to Mrs. Clemm, Edgar A. Poe's mother-in-law, who is in needy circumstances.

Saturday, December 21st

Dickens and Dolby arrived from New York at about 9 P.M., having left at noon in order that he might not be hurried in the morning. At the Parker House they were pleasantly surprised to find their rooms decorated with flowers and Christmas greens by Mrs. Fields and Christ-

mas letters from home awaiting them. They had a late dinner in the Dickens parlor and afterward sitting before the fire they read their letters and speculated on what the loved ones in England were doing at this Christmas season.

Sunday, December 22d

When Dickens sat down to breakfast this morning, he found beside his plate a large branch of real English mistletoe which Captain Dolliver, of the custom house, had secured from England as a Christmas remembrance for the author. He was greatly pleased by this cordial and thoughtful act.

After breakfast he began a letter to Miss Hogarth:

Boston, Twenty-second December, 1867

My dear Georgy:

Coming here from New York last night (after a detestable journey) I was delighted to find your letter of the 6th. I read it at my ten o'clock dinner with the greatest interest and pleasure, and then we talked of home till we went to bed. . . . When we got here, we found that Mrs. Fields had not only garnished the rooms with flowers, but also with holly (with real red berries) and festoons of moss dependent from the looking glasses and picture frames. She is one of the dearest little women in the world. The homely Christmas look of the place quite affected us.

Dickens worked with Dolby and Osgood a part of the day rearranging his route to include Baltimore, Washington, and a few other places not up to this time thought possible, and in the afternoon the three went for another Dickens 'constitutional.'

Coming back to the Parker House, Dickens and Dolby dressed and drove around to the Fields house where

Mrs. Fields had planned a Christmas dinner party for this the only available night that the author would have for such a festival. Mr. and Mrs. Fields, James Russell Lowell and his daughter Mabel, Mr. and Mrs. Dorr were the other guests.

The charming hostess had prepared a real Christmas feast, with roast turkey and all the attendant delicacies, and a real English plum pudding, blazing in brandy, brought in at the end. All this, flanked by punch made by Dickens, began an evening that was long remembered by hosts and guests. Dickens was at his best and piloted the conversation into all manner of pleasant channels and led the merrymaking until, in the small hours of the morning, the two 'D's' made their way back over the historic Hill and down to Parker's.

Monday, December 23d

He spent a part of this forenoon adding this continuation of his letter of Sunday to Miss Hogarth:

> Did I tell you in a former letter from here, to tell Anne with her old master's love, that I had seen Putnam, my old secretary?
>
> Our hotel in New York was on fire *again* the other night. But fires in this country are quite matters of course. There was a large one there at four this morning and I don't think a single night has passed since I have been under the protection of the Eagle, but I have heard the fire bells dolefully clanging all over the city. [Boston in a few years was to experience one in earnest.]
>
> Dolby sends his kindest regards. His hair has become quite white, the effect, I suppose, of the climate. He is so universally hauled over the coals (for no reason on earth) that I fully expect to hear him, one of these nights, assailed with a howl as he precedes me to the platform steps. You may conceive what the low newspapers are

here, when one of them yesterday morning had, as an item of news, the intelligence: 'Dickens Readings: The chap calling himself Dolby got drunk last night, and was locked up in a police station for fighting an Irishman'! I don't find that any one is shocked by this liveliness.

The day turned out to be very pleasant with a change to much warmer weather, so when Fields called, Dickens was delighted to go for a walk which was all the more enjoyed as he was feeling much better. That night he read 'David Copperfield' and 'Bob Sawyer's Party' to a large and brilliant audience.

Tuesday, December 24th

It is an instance of the artistic planning of James T. Fields that gave Bostonians the opportunity of hearing Dickens read 'The Christmas Carol' on Christmas Eve. One cannot imagine an event that would appeal more strongly to the imaginations of the people of any age. It is quite safe to assume that even in this day of jazz such an attraction would draw a packed house. Then if the radio feature was added, it is quite overpowering to think how many people would be thrilled.

Dickens wrote home concerning this reading: 'The Bostonians were quite astounding in their demonstrations. I never saw anything like them on Christmas Eve.'

Just as many people as could possibly crowd into the Tremont Temple laughed, wept, and applauded. The receipts were said to be $3500 which was a record audience even for Dickens. A 'Boston Post' reporter was present and wrote his impressions which were printed in that paper the next day, Wednesday afternoon, De-

cember 25th, which proves that Boston newspapers printed afternoon editions on holidays in those days.

The article shows, even though written in an exaggerated and satirical vein, how Dickens and Dolby 'staged' the readings, and built up an entrance for Mr. Dickens. It is also another example of the 'smart' journalism which C. D. did not altogether admire.

THE ORDER OF DICKENS READING AT THE TEMPLE

First the audience all bustle and fervor — women crowding, pushing, wishing everybody out of the way. A little before 8 the Dickens gas man appears, takes a view, at the side of platform and contents. Returns to anteroom. In one minute and a half comes out again. Look No. 2. Retires. Comes out again and goes upon the platform. Lets on gas. Blandly surveys the gorgeous spectacle. Returns quite satisfied. Audience all eyes and expectation. Enter Dolby and views the scene so charming with a tremendous air of importance — in fact several airs. Retires, reports progress, reappears, takes a concentratedly tremendous look, says to himself, 'All right — perfect,' and retires. Eight o'clock and three minutes, Dickens appears book in hand, rose in lapel, white vest and necktie, shiny diamond, blooming face, sparkling eye. Trips up to platform as lively as a gazelle. Trips to desk ditto. Applause, more applause. Dickens bows — bows once, twice, three times. Begins, 'Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor to read from,' etc. Reads two hours. Runs down to anteroom, takes some beer, says to Dolby, 'Dolby, big business this — $3500.00 for a couple of hours. People must think it good. Dol, we must make hay while the sun shines, you know.' They then walk around to the Parker House and dine and wine.

It is safe to say that Boston newspaper humor had improved since 1842. At any rate, the pun had somehow disappeared and 'Jonas and the Deacon' had vanished with the years.

While he was reading 'The Carol' at the Tremont Temple on Christmas Eve, the stock company at the Selwyn Theatre, which Dickens had visited a month before, was playing 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' with Mrs. Chanfrau playing 'Dot' and young Stuart Robson was, strange to say, doing the famous slavey part of 'Tilly Slowboy.' Any theatre-goers who recall Robson's high-pitched voice can realize what he would do with this grotesque female impersonation.

After the reading there was a great demonstration on the part of the audience before it left to go home to fill the Christmas stockings and to put the finishing touches on Christmas dinners and decorations.

The 'Boston Post,' commenting on this evening, said the next day:

> Mr. Dickens's 6th Reading: Christmas Carol; Pickwick Trial. . . . The audience were at times in one complete roar of laughter in which Mr. Dickens could hardly refrain from joining. The best impression however and the one that will be most permanent was made by the Christmas Carol.

On their return to their rooms Dickens and Dolby sat a while before the blazing fire in the marble fireplace and were rather unhappy on this Christmas Eve so far from home. Before he retired he wrote this letter to the donor of the mistletoe:

> Boston, Christmas Eve, 1867
>
> Dear Captain Dolliver,
>
> Accept my cordial thanks for your kind remembrance of Home and Christmas time. It was highly acceptable to me when I saw it lying on my breakfast table.
>
> With all good wishes in (and out of) season, Believe me,
>
> Faithfully Yours Always
>
> Charles Dickens

Wednesday, December 25th

This day is best described by a brief paragraph from Dolby's book:

> On Christmas Day we left our friends in Boston for New York; Mr. Dickens suffering from the most acute depression, consequent, in a great measure, on the return of his influenza and the necessity of having to leave Boston and to travel on such a day.
>
> At the station, early in the morning were Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Longfellow, Agassiz, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ticknor, and a host of other friends who, with the kindest of intentions, had come to say 'good-bye' and to present their Christmas greetings. These were a signal failure and the kindly wishes ended in a perfect breakdown in heart and speech to him who had done so much to keep Christmas green in the hearts of all.

We may well believe that Dickens would have preferred a Christmas Day in some cheery Boston or Cambridge home to the dreary nine-hour journey to New York in the cars that he especially disliked.

Sunday, January 5th, 1868

On his return from New York to read again in Boston, he accepted an invitation to live at the Fields house on Charles Street, and here he arrived at half-past nine in the evening on Saturday, January 4.

On Sunday morning, after they had breakfasted at nine-thirty, Oliver Wendell Holmes dropped in for a chat, and in some manner the conversation drifted to the famous Parkman murder case. Dr. Holmes offered to walk over to the Harvard Medical School buildings on Grove Street and show Dickens the exact scene of the crime, an invitation which he immediately accepted, and so they started out.

Dickens was very familiar with the case because an account of the murder, written in great detail by Sir Emerson Tennent, had been recently published in his magazine 'All the Year Round.' Dr. Holmes, at that time Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, was an excellent guide, and Dickens wrote in letters to Lord Lytton and Wilkie Collins very graphic descriptions of his impressions. When he was in Boston in 1842 he had been introduced by Longfellow to several of the professors at Harvard and among them Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry. In 1849 Webster murdered Parkman, and had attempted to dispose of the body in his laboratory. It was a sensational case and Webster was convicted and hanged. Dickens wrote this description of his visit to Lord Lytton:

> Being in Boston I went over to the Medical School at Harvard and saw the exact localities where Professor Webster did that amazing murder and worked so hard to rid himself of the body of the murdered man. They were horribly grim, private, cold, and quiet. The identical furnace, smelling fearfully (some anatomical broth in it, I suppose), as if the body was still there; jars of pieces of sour mortality standing about, like the forty robbers in Ali Baba after being scalded to death; and bodies near us ready to be carried in to next morning's lecture.

A spookish visit, no doubt, and one can imagine that Holmes took a certain grim delight in guiding the great writer of melodrama through this laboratory of horrors. They doubtless walked back to Charles Street and Holmes left him at Fields's. Mrs. Fields had planned another party for him that night and had invited Longfellow, Tom Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter, Rowse the artist, Osgood, Miss Putnam, and Mr. Gay; but of

these only Longfellow, Appleton, and the Thaxters were able to come.

It was a brilliant affair, with of course a great deal of lively conversation, but Dickens had been greatly impressed by his morning visit and so comedy gradually gave way to tragedy as Dickens dwelt on the dramatic features and possibilities of the Parkman murder.

At length it was the gentle poet Longfellow who provided the thrill of the evening with a recital that impressed Dickens to such a degree that he wrote the complete version of it in his letters home, to Wilkie Collins and to Lord Lytton, both of whom he knew would appreciate its dramatic qualities:

> At the house where I afterwards dined I heard an amazing and fearful story, told by one who had been at a dinner party of ten or a dozen, at Webster's, less than a year before the murder. They began rather uncomfortably, in consequence of one of the guests (the victim of an instinctive antipathy) starting up with the sweat pouring down his face, and crying out, 'O Heaven! There's a cat somewhere in the room!' The cat was found and ejected, but they didn't get on very well. Left with their wine they were getting on a little better, when Webster suddenly told the servants to turn the gas off and bring in that bowl of burning minerals which he had prepared, in order that the company might see how ghastly they looked by its weird light. All this was done and every man was looking, horror-stricken, at his neighbor when Webster was seen bending over the bowl with a rope round his neck, holding up the end of the rope, with his head on one side and his tongue lolled out, to represent a hanged man!
>
> Poking into his life and character, I find, what I would have staked my head upon, that he was always a cruel man.

What a privilege it must have been to sit on the side

lines, and listen to the presentation, discussion, and analysis of a great dramatic story by two such famous story-tellers as these!

This entry in Longfellow's diary gives his impression of the evening as well as an account of how he spent the day. In these times of automobiles, electric cars, and subways, one is amazed to read of the amount of walking every one did in 1868 and thereabouts. Did the poet ever imagine that people would go from Boston to Cambridge in nine minutes under ground, diving into the earth after crossing the (modernized) bridge upon which he 'stood at midnight when the clock was striking the hour'?

> Sunday, Jan. 5th, 1868: Bright and cold. Took a long walk in the morning. Another in the afternoon, on my way to dine with Fields. A dinner for Dickens who is staying with them. Very pleasant, the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter and T. G. A. We sat from 6 o'clock until 11. There being no car so late walked out to Cambridge with W. Thaxter in the bright moonlight. Very tired. It seemed as if I should never reach home and that I should never get to bed.

Monday, January 6th

Dickens had breakfast at nine-thirty promptly while at Fields's. Mrs. Fields wrote that he had always a rasher of bacon, an egg, and a cup of tea: afterward an interval of conversation on general subjects. This morning they discussed and examined the sewing machine, then a new invention. He wrote until one o'clock when he had a glass of wine and a biscuit. Then a long walk until nearly four when they had dinner. After dinner he took a cup of strong coffee, a tiny glass of brandy, and a

cigar, and lay down for a short time to get his voice in order. At six o'clock Scott, his 'dresser,' appeared from the Parker House and took his portmanteau of evening clothes to the Tremont Temple and at six-thirty Dickens himself reached his dressing-room and was arrayed for the evening.

This evening he read 'The Carol' and 'Trial from Pickwick,' both great favorites with Boston audiences, and at ten-thirty walked back over the Hill with the Fieldses. Arriving at home they all enjoyed an hour's conversation, and the topic of conversation most apt to have engaged their time to-night must have been the production of 'No Thoroughfare' at the Boston Museum.

Dickens had brought over this play, which he and Wilkie Collins had written and which Charles Fechter produced successfully in London while he was away, hoping to get an American production. Dion Boucicault had told Collins of the golden harvest to be made in America with it, all of which proved to be a highly exaggerated statement, for within ten days after the story had appeared here, as a part of the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round,' it had been dramatized by two actors at the Boston Museum and was playing there on December 30th.

The players who made this hurried dramatization were L. R. Shewell and Fred Williams. Shewell was born in 1833 and died in 1904. He first appeared at the Boston Museum and remained there for five seasons. His next engagement was at Selwyn's, after which he was with Maggie Mitchell, and on December 1, 1873, became stage manager of the Boston Theatre, a post he re-

tained for eighteen years. Fred Williams was born in Ireland in 1829 and came to America in 1852, making his début in Boston at the Museum in 1864. He was an actor, stage manager, and playwright. He died in 1900.

Dickens wrote Collins from New York a few days later:

> We shall do nothing with the play on this side. Pirates are producing their own wretched versions in all directions. I registered one copy as the property of Ticknor and Fields, American Citizens, but the manager of the Museum Theatre, Boston, instantly announced his version. Thereupon Ticknor and Fields gave him notice that he mustn't play it. Unto which he replied that he meant to play it and would play it. Of course he knew very well that if an injunction were applied for against him, there would be an immediate howl against my persecution of the innocent, and he played it.
>
> Then the noble host of pirates rushed in, and it is being done in some mangled form or other, everywhere.

How well Dickens gauged the situation is seen in this incipient 'howl' from the 'Boston Journal':

> Jan. 7. Mr. Dickens objected to the dramatization of 'No Thoroughfare' at the Museum and legal notice was given to the manager of the same. The manager made legal reply and there the matter rests. Well it may.

Miss Annie Clarke played the leading female part of 'Marguerite' in this production of 'No Thoroughfare,' and R. M. Field, long the very capable manager of the Old Museum, was the manager that stood on his 'rights' and prevented Dickens from sharing in the profits of his work. One wonders what the royalties and returns in general would have been if the copyright laws in force to-day had existed then. America was a gold mine far greater than England for Dickens's stories and almost

every one of these was put on the stage in some form, but with little regard for the wishes of the author.

Dickens even offered the manager of one New York theatre the free use of his manuscript of 'No Thoroughfare' and his assistance in staging it if he would use the original version, but no answer whatever was made to his offer.

As the conversation of the three friends on this Monday night could not but be rather bitter on this subject, Dickens mixed one of his famous punches which no doubt turned the talk to more cheerful channels and, as Mrs. Fields said, 'made us all sleep like tops.' Which may have been true of herself and Jamie, but C. D. was finding sleep more and more difficult.

Regarding this punch, it seems that Dickens got the recipe from his father and was very proud of it. Longfellow wrote of his making it and said, 'No witch at her incantations could be more rapt in her task than Dickens was as he stooped over the drink he was mixing.'

And Dickens wrote Fields this about it:

> Rash youth: No presumptuous hand should try to make the punch except in the presence of the hoary sage who pens these lines. With *him* on the spot to perceive and avert impending failure, with timely words of wisdom to arrest the erring hand and curb the straying judgment and with such gentle expressions of encouragement as his stern experience may justify, to cheer the aspirant with faint hopes of future excellence — with these conditions observed, the daring mind may scale the heights of sugar and contemplate the depths of lemon. Otherwise not.

Tuesday, January 7th

On this, his third day at Fields's, it is doubtful if he varied his programme to any extent. Everybody knows

Misses' and Ladies' Cloaks, $4 to $25. O. S. CURRIER's, 94 Hanover st.

New Fancy Goods for the Holidays at F. A. Green's, No. 521 Washington street.

BOSTON MUSEUM

ACTING MANAGER, - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. R. M. FIELD

IMMEDIATE PRODUCTION OF A

POWERFUL NEW PLAY!

DRAMATIZED FROM

THE NEW CHRISTMAS STORY,

NO THOROUGHFARE

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS,

Dramatized by Messrs. L. R. SHEWELL and F. WILLIAMS, and upon which the BEST RESOURCES of the establishment have been employed with UNUSUAL ACTIVITY since its publication TWO WEEKS AGO.

Monday Evening, December 30, 1867,

And every Evening of the Week (except Saturday); also, Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons,

WITH NEW SCENIC EFFECTS

Of an Impressive and Startling Character, and Unique and Appropriate Appointments.

NEW SCENERY . . . . BY . . . MR. GASPARD MAEDER | NOVEL APPOINTMENTS . . . BY . . . . MR. J. CARSON
MECHANICAL APPLIANCES BY MR. WARREN MARDEN | ORIGINAL MUSIC . . . . BY . . MR. FERD. VON OLKER

Full Chorus.

Vendale	Mr. L. R. Shewell
Joey Ladle	W. Warren
Obenreiser	F. Hardenberg
Bintrey	H. F. McClannin
Walter Wilding	Harry B. Hudson
Maitre Voight	C. L. Farwell
Jarvis	A. DeWarne
Guides	J Burroughs and W. Kelly
The Landlord	C. W. Hayes
Marguerite	Miss Annie Clarke
Mad. Dor	Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Mrs. Goldstraw	Mrs. E. L. Davenport
The Veiled Lady	Miss M. Parker

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

PROLOGUE—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL. THE CHIMES. CHRISTMAS EVE.

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung.
A Christmas revel, once, would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

A Mother's Distress. A Stranger's Sympathy.

ACT 1.—"CRIPPLE CORNER, LONDON." The New Housekeeper's Revelations. A Startling Discovery. Bubbles and Vapors. The New Partner. The Swiss Commission Agent. THE EVIL OMEN!

ACT 2.—DOMESTIC SWITZERLAND IN LONDON. Love Making under Difficulties. More Vapors. The six cases of Red Wine and what they led to. A Hard Bargain. The Receipt in Dangor. The Sudden Departure. THE WARNING.

ACT. 3.—SWITZERLAND. Scene 1.—A Bad Night's Rest. The Drugged Brandy. The Thief Baffled. Scene 2—Signs of a Storm. Scene 3.—The Ravine in the Swiss Mountains. The Fearful Struggle For Life. Scene 4.—Joey on a Journey. Marguerite's Devotion. Scene 5.—Woman's Love. THE RESCUE.
ACT 4.—Scene 1.—The Trap. The Discovery. Denouement. NO THOROUGHFARE.

To be followed each Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons, by

Nature & Philosophy

Colin, "the Youth that never saw a Woman,"			Miss Louisa Meyers
Eliza	Miss Fanny Skerritt	Father Philip	Mr. C. L. Farwell
Gertrude	Mrs. J. R. Vincent	Ronaldo	Mr. J. H. Ring

Admission			30 Cents
Secured Seats in Parquette Circle and Balcony			50 Cents
Parquette Chairs	75 Cents	Orchestra Chairs	$1,00
Admission for Children under 10 years of age			15 Cents

SEATS MAY BE SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.
Exhibition Hall Open at 6 1-2 o'clock. Evening performances commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.
Afternoon Performances, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 1-2 o'clock.

TREASURER, - - - - - - - - - Mr. GEORGE W. BLATCHFORD

CLOTHE YOUR BOYS at FENNO'S, 19 and 22 Dock square, Up Stairs.

how methodical Dickens was and how he utilized each hour in some worth-while way. After breakfast he was, as usual, at his writing-desk until it was time for the daily walk and then the hours of rest and the readings. On this night he read his selection from 'Nickleby' and 'Bob Sawyer's Party' from 'Pickwick Papers' to the usual large and delighted audience.

He no doubt made arrangements for his readings in Hartford to-day, as the 'Boston Journal' printed this item January 10:

> The gentleman from Hartford who offered Dickens $3000.00 to go to that city was told that Mr. D. resolved before leaving England to make no engagements in America, but to go wherever he might think best. 'But,' said Mr. D., 'I will go to Hartford.'

The 'Boston Post' printed this item:

> Mr. Dickens has called out audiences that for culture and position in society have not been assembled in Boston for many years. His success artistically and professionally has been very marked, pecuniarily it figures up a net receipt of $25,000.00. This with his profits in New York make him $60,000.00 better off than when he stepped ashore at East Boston in November. He merits his success and no one begrudges him the handsome return that attends his efforts.

An echo from the past, of those great days in 1842 when these four were all young men together, is found in this letter from Longfellow to Charles Sumner written after Dickens had gone on to New York:

> Dickens readings are wonderful to see and hear. Sergeant Buzfuz's address to the jury in Bardell vs Pickwick would delight you. In what rapture our dear Felton would be were he now alive.

Dickens went on from Boston to New York and later read in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; north again through Philadelphia, New York to Providence, returning to Boston February 23d.

Monday, February 24th

One of his first acts this morning after breakfast was to write a letter to his friend Charles Fechter, who was playing 'No Thoroughfare' in London.

Boston, Twenty-fourth February, 1868

My dear Fechter,

Your letter reached me yesterday. I have sent a telegram (addressed to the theatre) this morning and I write this by earliest return mail.

My dear fellow, consider yourself my representative, whatever you do, or desire to do about the play I fully authorize beforehand. . . . As to making money with the play in the United States here, Boucicault has filled Wilkie's head with golden dreams that have nothing in them. He makes no account of the fact that, wherever I go, the theatres (with my name in big letters) instantly begin playing versions of my books, and that the moment the Christmas Number came over here they pirated it and played 'No Thoroughfare.' Now I have enquired into the law and am extremely doubtful whether I *could* have prevented this. Why should they pay for the piece as you act it when all they want is my name and they can get that for nothing?

I am doing enormous business. . . . Generally they are very good audiences indeed. . . . 'Doctor Marigold' is a great favorite and they laugh so unrestrainedly at 'The Trial' from 'Pickwick' (which you have never heard) that it has grown about half as long again as it used to be.

If I could send you a 'brandy cocktail' by post, I would. It is a highly meritorious dram which I hope to present to you at Gad's. My New York landlord made me a 'Rocky Mountain Sneezer' which appeared to me to be com-

pounded of all the spirits ever heard of in the world, with bitters, lemon, sugar, and snow. You can only make a true 'sneezer' when the snow is lying on the ground.

At eleven o'clock Fields, his walking partner, appeared and they did a brisk seven miles to-day over very bad going. When he returned to the hotel he rested until 4 P.M. The vote on President Johnson's impeachment was taken at 5 P.M., and at 7 the three large theatres, all doing a big business, were paralyzed, and the usual long line of people waiting at 8 P.M. to buy tickets for Dickens's readings was absent. He read 'Copperfield' and 'Dr. Marigold' that evening and, between the parts of the readings, Dolby read a telegram stating that President Johnson had been impeached by a vote of 126 to 47.

Emerson came down from Concord to spend the night at the Fieldses' and to accompany them to the reading. Afterward the three went around to speak to Dickens and later at home they had a discussion about the author, whom Emerson could not quite make out. He told Mrs. Fields, 'He daunts me. I have not the key.'

This morning Dickens wrote to Forster:

Tuesday, February 25th

To-day you hear people in the streets talking of nothing but the Johnson impeachment. I shall suppress my next week's promised readings (by good fortune, not yet announced) and watch the outcome of events. Nothing in this country lasts long. And I think it likely that the public may be heartily tired of the President's name by the 9th of March, when I read at a considerable distance from here. So behold me with a whole week's holiday in view.

And to his daughter he wrote this note:

Boston, Twenty-fifth February, 1868

My dearest Mamie:

It is so very difficult to know, by any exercise of common sense, what turn or height the political excitement may take next, and it may so easily, and so soon, swallow up all other things, that I think I shall suppress my next week's readings here (by good fortune not yet announced) and watch the course of events. Dolby's sudden despondings under these circumstances is so acute, that it is actually swelling his head as I glance at him in the glass while I am writing. [A mirror, by the way, that is still preserved in a room dedicated to his memory in the successor to his old hotel in Boston.]

The catarrh is no better and no worse. The weather is intensely cold. Mrs. Fields is more delightful than ever, and Fields more hospitable. My room is always radiant with brilliant flowers of their sending.

His cold was so bad to-day that he did not go to walk, but spent most of the day at his writing-desk.

Longfellow's diary for this day reads, 'The weather cold and comfortless. Evening Dickens again.'

This item, probably written by Charles H. Taylor, for it appeared in the 'Boston Traveller,' shows that one young woman of Boston did not quite understand Mr. Dickens's cockney impersonation:

> While Mr. Dickens was delighting his audience with Dr. Marigold last evening, a young lady said to her male companion: 'Why, Mr. Dickens sounds his H's broadly sometimes and at others he omits them. I really thought he was better educated.'

Wednesday, February 26th

The outstanding feature of this blustering winter day was the walk that Dickens and Fields took to lay out the course for the 'Great International Walking Match'

which was to come off the 29th. It had been arranged that this should be determined by Mr. Dickens, and he proposed to Fields that they walk out on the Mill Dam road 'at the rate of not less than four miles an hour for one hour and a half.' Fields tells about it in his 'Yesterdays with Authors':

> I shall not soon forget the tremendous pace at which he travelled that day. I have seen a great many walkers, but never one with whom I found it such hard work to keep up.
>
> Of course his object was to stretch out the space as far as possible for our friends to travel on the appointed day. With watch in hand, Dickens strode on over the Mill Dam road toward Newton Center. When we reached the turning-point and had established the extreme limit, we both felt that we had given the men who were to walk in the match excellent good measure.
>
> All along the road people had stared at us, wondering I suppose why two such men should be pegging away in the middle of the road as if life depended on the speed they were getting over the ground.
>
> I had never seen his full power tested before and I could not but feel great admiration for his walking pluck. We were both greatly heated and, seeing a little shop by the roadside, we went in for refreshments.
>
> A few sickly-looking oranges were all we could obtain to quench our thirst, and we seized those and sat down on the shop door steps, tired and panting.
>
> Thirteen miles' stretch on a brisk winter day did neither of us any harm and Dickens was in great spirit over the match. We agreed to walk over the grounds again on the appointed day, keeping company with our respective men.

In the evening Dickens and Fields drove out to Cambridge, and while Dickens went to supper at Lowell's beautiful home Elmwood, which still stands exactly as it was that night, Fields spent the evening with Long-

fellow so that he might drive Dickens back to the Parker House.

While Dickens had many friends in Boston and Cambridge, Cornelius C. Felton in 1842 and Mr. and Mrs. Fields in 1867–68 were the three who seemed nearest and dearest to his heart.

Thursday, February 27th

After the preliminary walk of yesterday through heavy going at a furious pace, it is not to be wondered at that Dickens was nearly ill with a cold. He wrote to Georgina:

> They have come to regard the Readings and the Reader as their peculiar property; and you would be both amused and pleased if you could see the curious way in which they show this increased interest in both. Whenever they laugh or cry, they have taken to applauding as well; and the result is very inspiriting. I shall remain here until Saturday the 7th, but after to-morrow night shall not read here until the first of April when I begin my farewells — six in number.
>
> This morning at breakfast I received yours of the 11th from Palace Gate House. I have very little news to give you in return for your budget. The walking match is to come off Saturday and Fields and I went over the ground yesterday to measure the miles. We went at a tremendous pace. The condition of the ground is something indescribable, from half-melted snow, running water, and sheets and blocks of ice. The two performers have not the faintest notion of the weight of the task they have undertaken. I give a dinner afterward and have just now been settling the bill of fare and selecting the wines.

It is hard to imagine the vogue that walking had in the early sixties, and very interesting to note the glee with which Dickens had helped to arrange an almost

impossible task for his friends Dolby and Osgood. It does not appear that either of them had been at all prominent in athletics, yet they were going to tackle a contest that would only be attempted by trained athletes. It is a wonder that either Dolby or Osgood survived the event.

Mrs. Fields had planned a birthday party for Longfellow at the Charles Street house and invited Dickens, but he was too ill to attend. This entry in Longfellow's diary described the evening:

> Thursday 27. My birthday. A chill wind threatening snow. Dickens read 'The Carol' and 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn.' Then a supper at Fields's in honor of the day. Emerson, Holmes, Norton, Howells, Uncle Tom, and Brother Sam. Dickens had too bad a cold to go, but he wrote me a nice letter on the occasion.

And here is the cordial note copied from the papers at the Longfellow house:

> BOSTON, Thursday 27th, 1868
>
> MY DEAR LONGFELLOW: I wish you from my deepest heart, many many happy returns of this day (a precious one to the civilized world) and all earthly happiness and prosperity. God bless you, my dear friend. I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill next Summer and to give you the heartiest reception there, the undersigned 'village blacksmith' can strike out of his domestic anvil.
>
> Dolby will report that I have been terrifying him by sneezing melodiously for the last half hour. The moment there is a fall from the sky, this national catarrh of mine gives me an extra grip. I dare not come to Fields's to-night — having to read to-morrow, but you shall in my flowing cup (sneezes) be especially remembered after to-night's reading even your imagination cannot conceive how admiringly, tenderly and truly.
>
> Ever your affectionate
> CHARLES DICKENS

Friday, February 28th

This morning he wrote to his friend Forster:

To-morrow-fortnight we purpose being at the Falls of Niagara, and then we shall come back and really begin to wind up. I have got to know the Carol so well I can't remember it and occasionally go dodging about in the wildest manner to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremendously last night that I was stopped every five minutes. One poor girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim and was taken out. We had a fine house, and, in the interval while I was out, they covered the little table with flowers.

The cough has taken a fresh start as if it were a novelty, and is even worse than ever to-day. Osgood came into camp last night from selling in remote places and reports that at Rochester and Buffalo (both places near the frontier) tickets were bought by Canada people who had struggled across the frozen river and clambered over all sorts of obstructions to get them.

He must have been gratified to read in to-day's 'Boston Post' the account of his last night's reading:

Mr. Dickens gave his third Reading in Tremont Temple last evening before an extremely large and enthusiastic audience. Among those present were Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, scores of the city clergy, lawyers, doctors, and other people generally. At 8.05 Mr. Dickens made his appearance with two rosebuds, white and pink, in his left lapel of his coat and a good deal of animation in his eyes. Without any other ceremony than a pretty thorough inspection of gas fixtures and a smile-bedecked obeisance to the audience, Mr. Dickens proceeded to read the Christmas Carol, clearly the best of his entire performance. It differed but little from his previous reading except that he was less confined to the text, slashing sometimes whole pages and at others filling in with fresh matter. . . . At the close of the Carol Mr. Dickens was cordially applauded and had a bouquet thrown to him on the platform which orna-

mented the dainty little table for the rest of the evening.

The second part of the programme included 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,' which was given in all its exquisite humor. Mr. Dickens was peculiarly happy in this reading.

Through all these days it must be remembered that he was really ill. He could not sleep, he could not eat, his old lameness had returned, and the catarrhal cold had grown worse than ever.

Dolby tells of leaving his room, which adjoined the 'Chief's' suite, and going softly to Dickens's bedroom to see if he slept and finding him at any hour of the night wide awake; but, with all his afflictions, cheerful and only concerned because Dolby was breaking his rest for him.

And yet nearly every day, in the worst of weather, these long violent walks through snow and sleet. Nearly all the ladies he knew in Boston, who doubtless indulged in little or no exercise, outlived him by over thirty years: a problem for the health experts to explain.

On this night, Tremont Temple was again filled to hear him read his selections from 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'The Trial' from 'Pickwick.'

Saturday, February 29th

This was the day of the 'Great International Walking Match' between 'The Boston Bantam' (James R. Osgood) and 'The Man of Ross' (George Dolby), seconded by 'Massachusetts Jemmy' (James T. Fields) and 'The Gad's Hill Gasper' (Charles Dickens). These names were given by Dickens himself. As the subtitle of the famous broadside said, 'the origin of this highly excit-

ing and important event cannot be better stated than in the articles of agreement subscribed by the parties.' This document is given in James T. Fields's 'Yesterdays with Authors.' But the following selection from Dickens's own letter written to his daughter from Baltimore tells the story:

> Dolby and Osgood, who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits (I am often very heavy, and rarely sleep much), have decided to have a walking-match at Boston, on Saturday, February 29th. Beginning this design in joke, they have become tremendously in earnest, and Dolby has actually sent home (much to his opponent's terror) for a pair of seamless socks to walk in. Our men are hugely excited on the subject, and continually make bets on 'the men.' Fields and I are to walk out six miles, and 'the men' are to turn and walk round us. Neither of them has the least idea what twelve miles at a pace is. Being requested by both to give them 'a breather' yesterday, I gave them a stiff one of five miles over a bad road in the snow, half the distance uphill. I took them at a pace of four miles and a half an hour, and you never beheld such objects as they were when we got back; both smoking like factories, and both obliged to change everything before they could come to dinner. They have the absurdest ideas of what are tests of walking power, and continually get up in the maddest manner and see how high they can kick the wall! The wainscot here, in one place, is scored all over with their pencil-marks. To see them doing this — Dolby, a big man, and Osgood, a very little one — is ridiculous beyond description.

The day opened blustering with snow and a chill wind. Dickens spent a large part of the forenoon superintending the floral display on the table in the Crystal Parlor where the dinner was to be given after the match was over.

In the articles of agreement he wrote that 'the men

were to show on the evening of the day of walking, at six o'clock precisely, at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by the Gasper,' but in reality this great dinner was to be given to Mrs. Annie Fields. Regarding this he wrote his daughter:

> As she had done so much for me in the way of flowers, I thought I would show her a sight in that line at dinner. You never saw anything like it. Two immense crowns, the base, of the choicest exotics, and the loops oval masses of violets. In the center of the table an immense basket overflowing with enormous bell-mouthed lilies; all around the table a bright green border of wreathed creeper, with clustering roses at intervals; a rose for every buttonhole and a bouquet for every lady. They made an exhibition of the table before dinner to numbers of people.

After this had been arranged to suit his ideas, he asked Mrs. Fields to come over and pass judgment on it, which she did just after luncheon and a little after the men had started the great contest.

Miss Alice Longfellow, who attended the dinner that evening with her father, remembers that it was given in this room, at that time considered the very finest reception room in New England.

After Mr. Dickens had finished with the details of the dinner, he donned his heavy walking clothes and with Dolby joined Fields and Osgood at the starting-point on Beacon Street near Charles, 'at the first tree on the Mill Dam road.'

Now this celebrated event, which has been so often described since then, may have been kept secret from the press, for there is no mention of it in the Boston papers of February 29th or March 1st, but one can imagine what the newspapers of to-day would have done with

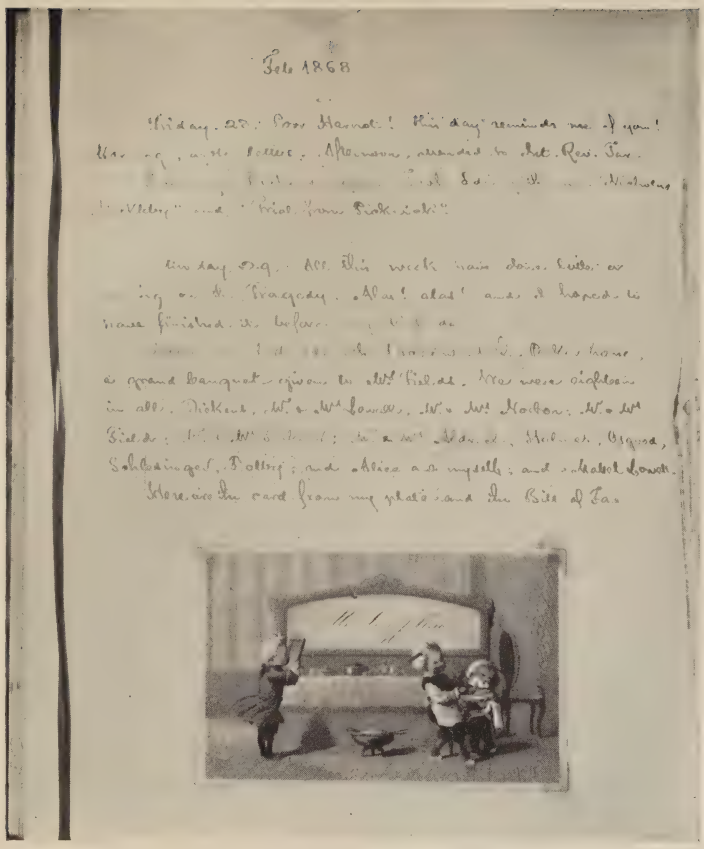
such an affair, and how the movie men and newspaper photographers, reporters, and so on would have covered it.

What smart sports writer of to-day would describe the contest with the wit and humor shown in the following fragment of the story of the race by Dickens himself?

> The Bantam rounded first: Roscius rounded wide: and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition and blew away like an orderly Blacksmith in full work. . . and pegged away on his little drum sticks as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch.

Dickens went over the whole course at top speed himself on this blustering winter's day, when he was really far from well, forging ahead of the contestants so as to be at the turning-point and the finish line, and after the race was over and 'P. H.' had been defeated, Dickens took a carriage to the Parker House for a rub-down and a nap before dressing for dinner. At five-thirty he went down with Dolby to the Crystal Room, where the guests had arrived and an informal reception was in progress, and soon the party was seated. There were present Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Professor and Mrs. James Russell Lowell and Miss Lowell, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Ticknor, Mr. Schlesinger, and Professor Henry W. Longfellow and Miss Alice Longfellow.

As these words are written, only three of all that merry party are living. Of these Mrs. Aldrich remem-



PAGE FROM LONGFELLOW'S DIARY SHOWING PLACE-CARD AT WALKING-MATCH DINNER

bers that it was a glorious affair with no set speeches, and also that she was rather worried about her gown until 'Tom' told her that Lowell had spoken favorably of her appearance to him. Miss Alice Longfellow remembers that both Dickens and Dolby made short humorous speeches, and Mrs. Ticknor that she won a pair of gloves from the great author on the event.[1]

Mrs. James T. Fields has stated in 'Memories of a Hostess,' 'I sat at Mr. Dickens's right hand and next to Mr. Lowell. Mrs. Norton sat the other side of our host and he divided his attention loyally between us.' And all who have written of it agree that it was one of the most brilliant dinners ever given at Parker's. Around ten o'clock the guests took their leave, all delighted with the affair.

Dickens, Dolby, and Osgood then went up the stairs to his rooms, and here occurred the episode that has caused many smiles down through the years since then. There was, of course, a great deal of joking and hilarity between the three, for their travels had made them boon companions, and Dickens had by this hour, and in spite of his cold, worked himself up into one of those periods of high spirits that were so characteristic of him. There are evidences all through his life of flashes of uproarious fun, such as the ringing of a doorbell and lying down on the doorstep after the manner of the clown in the pantomime; he was in fact very fond of such pranks.

So on this evening, when he had drawn the water for a bath, he entertained his two friends by attempting an imitation of a clown on the edge of the tub, still arrayed in his faultless evening attire. This tub, which the

[1] Mrs. Aldrich and Mrs. Ticknor both died in the spring of 1927.

writer has seen, was a heavily built affair with a very wide rolling edge, but the great humorist must have essayed some very complicated feat, for he lost his balance and fell into the tub of water, fully arrayed, with all his boutonnières, gold chains, and brilliantined earlocks.

It was an act worthy of Grimaldi, and while it has been chronicled as an accident, it may have been wholly voluntary if Dickens had reached one of those high spots of hilarity of which he was capable. Of course there was a burst of merriment, Dolby shaking the very walls with his laughter.

Now, as may be expected, the cause of this most unusual situation has often been attributed to the flowing bowl, and so it may be well to mention here that all his closest friends have left documentary evidence to the effect that Dickens *never* drank to excess, although no man has ever *described* the cheer of pre-Volstead days with the power and genius of Boz.

And late that night, after Osgood had taken his leave and Dickens and Dolby had sought their respective couches, over in the quiet of Cambridge, Longfellow in his study at Craigie House made this entry in his diary:

> Saturday 29. Alice and I dined with Dickens at the Parker House; a grand banquet given to Mrs. Fields. We were eighteen in all [then follows the list of guests]. Here is the card from my plate.

Sunday, March 1st

After the strenuous day and evening of yesterday, Dickens and Dolby rested quietly in their rooms at Parker's. The latter certainly must have felt the

effects of his long, hard walk in the storm, and if he with his robust health and strong constitution was tired, certainly the 'Chief' must have been.

How Dickens could go through such a race, evidently outwalking both contestants on the way to the turn at least, when so ill with a cold that he could scarcely appear for his readings, must forever remain a mystery.

It was about this time — it may have been this day — that Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose education of Laura Bridgman had so stirred Dickens's sympathies in 1842, wrote him this letter:

Mr. Charles Dickens.

My dear Sir:

Lend me your heart for a moment. More than half a century ago the happy device of raised letters promised material relief to that numerous class of every generation who suffer under the sore infirmity of blindness. That promise has never been fully realized. . . . In this country there are twenty-three institutions, in all of which the blind are taught to read — but, alas, their reading books are as yet very few in number. 'Paradise Lost' is really the only book we have of a literary character that the blind call for.

Now they want something to gladden their hearts. They have had lugubrious food enough; they want happier news of life. They want some books which will give pleasure and joy in their dark chambers. Books which set forth the truth that God has made the great staple of enjoyment so to abound in all possible conditions of humanity, that those who will be virtuous and kind can get a share of it, in spite of all obstacles and infirmities.

Your books do this, and I want the blind to have one of them at their fingers' ends. I want, moreover, for several reasons, that you yourself should place one there. First, for the lasting pleasure it will give them; second, for the effect it would surely have of inducing others to follow your example.

This is the auspicious moment to do it, because now the blind want books; and the public ear is yours. Your star is at its zenith, and your example will be followed.

Think of this, my dear Sir; and if possible make the blind of this country happy and grateful by leaving them in close, grateful relations with its author, whether he be in this world or another.

Faithfully
S. G. Howe

Dolby, on going into the 'Chief's' room one night to inquire for his health, was asked by Dickens to sit down beside the bed. Mr. Dickens told him that he wanted to leave some gift of good will in America and thought that copies of one of his books printed in raised letters for the blind would be most appropriate — and he asked Dolby to look up the cost of such work. This the energetic manager did and, later in the year, Mr. Dickens sent the following letter to his friend.

Monday, Eighteenth May, 1868

Dear Dr. Howe: — If you will apply personally to Mr. J. S. Amory of Boston, that gentleman (as agent to my bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand, London) will pay you seventeen hundred dollars. This sum, in accordance with your estimate, I place at your disposal for the production of two hundred and fifty copies of the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. Kindly use your own discretion concerning it, and you will please me.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

Dr. Howe's reply to this kind note was as follows:

Portsmouth, R.I., June 7th, 1868

My dear Mr. Dickens: I received your welcome letter just as I was leaving town.

I have no words adequate to express my feelings of

gratitude for your generous contribution to our printing fund for the blind.

It will not only lighten and cheer thousands of that unfortunate class by putting at their fingers' ends one of the best books ever written, but it will, I am sure, be the means of procuring for them many others.

Faithfully and gratefully yours
SAMUEL G. HOWE

Dr. Howe wrote again to Mr. Dickens suggesting to him a plan for the distribution of the 'Old Curiosity Shop' among the blind of this country, and received the following reply:

Tuesday, twenty-third June, 1868

MY DEAR DR. HOWE: I write this brief reply to your most welcome letter of the 7th in order that you may be quite sure of my active concurrence in your scheme for the distribution of the books. You have read my wishes correctly, and I could not be better satisfied than I am. Believe me always

Very faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

The books were distributed, some to State institutions and some to private homes, and not only did they at once bring joy and delight to their recipients, but the example was followed by others and so the library of the blind increased.

Dickens stories that later appeared in raised type and in Braille were: 'A Christmas Carol,' 'Great Expectations,' 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'A Tale of Two Cities,' and a short sketch of how the first one, 'Old Curiosity Shop,' came to be done.

And this sketch includes the above given correspondence between Charles Dickens and Dr. Howe in order

that the blind may always know and understand his genuine interest in all those who sit in darkness.

Monday, March 2d

A letter written to his daughter gives a very good idea as to how this day was spent:

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON
Second March, 1868

MY DEAREST MAMIE:

A heavy gale of wind and a snowstorm oblige me to write suddenly for the Cunard steamer a day earlier than usual. The railroad between this and New York will probably be stopped somewhere. After all the hard weather we have had, this is the worst day we have seen. . . . I am holiday making until Friday when we start on the round of travel that is to bring us back here for the first of April. My holiday making is simply through resting except on Wednesday when I dine with Longfellow. There is still great political excitement, but I hope it may not hurt us very much. Dolby and I are not quite determined whether Mrs. Fields did not desert our colours, during the Walking Match, by coming on the ground in a carriage and having bread *soaked in brandy* put into the winning man's mouth as he steamed along. She pleaded that she would have done as much for Dolby, if *he* had been ahead, so we are inclined to forgive her.

P. H. has just come in with a newspaper, containing a reference (in good taste!) to the walking match. He posts it to you by this post. It is telegraphed that the storm prevails over an immense extent of country, and is just the same at Chicago as here. I hope it may prove a wind-up. We are getting sick of the sound of sleigh bells even.

The snowstorm prevented his usual 'constitutional' to-day and he remained in his rooms writing and in conversation with Dolby and Osgood. Toward evening the three took a sleigh ride from the hotel around

to 148 Charles Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Fields had asked them to another little dinner party.

There were more of the games that were so popular with this little group of friends, another ceremonious mixing of the famous Dickens punch, much laughter, and the three gentlemen left before eleven, as the Parker House cab called for them and they had promised the driver they would not keep him waiting in the cold.

Tuesday, March 3d

The 'Boston Transcript' of to-day carried this interesting advertisement:

THE BOOK OF THE DAY

Kate Field's Pen Photographs of Mr. Dickens's Readings. Buy it and see how perfectly she brings out the very salient points in the Readings you yourself hear. It can be read over and over again. 25 cents. Loring, Publisher, Boston.

Twenty-five years before, Kate Field's father had played his play 'Boz' before Mr. and Mrs. Dickens on the very spot where his talented daughter now studied the great author and reader and set down the most vivid descriptions of those readings that exist to-day. The little paper-covered book is now very rare, but it should be found and read by those who would know more about Dickens the actor.

Going to the Tremont Temple nightly, Kate Field caught and by the means of type charts preserved forever the inflections of the reader's voice, as will be seen by this short example, taken from the 'Pen Photographs' which almost became 'Pen Phonographs.' The

speech of Buzfuz, for instance, is reproduced as Dickens himself did it:

'Never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice

law,

the

of

had he approached a case with such a heavy re-spon-si-bi-li-ty imposed

him, —

upon

a re-spon-si-bi-li-ty he could never have sup-

ed,

port

were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction, so strong that it amounted to positive

that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client,

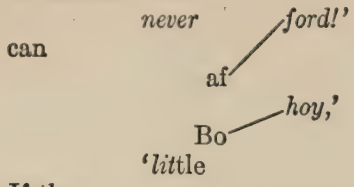
must

must

The intonation and action accompanying the repetition of these final words, are delightfully burlesque. 'Sergeant Buzfuz' draws back his head and then throws it forward to add impressiveness to speech, while a muscular contortion going on at the back of his neck and rippling down his shoulders, suggests memories of a heavy swell on the ocean. Truth and justice are evidently convulsed.

He is no less affecting when, speaking of his client as a widow, 'yes, gentlemen, a widow,' he produces a pocket-handkerchief for appropriate application, and refers to the late Mr. Bardell's having 'glided almost impercepti-

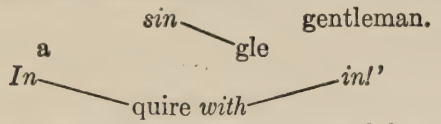
bly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house



If the

on whom Mr. Bardell 'stamped his likeness,' was ever as funny as 'Sergeant Buzfuz's' mention of him, he ought to have fully compensated 'the unimpeachable female' for the loss of her custom-house officer. The same learned gentleman's rendering of the inscription —

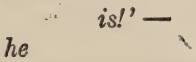
'Apartments furnished for



is such oratory as might move the most obdurate to tears. (I do not specify what kind of tears.)

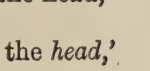
A single gentleman is no sooner invited to inquire within, than a juror with an anxious countenance, expressive of a profound sense of responsibility, starts up, and inquires without, 'There is no date to that, is there, sir?' If I were a court, I should always insist upon having that conscientious man impanelled.

'Mr. Pickwick' merely writhes in silence, but when 'Sergeant Buzfuz' directs attention to him — 'If he be in court as I am informed



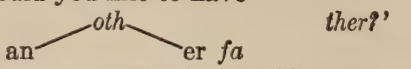
and aims the forefinger of his right hand at the defendant's head, it becomes a query whether grotesque action is not as difficult to excel in as absolute grace. Mr. Dickens has learned its secret.

The great points of 'Mr. Pickwick's' having once patted 'Master Bardell' 'on the head,'



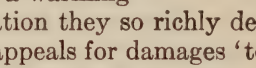
and of his having made use of the remarkable expression —

'How should you like to have



are brought out most effectively, while 'Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce!' and that other very remarkable expression, 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan,' together with the 'Sergeant's' surprised inquiry —

'Why, gentlemen, what lady
trouble herself about
does



are received with all the approbation they so richly deserve. When 'Sergeant Buzfuz' appeals for damages 'to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative, and I may say a highly poetic jury of her civilized countrymen,' his peroration takes instant effect, and he retires behind a round of applause.

Strange to say C. D. objected to the publication of these essays in London, and so there was no English edition at this time, although one was published there after his death.

There being no reading to-day, Dickens gave a little dinner at the Parker House to a few of his friends. The party consisted of Fields, Longfellow, Bigelow, Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, and Dolby. It was at this dinner that the scenes at an English political meeting were enacted which Fields has so graphically described in 'Yesterdays with Authors.'

It was a very hilarious evening; Dickens put up the bald-headed Dolby as his candidate and Fields presenting Bigelow, who had a heavy head of hair, as his, each making burlesque speeches. Fields says of Dickens:

His speech, for volubility and nonsense, was nearly fatal to us all. We roared and writhed in agonies of laughter and the candidates themselves were literally choking and crying with the humor of the thing. But the fun culminated when I tried to get a hearing in behalf of my man, and Dickens drowned all my attempts to be heard with imitative jeers of a boisterous election mob. He seemed to have as many voices that night as the human throat is capable of and the repeated shouts, among others, of a pretended husky old man bawling out at intervals: 'Three cheers for the bald 'un!' 'Down with the hairy aristocracy!' 'Up with the little shiny chap on top!' and other similar outbursts I can never forget. At last in sheer exhaustion we all gave in and agreed to break up and thus save our lives, if it were not already too late to make the attempt.

Through all these days and nights in Boston there runs this river of uproarious laughter, showing so clearly that the great humorist was indeed a comrade of infinite jest who by the simplest methods inspired and created such laughter as we seldom hear to-day.

Wednesday, March 4th

One of the generous acts which he did while in Boston occurred on this day, when he received Master William Milligan, an eleven-year-old Cambridge schoolboy, and gave him a personal interview. The boy, a great reader of Dickens's books, had come in from Cambridge on several days in the hope of seeing Mr. Dickens on the street. Failing in this, he wrote a letter to the author telling him of his love for his stories and his great desire to meet him and received a note asking him to call at ten o'clock on this morning. The boy called at the office and asked to see Mr. Dickens, only to be ordered out by an officious clerk, and it was only after he had

loudly remonstrated and shown his note that he was sent up to Number 338. Unfortunately this delay had made him late for his appointment and Dickens ordered him to take a seat across the room and wait until he had finished some notes he was making from a pile of books on the table before him.

Dr. Milligan, in his recollections of the event, says:

> Finally he laid down his pen and beckoned me to a sofa about five feet away from him, and when I was seated he said, looking at me sternly: 'You were late. I do not like people who do not keep their appointments with me!' As earnestly and respectfully as possible I told him of my difficulty in making the clerk believe that I had an appointment. This amused him and he came over and sat beside me and I had fully fifteen minutes' conversation with the great author that I never can forget. He asked me many questions about my school, my hopes and ambitions, and where I lived. Upon my telling him that I came from Cambridge, he asked me if I knew a man named Longfellow out there, whereupon I told him that I did and that I had taken one of my poems to Mr. Longfellow asking him if I should get it published. This burst of confidence on my part seemed to amuse him greatly, for he laughed long and heartily and asked, 'What did Longfellow say?' 'He said, "I wouldn't if I were you!"' I replied guilelessly. 'Well,' said Dickens, 'I'm going out there to dinner to-night and I'll ask him about that poem,' and he laughed again.
>
> Some way I felt that he was getting his share of the enjoyment from the interview and he certainly made me feel proud and very happy.

No wonder that in after life the boy became one of the most ardent members of the Dickens Fellowship with that blessed memory always with him, and Harvey D. Parker, the proprietor, always called Dr. Milligan 'The Dickens Man.'

There is very little more that can be written about this day. It was just another of the days that Dickens was devoting to rest and recuperation, quietly living at the Parker House in the city that he had chosen as most agreeable for his holidays.

The evening, however, took on a much more interesting air, for Dickens and Dolby had been invited to another 'men's' dinner at Longfellow's and so they walked over to Cambridge, arriving there about six o'clock. Fields and Osgood accompanied them and the quartette enjoyed the walk and may have raced a bit in memory of the recent 'Walking Match.' Certainly that would have pleased Dickens, who was very proud of his 'walking pluck.'

As they steamed through the Square and up Brattle Street, they found Craigie House ablaze with light and the great door open with the silver-haired poet ready to welcome them with all his delightful hospitality.

The other guests were Palfrey, Sande, Samuel Longfellow, and the poet's son Ernest. The reader will have to imagine the jolly party at the dinner table, the wit and humor that sparkled as they sat after dinner, the jokes and gibes about the 'Walking Match,' the cheery 'good-nights,' and the walk back to town; because beyond the brief entry in Longfellow's diary, there is no description of the affair.

Of one thing we may be sure. A dinner given by Longfellow in honor of Dickens was certain to be a memorable occasion.

Thursday, March 5th

The 'Boston Transcript' contributes the account of his chief activity to-day, and we know that Dolby,

Osgood, Fields, and W. D. Howells accompanied him on this little journey:

> Mr. Dickens walked out to the University Press in Cambridge and explored that admirable establishment from top to bottom. All the new improvements both in printing and binding were exhibited to him in their working order and his own practical knowledge being such as to warrant great judgment of their excellence, he expressed great pleasure in the examination of them.
>
> The workmen and workwomen in the employment of Messrs. Welch, Bigelow and Company received the great author with enthusiasm and he in his turn seemed greatly pleased with his visit.

They walked back to the Fields house, where Mrs. Fields had arranged a dinner party, and she says in the book 'Memories of a Hostess' that they had a very merry time. Having been shown so many things during the day, the 'Chief' said he should have a bitter hatred against any mortal who undertook to show him anything in the world, when to their great amusement Fields came in and invited him to inspect the new fruit house of the Charles Street home.

After dinner they played some of Dickens's favorite games and also attempted to estimate how far Dickens's manuscript would reach if the pages were laid end to end.

As the Fieldses were going to a party, the gentlemen left early in the evening walking together down Charles Street, turning up Pinckney past the Aldrich house, and then to the right into Louisburg Square, stopping to say good-night to Howells at his door.

Once in his rooms Dickens may have picked up the 'Boston Post' for this day and read to Osgood and Dolby this bit of Boston humor:

> The newest wrinkle is the 'Dickens Collar.' It is ornamented with two rosebuds and a likeness of the distinguished author on the tips, with a profile view of Mr. Dolby on the back.

After which the friends said good-night and retired to their rooms to rest, for on the next day the Dickens troupe once more took to the road.

Friday, March 6th

From the 'Boston Post':

> Mr. Dickens will leave town to-day for Western New York. He is to read in Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and some other places. He will return to Boston in about two weeks. . . . Boston is the only city Mr. Dickens has formed any attachment for and he will spend his leisure time here. In his judgment we have the best society, best hotels, best suburbs, best culture, and the best appreciation of any city in America. His audiences in other cities, as for instance New York, have been more demonstrative and boisterous, but not so accurately appreciative. In a word Dickens swears by Boston and *at* most other cities. The difference is one of distinction.

In addition to all this, Dickens had the best of friends in Boston, as this little extract from Mrs. James T. Fields's diary on this day will indicate:

> I have written to Syracuse to ask Mrs. Mill, wife of the President of Cornell University, to try and make him more comfortable at the hotel. I feel, somehow, like one of his daughters, and as if I could not take too good care of him.

He was away on his reading tour the most of the month, returning through Boston March 27th on his way to New Bedford, where he read; then back to Boston on the 28th at 7 A.M.; dined at Boston at 3 P.M.,

and took the five o'clock train for Portland, where he was forced to stay over Sunday. He read at Portland, March 30th, at the old City Hall, returning again to Boston March 31st.

Tuesday, March 31st

This morning found him rising early at the Preble House in Portland, Maine, where he had read the night before, and hurrying through breakfast in order to get the morning train. This item in the 'Boston Herald,' written by a lady who was a schoolgirl in that city in 1868, is of interest:

> Reference to the heavy shawls of gray and black mixture worn by men in the sixties, reminded me of Charles Dickens. He was wearing one when girls, myself among them, met him in the morning after his public reading in Portland, Maine. He was walking along valise in hand, from the Preble House where he had stopped overnight, to the old B. & M. station at the foot of State Street to take the 9 A.M. train for Boston. We met him on Congress Street on our way to the Portland High School. His shawl was folded lengthwise round his shoulders and held by large pins. One of the girls pulled off a piece of fringe as a memento.

A souvenir hunter that corresponds with the coachmen who pulled hair from his fur coat in 1842.

He took the train with Osgood and they rode together in the day coach until at Berwick both gentlemen got out and strolled up and down the little station platform. The passengers in the train crowded the windows of the cars to catch a glimpse of Dickens.

Among others was the little girl who afterward became Kate Douglas Wiggin, and who was coming to Boston with her mother. Now it happened that Kate

had been brought up on Dickens's books and was the most ardent of hero worshippers. So when the train had started and Osgood had gone into the smoker for a few minutes, she bravely went and sat in the empty seat beside Dickens. She has told about it most charmingly in a little book, 'A Child's Journey with Dickens.'

Dickens took great pleasure in chatting with this interesting child all the way to Boston, discussing his books with her as if she were his own age and taking a great interest in her home life on the farm in Hollis, Maine, and the animals that were named from the characters in his stories.

By this lovable and gracious act he gave the little Cinderella who couldn't go to his reading the night before at the City Hall, Portland, because it was too expensive, the joy of spending hours in the society of her Fairy Prince, an experience she could never forget.

The wonder is that when he asked her, 'And would *you* like to hear me read?' and she answered with tears in her eyes, 'I would, more than tongue can tell,' that he did not place an everlasting halo round the happy day by commanding that business ogre Dolby to place a small extra stool somewhere in the Tremont Temple that night for little Kate.

But they parted at the station, she to go on her way with her mother to visit the aunt in Charlestown and he to the Parker House to his rooms, to rest and to finish the letter to his daughter, which he had begun at Portland the day before:

> I have safely arrived here, just in time to add a line to that effect and get this off by to-morrow's English mail from New York. Feeling rather better. Everything

triumphant last night, except no sleep again. I suppose Dolby to be now on his way back to join me here. I am much mistaken if the political crisis does not damage the farewells by almost one half. My room well decorated with flowers, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Fields coming to dinner. They are the most devoted of friends, and never in the way and never out of it.

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Fields arrived for a pleasant visit in the corner parlor 'high up' before the cheerful fire, before they left to go to the Temple and the evening reading.

This morning the 'Boston Post' had this item:

Wednesday, April 1st

Mr. Dickens will give the first of his six farewell Readings in Boston this evening. He reads the Christmas Carol and Pickwick Trial, the programme with which he opened his original entertainment in this country. There has been a lively demand for tickets and a very large and brilliant audience is sure to be present.

During the forenoon he began a letter to Miss Hogarth which gives a further account of his activities here:

Boston, First April, 1868

My dearest Georgy:

I received your letter of from the 14th to the 17th of March, here, last night. My New York doctor has prescribed for me promptly, and I hope I am better. I am certainly no worse. We shall do (to the best of my belief) *very well* with the farewells here and at New York, but not greatly.

Everything is at a standstill, pending the impeachment and the next presidential election. I forgot whether I told you that the New York Press are going to give me a public dinner, on Saturday, the 18th.

The reading that night was a great success, and Mrs. Fields was in raptures over it and all the more delighted because Dickens played to them in a way and 'put in all manner of queer things for our amusement,' as she says in her diary.

And yet one eye-witness has said that Mr. Dickens appeared for his reading leaning heavily on the arm of his manager, who assisted him up the steps of the platform and behind the screen; from which he entered to commence his reading alert, quick, and apparently in the best of health, and went through it with all the fire and vigor imaginable, only to fall into the waiting arms of his manager at the close. How he could so recuperate for the two hours was an everlasting mystery to his Boston friends and to his staff.

Another interesting item is this entry from Longfellow's diary, which indicates that even though the seats for the reading were difficult to secure, the poet had a good supply, for he evidently never went alone. He writes:

> Took Mr. and Mrs. Speilman and Mr. Allyn to hear Dickens read the 'Carol' and the 'Trial.' He was in great form.

Thursday, April 2d

On this morning, Dickens was far from well — in fact, when James T. Fields called at about ten-thirty, he found him very irritable — coughing and generally distressed, out of sorts with everything and everybody. But his friend Fields had a soothing effect upon him and, the day brightening, the two pedestrians sallied forth for a walk that restored Dickens's spirits to some extent.

The 'business' of the night before had not been as

good as he expected, and this had a tendency to depress him. But he forgot his troubles as he strode along at top speed, talking to his friend, who was probably one of the most enthusiastic listeners that the great writer ever had — and he loved listeners.

And in that other great friend's diary is found this item:

> Dickens read 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn.' Took Mrs. Allyn, Edie and Alice.

Longfellow hardly missed one of the readings and, while not as intimate a friend as Fields, was one of that Boston 'Dickens Circle' who suspended all other social activities until this famous visitor had gone. The day as a whole was much like the others, miserable weather, and a sick man trying against heavy odds to keep faith with the public.

Friday, April 3d

An extract from the diary of a Bostonian who well represented the Boston audiences is here given. Mr. James Edward Root was a prominent business man and, with his beautiful wife, one of the most ardent of Dickens's admirers. He attended most of the readings and his little daughter came in close contact with the great author:

> Friday, April 3 — Went this evening to hear Dickens read again after an interval of three months. This time it was Dr. Marigold and Mrs. Gamp. I was as much delighted as ever, even more, and I think he was in better spirits and in more perfect sympathy with his audience than at any previous occasion here. His humor was more magnetic and to my mind of a richer quality in Mrs. Gamp than Pickwick or Bob Sawyer's Party. The latter

never was a particular favorite with me; it is not so original, not so much a creation as that immortal nurse.

One of the strange things about this reading was that at four o'clock in the afternoon it was very doubtful whether he could appear. His cold was worse than ever, and Longfellow, Fields, Norton, and Holmes on going to his rooms at Parker's were greatly disturbed by his appearance and urged him to give up that evening's reading at least. But he was determined and with Dolby's help he got to the hall. Once before his audience, the illness seemed to leave him, and he is said to have read with unusual power and effectiveness, and after the reading to have asserted that he felt fresher and better than he had for weeks.

The severe attack of the afternoon seemed to Dolby to have been the turning-point in his condition. When it became known around town that, although very ill, he was determined to read, several ladies went to the Tremont Temple and decorated his reading-table with flowers. Dickens was much pleased with this compliment and before he began, said:

> Ladies and Gentlemen, before allowing Doctor Marigold to tell his story in his own peculiar way, I kiss the fair hands, unknown, who have so beautifully decorated my table this evening.

This little speech was greeted with great applause which perhaps helped him to forget his illness to some extent.

Saturday, April 4th

In spite of the improvement in his condition last night he was too ill for his daily walk with Fields, but, feeling that he must get outside, he ordered a sleigh and

a pair of horses and with Fields took a short ride through the suburbs over some of the roads they had walked together.

Coming back to the Parker House he added a section to the letter he was writing to his daughter in which, among other things, he said, 'I am tremendously "beat," but I feel really and unaffectedly so much stronger to-day, both in body and hopes, that I am much encouraged. I have a fancy that I turned my worst time last night.'

As the afternoon passed, the storm increased and at evening he decided to remain in his rooms going over with Dolby the closing business of the readings. Dolby some years later gave the results of the American tour as follows:

> The original scheme embraced eighty readings in all, of which seventy-six were actually given.
>
> Taking one city with another, the receipts averaged $3,000.00 for each reading. The total receipts were $228,000.00 and the expenses $39,000.00, including hotels, travelling expenses, rent of halls, and a commission of 5 per cent to Messrs. Ticknor and Fields on the gross receipts in Boston.

After deducting Mr. Dolby's commission and changing the paper money into gold, which Dickens at that time thought necessary, the actual profit of the whole tour amounted to about $95,000.00, which was some $17,500.00 more than he had estimated in his original plans before leaving England.

Sunday, April 5th

The only documentary evidence that has been found in any way to indicate how Dickens spent this day is an entry in Henry W. Longfellow's diary:

Sunday, April 5th. Last night a snowstorm and this morning again a flurry of snow. Took tea with the Nortons; Dickens too ill with a cold to come.

This indicates how fearful he was of breaking down before the 'Farewells' had been finished or he certainly would not have disappointed his Cambridge friends on this, the last possible night that they could hope to entertain him.

It would be strange indeed if Fields did not call at the Parker House sometime during the day, but there is no mention of it in any existing records, and we can only assume that Dickens spent the day in absolute rest and quiet, or as near to that condition as it was ever possible for him to be.

Monday, April 6th

The day began bright, clear, and cold, and found Dickens somewhat improved in health and spirits. The walks with Fields had been discontinued and the day was spent quietly in his rooms. At six-thirty, Dolby and probably one of the other members of the staff, Kelly or Scott, helped him to descend the stairs, which he did slowly and with great effort, and to take the few steps between the Parker House and the Tremont Temple, and there, at three minutes past eight, he appeared and read 'Copperfield' and 'Bob Sawyer's Party.'

One of the members of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, Mrs. Flora D. Sampson, who was present this evening has thus described the scene as she remembers it:

The selections from 'Copperfield,' were, of course,

graphically presented, including the tragic death of Steerforth. I am sure there was not a dry eye in that vast audience. Imagine my astonishment at seeing the face of my husband and the ladies of our party, not one of whom could be characterized as a typical 'sob sister,' streaming with tears.

My recollection of other impersonations is dimmed by time, but never shall I forget the first view of our beloved author. Possibly some of your readers will recall that in the old Tremont Temple the balcony was much lower than at present and nearer the stage. Our seats were in the front row of the lower balcony and we had a fine view of the entrance from the dressing room. As Mr. Dickens, leaning heavily on his manager, climbed the steps leading to the stage, he appeared to be very lame and entirely unable to walk alone. But the moment he passed the screen separating him from the audience and emerged into plain view, lo! what a transformation! He walked erect without assistance, with his accustomed ease and grace of deportment, acknowledged the greeting and tumultuous applause with no hint of stiffness or of pain, and to my unspeakable surprise, immediately began his impersonations — for impersonations they were — neither readings nor recitals, in the ordinary sense and was the gayest and most charming imaginable companion for the entire evening, retiring at intervals, to fall into the arms of his waiting manager, evincing great pain and weariness, when sure that he was out of sight of the audience. I heard later, that he suffered continually while in Boston, from the rigors of the unaccustomed climate and was constantly at the mercy of his old enemy, rheumatism. No one would have dreamed of such a condition when he appeared in public.

This strange ability to throw off his physical afflictions under the inspiration of his work and his audience was as astonishing to Dickens as to his friends; this testimony from one of the audience shows how complete the transformation was.

How serious the lameness was is best told in this short selection from Forster's 'Life':

> In the winter of 1865 he first had the attack in his left foot which materially disabled his walking power for the rest of his life. He supposed its cause to be over-walking in the snow, and that this had aggravated the suffering is very likely; but, read in the light of what followed, it may now be presumed to have had more serious origin. It recurred at intervals before America, without any such provocation. In America it came back, not when he had most been walking in the snow, but when nervous exhaustion was at its worst with him. After America, it became prominent on the eve of the occurrence at Preston which first revealed the progress that disease had been making in the vessels of the brain; and in the last year of his life it was a constant trouble and most intense suffering, extending then gravely to his left hand also, which had before been only slightly affected.

Little did the audiences at these 'Boston Farewells' realize that they were farewells indeed and that in two short years the voice and artistry that so charmed them would be stilled forever.

Tuesday, April 7th

This morning began with a heavy snowstorm and found Dickens more affected by his cold than ever. James T. Fields, Longfellow, and Norton called during the forenoon, and they all, seeing his condition, urged him to give up the idea of reading to-night, but with very little purpose, for he realized that the end was in sight and was determined to appear.

Seeing that their efforts were useless, they left, with the hope that he might improve as the day progressed. He remained in his rooms, having, as he wrote, 'a bis-

cuit and a sherry cobbler at twelve and a pint of champagne at three.' He was taking almost no solid food.

He wrote this letter to his daughter Mary, on this day:

> I not only read last Friday when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. You never saw or heard such a scene of excitement. I cannot tell whether the catarrh may have done me any lasting injury in the lungs or other breathing apparatus, until I have rested and got home. I hope and believe not. Consider the weather! There have been two snowstorms since I wrote last and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind. Dolby is as tender as a woman and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading, now, but sits at the side of the platform, and keeps his eye upon me all the time. Ditto George the gas man, steadiest and most reliable man I ever employed.
>
> I have Dombey to do to-night, and must go through it carefully: So ends my report. The personal affection of the people of this place is charming to the last.

Another description of the day and a glance at Boston life at that time is found in this entry in Mr. James E. Root's diary:

> Tuesday, April 7 — The storm has continued all day, but soon after dinner the snow turned to rain and it has pelted down incessantly till bed-time. I have not been out since morning, but Addie is not daunted by the elements! She has gone to hear Dickens read. As I already had tickets and as I did not care to go anywhere in such a tempest, she invited Mrs. Brown, who accepted.

It may safely be said that the weather, bad as it was, never seriously affected the attendance at the Dickens readings.

Wednesday, April 8th

Longfellow's diary for to-day has this entry:

> Wednesday 8. In town, muddy, sloppy and drippy. Dickens's last reading and a triumphant one with abundant flowers and a little speech.

The inclement weather and his influenza were forcing Dickens nearly to the limit of endurance. It is quite certain that this morning was spent in his rooms, as it was raining heavily.

At three o'clock he had dinner in the parlor of his suite, as usual, with Dolby, and as they were at the table a knock came at the door, the door opened, and an unexpected little visitor appeared, in the person of Miss Pauline Root, aged about five.

We turn again to the diary of Mr. Root, for, besides telling the story of the visit, it shows in every line how greatly Dickens was loved by his admirers in Boston:

> Wednesday, April 8 — A memorable event happened to Pauline to-day. After dinner Addie took her down to the Parker House. Miss Porter sent for Dickens's private waiter and asked if Dickens was in his room. He replied that he was, but was at dinner. She then asked him to take Pauline up to see him, and he did so, very cheerfully, though part of his duty is to stand at the door and act as a dragon to keep the rush of visitors at bay. Her looks, perhaps, softened his rigor; at all events, he led her to the door, told her to knock, and sent her in. She said, 'Is Mr. Dickens in?' Mr. Dickens was in — he was at the table with Mr. Dolby — he spoke to her pleasantly and kindly, and she went up and put a few rosebuds on his table. He shook hands with her and kissed her, and talked with her several minutes, holding her hand in his. She then left, telling him that 'she hoped she should see him again,' and that 'she would like to hear him read, if he would only read in the afternoon.' He smiled and said 'he wished he could for her sake,' or something like it;

and thus ended an interview which I am proud of, and which I hope she will never forget. I feel the more gratified because her visit seemed to give him pleasure, and there was no effort to accomplish it, though in general he is almost inaccessible to strangers.

This evening Addie and I went again to hear Mr. Dickens's last reading in Boston. It was Dr. Marigold and Mrs. Gamp. We had good seats, the third row from the front, where we could see every play of feature perfectly distinctly. I never enjoyed anything more intensely — my eyes were upon him every moment. The house was thronged, and it was enthusiastic for Boston. He never was in better form. When he finished, the applause was long and loud. He was going off the stage, and paused — turned and returned to his table, and made a little speech, the neatest and in the best taste I ever heard. Perhaps his manner was as much as his matter, for he evidently felt what he said, and I believe his audience was moved in sympathy. At all events it was my case. When we got home Addie said she felt blue; it seemed as if she had just come from a funeral.

Although the rain came down in torrents there was a very large audience present and Dolby has stated that the receipts — $3456 — were the largest of any reading in America.

The newspaper accounts state that his reading-table was decorated with flowers much to his surprise, and he acknowledged this act gracefully before he began to read. After the last selection the applause was long and insistent as he was leaving the stage, and he hesitated, then turned, and came back. As it became plain that he was going to speak, utter silence prevailed, and Dickens, coming to the front of the stage, made this touching little speech:

Ladies and Gentlemen, — My gracious and generous welcome in America, which can never be obliterated from

my remembrance, began here. My departure begins here too; for I assure you that I never until this moment really felt that I am going away. In this brief life of ours it is sad to do almost anything for the last time, and I cannot conceal from you, although my face will soon be turned towards my native land and all that makes it dear, that it is a sad consideration with me that in a few moments from this time this brilliant hall and all that it contains will fade from my view forevermore. But it is my consolation that the spirit of the bright faces, the quick perception, the ready response, the generous and cheering sounds that have made this place delightful will remain; and you may rely upon it that that spirit will abide with me as long as I have sense and sentiment left.

I do not say this with any limited reference to private friendships that have for years upon years made Boston a memorable and beloved spot to me, for such private references have no business in this public place — I say it purely in remembrance of and in homage to the great public heart before me.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — I beg most earnestly, most gratefully, and most affectionately to bid you each and all farewell.

The newspaper account goes on to say:

Perfect stillness prevailed in the hall during Mr. Dickens's remarks which evidently affected him in delivering. When he ended, as he retired from the platform he was followed by another storm of applause followed by nine hearty cheers.

It was on this very spot, in the old Tremont Theatre, that as a young man of twenty-nine, when he entered the box at the special performance in his honor, he had been given nine cheers.

Fields, Longfellow, Holmes, and others of his intimate Boston friends crowded into his dressing-room after he had finished, all eager to say and to hear one more parting word, but soon they were all gone and Dickens,

leaning on Dolby's arm, left the Tremont Temple for the last time and going to the Parker House wearily climbed the stairs to his rooms. Here at quarter-past ten a light supper was served, after which he soon retired.

Thursday, April 9th

This day was largely devoted to the final arrangements for his departure. The Boston farewell readings were over and his face was at last set toward home 'and all that makes it dear.' The mental exhilaration and relief seemed to affect his physical self, and when Longfellow, Holmes, Hillard, Lowell, and others called to say good-bye, they found him greatly improved and in fine spirits. Nearly all his friends, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Fields, who were also going on to New York, called sometime during the day, and at noon he was pleased by another visit from little Pauline Root, as will be seen by this extract from her father's diary:

Thursday, April 9 — This morning I wrote to Mr. Dickens:

Charles Dickens, Esquire.

DEAR SIR: — It is with unfeigned reluctance that I venture to trespass on your patience, but I cannot let you go without thanking you for your kind reception of my little girl who yesterday intruded herself upon your notice. She is too young to appreciate the honor now, but I hope and believe it will be a bright memory for her in after years. With heartfelt sorrow her parents heard you last night utter that sad word, Farewell. With thousands of others they waft you their blessings, and with affectionate hearts they pray for the happiness of the man whom they admire and love so much.

I am, gratefully and respectfully yours

JAMES E. ROOT

This note I intended to leave at the Parker House for Mr. Dickens and run the chance of its ever getting into his hands. But Addie went down about noon with Pauline, who delivered it herself with a pretty bouquet procured at a conservatory on the way. She told him she had brought these flowers for him 'because he was going away' — he kissed her when she went in and when she left. Her call on him was but a few minutes, but it was very delightful and satisfactory.

The little girl, now Mrs. DeForest Danielson of Boston, has remembered the visit all her life and has done many things to keep alive the love for Dickens in all the people she has known.

Sometime during the evening, Mr. Dickens, in gathering up and completing all the loose ends of his Boston visit, answered this letter with a graceful note, as will be later seen, and at last, with all his effects carefully packed and everything in readiness to move, he retired to try once more to gain a few hours' sleep, so much needed to fortify his weakened condition for the long hard journey of the morrow and the strenuous New York farewell readings that lay before him.

Friday, April 10th

He was up early and with Dolby had his last breakfast in the corner parlor that was to know him no more, and everything had been so completely arranged by his efficient staff that the very short time before they were required to leave passed with no bustle or confusion. With Dolby's aid he descended the stairs, resting his hand on the polished balustrade for the last time. Never again would that carpeted stair know his quick and eager step — to-day, alas, not so light as when he

had first gone up on the night of November 19th. They passed through the parlors and out into the office, where Harvey D. Parker, his partner Mills, and all who had come in contact with the great author were waiting for the last farewells, quickly and cordially said. At the desk he left the note for the father of his little caller, Pauline; perhaps his last act at Parker's.

With Dolby's aid he went down the little flight of marble steps to the School Street door, where the cab was waiting — Mr. Parker no doubt following to the curb — and, entering the cab, he was gone, this time forever.

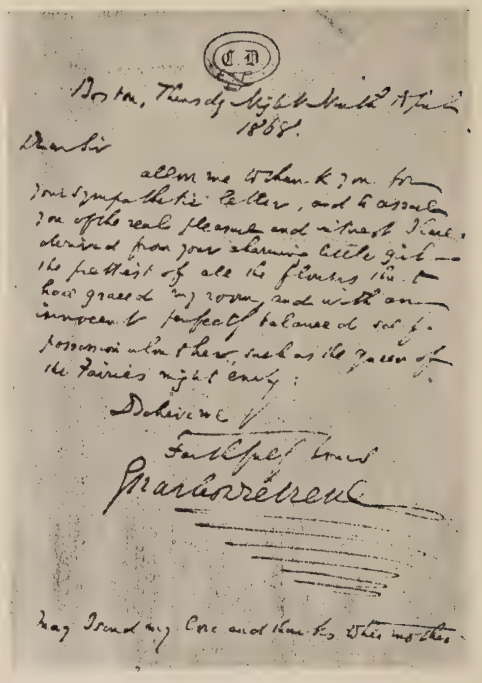
Two diaries add to this record of the passing on from Boston of this great personality. The first, written by his dearest Boston friend, Mrs. Fields, has this passage:

> Friday, April 10th. Left home at eight o'clock in the morning, found our dearly beloved friend C. D. already awaiting us, with two roses in his coat and looking as fresh as possible. It was my first ride in a compartment car. Mr. Dolby made the fourth in our little party and we had a table and a game of 'Nincom' and 'Casino' and talked and laughed and whiled away the time pleasantly until we arrived here at the Westminster Hotel in New York in time for dinner at six. I was impressed all day long with the occasional languor which overcame C. D. and always with the delicacy and quickness of his perception and I felt how deeply we had learned to love him and how hard it would be for us to part.

The other, a stranger who had never met him, but who was a part of the 'great public heart' to which he had referred in his farewell speech, Mr. Root gives a passing touch of the great genius:

> Friday, April 10th. Another lucky event has happened to me, a most happy and auspicious omen which has filled me with happiness. Toward evening Addie came rush-

PAULINE ROOT
(Now Mrs. DeForest Danielson)



Boston, Thursday Night March 4th
1858.

Dear Sir

allow me to thank you for
your sympathetic letter, and to assure
you of the real pleasure and interest I feel
derived from your charming little girl—
the prettiest of all the flowers that
have graced my room, and with an
innocent perfect balance of real &
possession which, such as the Queen of
the Fairies might envy:

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
Mary Ashton Rice

May I send my love and kiss to little mother.

LETTER TO JAMES E. ROOT
(Father of Pauline)

ing into my bedroom where I had been dozing, saying in a voice of great excitement: 'I have got some of the greatest news you ever heard. Here is a note from Miss Porter at the Parker House saying that she has a letter for you from Dickens! Come, go right down and get it.' It was then five o'clock and snowing tremendously.

'Why not wait until morning?' I said. 'I can get it then; it will be safe.'

'Can you wait until morning for a letter from Dickens? I could not sleep a wink to-night! You must go! How can you be so indifferent?'

Thus she appealed to me in her excitement and I walked down to the Parker House, for it was as easy as riding, and sent for Miss Porter. Presently she appeared and handed me the precious document which Mr. Dickens had left at the desk with a request that it should be handed to me. Mr. Dickens and party departed this morning for New York and this was almost the last thing he did before going.

With the treasure in my pocket I trudged home. All was anxiety, curiosity, and expectation. Carefully opening the letter to save the seal, stamped in color C. D. on the envelope, I drew forth the following which I read aloud to Addie, Pauline, Mary, and Mrs. Cheney:

BOSTON, Thursday night, Ninth April, 1868

DEAR SIR:

Allow me to thank you for your sympathetic letter and to assure you of the real pleasure and interest I have derived from your charming little girl, the prettiest of all the flowers that have graced my room, and with an innocent, perfectly balanced self-possession such as the queen of the fairies might envy.

Believe me
Faithfully yours
CHARLES DICKENS

May I send my love and thanks to her mother?

There! I think this is glory enough for one day. Such a letter and from such a source is quite sufficient to turn a head stronger than mine.

In this way ended Dickens's days in Boston.

He sailed for England April 22d, and these words of George William Curtis, spoken at the farewell dinner in New York, were echoed by every heart in Boston:

> Let us take the hand of our friend at parting. Wherever he may be, whatever fate befall, his name will be a kind of good tidings. It will always have a pleasant Christmas sound. Old Ocean, bear him safely over! English hedges, welcome him with the blossoms of May! English hearts, he is ours, as he is yours! We stand upon the shore; we say farewell; and as he sails away we pray with love and gratitude, May God bless him!

THE END

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